

# *The Leatherneck* <sup>12</sup>★



*Cannoneers Post!*

The Story of  
Marine Artillery

December 25c

SAY IT WITH **BONDS**  
FOR **VICTORY**

*Both far and near  
to ALL-Good Cheer*

Your Chesterfield Santa Claus reminding you  
that at Christmastime when you get together  
the best of everything for real enjoyment... the  
cigarette that Satisfies belongs on top.

The reason is \* \* \*

CHESTERFIELD'S RIGHT COMBINATION  
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

LIGHT UP

Chesterfield

*They  
Satisfy*



# Over the *Editor's* Shoulder

## Headquarters Bulletin

**H** EADQUARTERS BULLETIN, published monthly by HQMC, now is being distributed in larger numbers to all units, posts and stations of the Marine Corps at home and abroad.

Attention is called to the fact that the publication can be seen for the asking, free, at all unit headquarters offices, libraries, recreation rooms, post exchange barbershops and women's beauty parlors. It is available to both officers and enlisted personnel. New features recently included in the BULLETIN cover officer promotion lists, aviation news section, new directives, late news pages, in addition to the regular contents covering all phases of Marine Corps administration, training and general operation. The HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN also has taken over the work of answering and publishing the questions and answers which previously had been sent to THE LEATHERNECK, all such questions being answered either in print or by personal letter, quoting the official authority and source of the reply in each case.

Personnel are urged to ask for a copy of the BULLETIN each month in order to keep abreast of activities of the Marine Corps. No copies can be sent to individuals as the circulation still must be on the basis of one to every 50 persons.

## Overseas Reading

**O** NE of the most popular services of THE LEATHERNECK is the distribution of reading matter to Marines in the Pacific area. At the present time more than half a million popular magazines a month are being sent overseas by this organization. This project is made possible through the cooperation of the publishers of the following periodicals: CORONET, COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, ESQUIRE, LIFE, MCGRAW-HILL DIGEST, NEWSWEEK, NEW YORKER, OMNIBOOK, READER'S DIGEST, SATURDAY EVENING POST, and TIME.

Overseas editions of all the above publications are made available to morale and recreation officers for free distribution to the men of all units in the Pacific.

THE LEATHERNECK, DECEMBER, 1944  
VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 13

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**ONE OF THE  
BEST JUMPS  
I EVER MADE**

**[I jumped to smoother shaves—even  
with cold water or a used blade!]**

AM I GLAD I GOT ON TO LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM! ITS SOOTHING "STAY-MOIST" LATHER IS KIND TO TENDER SKIN — SOFTENS TOUGH WHISKERS FAST...

...AND EVEN WITH COLD WATER OR A USED BLADE LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM GIVES CLEANER, EASIER SHAVES THAN LIGHT, QUICK-DRYING LATHERS!

TRY LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

DON'T DRY OUT — HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL

**LIFEBOUY Shaving Cream**

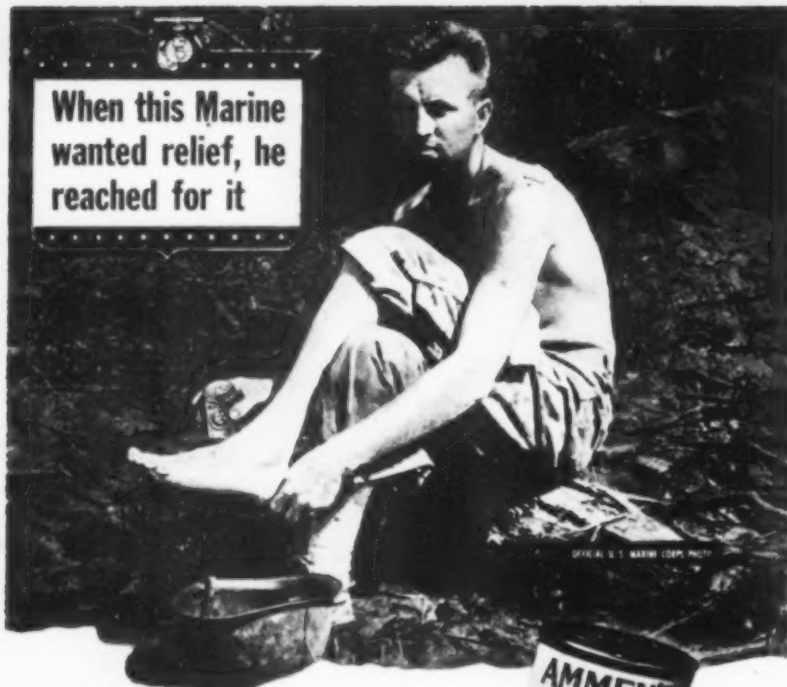
**NO USED TUBE NEEDED — THIS TUBE MADE OF NON-CRITICAL MATERIAL**

Are you a shrinking violet?  
Do girls make you shy?  
Offer them a  
**POWERHOUSE**  
And compliments will fly!

**POWERHOUSE CANDY BAR**

**WALTER H. JOHNSON CANDY CO., CHICAGO**

When this Marine  
wanted relief, he  
reached for it



**AMMEN'S** TRIPLE  
ACTION  
POWDER  
"KEEPS YOUR SKIN AT EASE"

Wherever Uncle Sam's fighting marines go—from the blistering  
tropics to the biting Arctic—AMMEN'S POWDER goes along. For  
America's toughest fighting force has discovered that it is the  
"human skin's best friend" under all conditions. AMMEN'S not only  
absorbs perspiration and soothes irritated tissues—it also provides  
positive, proved protection against bacterial growth, because...

IT'S ABSORBENT... ANALGESIC  
AND ANTISEPTIC!



- FOR
- PRICKLY HEAT
  - INSECT BITES
  - SUNBURN
  - NETTLE RASH
  - CHAFING
  - And all minor skin and foot irritations.

CHARLES AMMEN  
COMPANY INC.  
Alexandria, Louisiana, U.S.A.

ASK FOR AMMEN'S AT YOUR POST EXCHANGE

For Men who Really Know... Pipes



\$1.50

Selected Brier

THE PROOF OF THIS PIPE IS IN THE SMOKING... No need for glittering  
generalities or extravagant claims to describe Royalton Crown... Men who  
really know pipes will recognize in those SIX PATENTED FEATURES the ele-  
ments that make this the only pipe of its kind—a pipe that stays *eternally*  
dry... Condensing well drains out bitter juices—keeping bowl and mouth-  
piece free of all impurities. Advanced construction assures efficient cleaning.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, INC. OZONE PARK, NEW YORK

## Sound Off

### SMALL SOUND OFF

Sirs:  
Looking at pictures in Sound Off,  
I decided to enter a picture of  
my loved ones, my wife and ten  
months old son. I've been over-  
seas for 19 months and have  
never seen my son. May God  
bless them until I return.

PFC M. K. Cookson.  
Pacific



PFC'S FAMILY  
Snapped in the sun

### MARINE MICKEY

Sirs:  
I'd like to sound off and chip my  
gums a bit. Have you ever heard  
of Johnston Island. It's 717  
miles southwest of Honolulu,  
and the only things that grow  
there are Marines and Seabees,  
so help me!

My TSgt. was stationed there  
for seven months in Motor  
Transport. I haven't seen him  
since the day he enlisted, 21  
months ago—do Marines get  
furloughs? I can't think of any-  
thing I'd rather be than the wife  
of a US Marine.

Mrs. Albert F. Yavornik,  
("Marine" Mickey)  
1664 Milwaukee St.,  
Denver 6, Colorado.

### MODEST PFC

Sirs:  
Our Bn. received a write-up in  
the September issue ("War On  
Japan's Doorstep"). While other  
Marines were mentioned but  
once, I was mentioned six times.  
Why, in place of five of these  
instances couldn't other Marines  
have been mentioned?

Just about 75 per cent of the  
men did far more than I did, and  
I think that more individuals—  
those who do outstanding feats  
—should be mentioned in stories  
and not just some Marine the  
correspondent chanced to meet.

PFC George F. O'Neill.  
Pacific

• Usually, in writing a  
combat story, a corre-



"I wish I had some outstanding  
talent so I could entertain  
the boys in the Pacific"

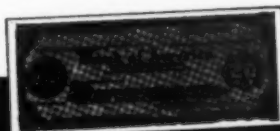
I see that you are very wise...  
You carry Travelers Cheques



Always carry

## BANK of AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES

They're cashable everywhere, self-identifying,  
insure your money against loss or theft.



Backed by the resources of  
a three billion dollar bank

Issued by Bank of America National Trust  
and Savings Association, CALIFORNIA  
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London, England, Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.4.

It's Chap Stick  
for me



With the Armed Forces, it's  
CHAP STICK ten to one... From  
Alaska (40° below) to torrid  
Africa (140° above), it's the favorite  
comforter for chapped, cracked  
or parched lips. Specially medicated—  
Specially soothing.

T. M. Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.



On sale at drug counters  
—only 25¢

KEEPS LIPS FIT



## Fast Relief For Hot, Sore, Sweaty Feet

Don't be tormented by your feet. Get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. This grand relief of Dr. Scholl's almost instantly relieves hot, sore, tender, sweaty, chafed, blistered or smelly feet. Soothes, refreshes. Get a 10c or 35c can now at your Post Exchange or Ship Store.



**Dr. Scholl's  
FOOT POWDER**

**When Nature Forgets...  
remember**



*- it's not too strong!  
- it's not too mild!  
- it's the Happy Medium  
Laxative!*

As a precaution use only as directed.

**ASK FOR EX-LAX AT YOUR P. X.  
AND AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUG STORE**

## Clean Your Gun Today with HOPPE'S No. 9

Make sure your firearms (any type) are free and clear of primer, powder, lead and metal fouling. Check your guns for rust. Use Hoppe's No. 9—the old reliable. Your gun dealer sells it, or send 10c for sample. Our "Gun Cleaning Guide" is FREE—sent on post card request. Get your copy.



**FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.**  
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### U. S. MARINES

Protect your Travel Funds  
with Travelers Cheques  
For Sale at  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

SINCE 1918

**A. M. BOLOGNESE**  
TAILOR and HABERDASHER  
QUANTICO, VA.

## SOUND OFF (continued)

spontaneous selects a man whom he considers representative of the outfit to build the story around. This was why modest PFC O'Neill found himself featured against his will. The point is not to single out a hero, but to select a typical man in the outfit.

### HEAD OVER HEELS

Sirs:

The following is a true incident, believe it or not. One day we had combat net training and when my turn came to climb down the 125' net with a full transport pack and a Garand and cartridge belt, this happened.

Somehow I'd loosened my rifle as I threw my legs over the edge. I went to catch it while still at the top of the net. I fell the whole 125', landing on my head, doing a complete somersault. I rose to my feet without aid, uninjured and unaffected. I only received a stiff neck the next day. On landing I put a 1" dent in my steel helmet and dug up about 3" of dirt with my rifle, completely filling the entire barrel with dirt. I hit about 1" back of the dead center of the helmet. Thus cheating death by 1".

PFC Charles A. Buenning,  
Pacific.

### OVERSEAS REPORT

Sirs:

About these Women Marines this is the low down on what the Marines overseas think of them.

We were told when we joined the Corps that it was a man's outfit. We were also told there was Marine Corps history. The Marines are known as tough guys. So if we have to have women in the Corps, okay, just so they don't let down a swell outfit.

PFC L. E. Kesler,  
Pacific.

### INTRODUCING FATHER HURLEY

Sirs:

Do you remember Father Duffy, the famed chaplain of the last war? Well, I want to introduce a similar character, known throughout the Pacific. He's affectionately called "Rugged" because he's always walking around giving the troops an encouraging whack on the back, with a big grin on his face. He's a Catholic priest. (I'm a Protestant). He's a six-foot, 200-pound, soft-spoken man.

No matter how much I say to describe him, I cannot do him justice. I've never seen him either in the Marshalls, Tinian or Saipan unless he had a good word to cheer you up and a strong arm to whack your back and give you the spirit to go on—though he, himself, may have had no rest. This man's name is Father Hurley.

PFC Verne L. Freeland,  
Pacific.



"You should have seen the look on his puss when we slapped him in 1-A"

In wind or sleet, in cold or heat

This fact is emphasized:

Your lighter's quicker—  
works far slicker

When it's  
**RONSON-ized**

**For Better  
Lighter Service use**

EXTRA-LENGTH

**RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'**

The distinctive Redskin coating is your guarantee of high quality, tempered hardness, showers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering.

**RONSONOL quick-lighting FUEL**

Clean, steady flame.

**RONSON high-absorption WICKS**

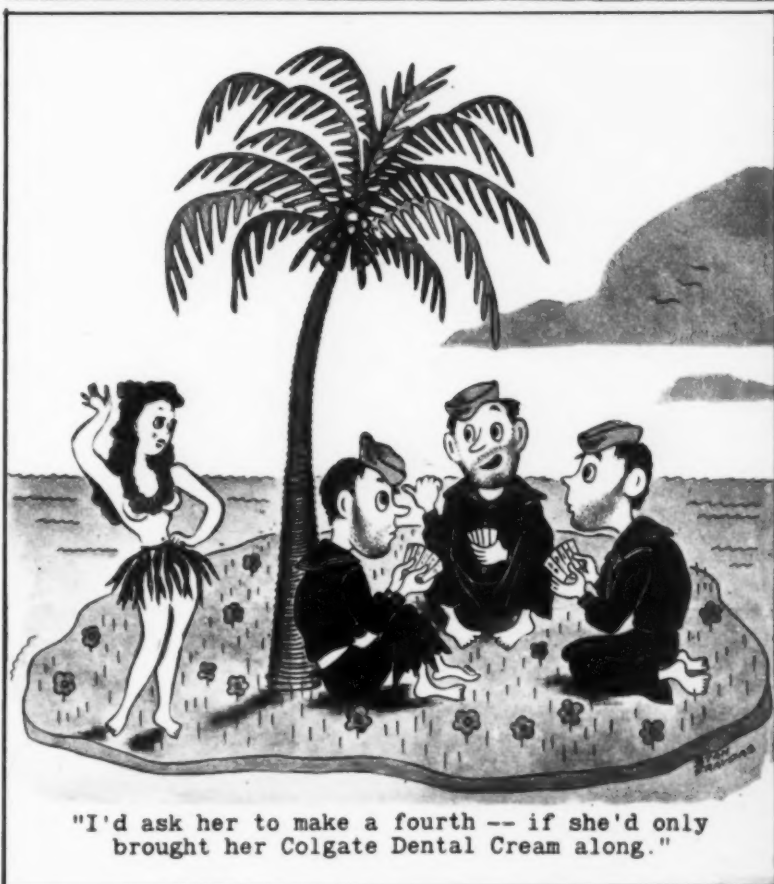
Burn evenly.

To P. X. Officers: Send your orders or write for information to Art Metal Works, Inc., Newark 2, N. J.

FOR ALL LIGHTERS  
Trade Mark Registered

**RONSON<sup>\*</sup>  
REDSKIN<sup>—</sup>**  
**LIGHTER ACCESSORIES**

BY RONSON • WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



"I'd ask her to make a fourth -- if she'd only brought her Colgate Dental Cream along."

ALAS FOR THE SAILORS—alas for the lass! And alas for you, too, buddy, if you're careless about your breath! So don't take unnecessary chances. Use Colgate Dental Cream twice a day and before every date. For Colgate's is the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth. Yes, scientific tests prove conclusively that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. Buy a tube today.





\*WHEN YOUR UNIFORM GOES INTO MOTHBALLS, OUR MANAGER IN YOUR HOME SECTION WANTS A CHANCE TO TELL YOU ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE SELLING AS A WORTHY CAREER. GOOD SALESMEN CAN EARN \$4000 TO \$9000 A YEAR WITH THE PROFESSIONAL TRAINING WE PROVIDE. YOU CAN GO AS FAR AS YOUR ABILITIES WILL TAKE YOU, KNOWING THAT YOU ARE RENDERING AN INDISPENSABLE COMMUNITY SERVICE. LIBERAL RETIREMENT PLAN.

## THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

"First in America"



Lewis W. Douglas, President

34 NASSAU STREET

NEW YORK CITY 5, N.Y.

## SOUND OFF (continued)

### FOR MARINES ONLY

Sirs:  
Here is the girl who just clinched the title of "Ideal Sweetheart of the Marines." Mary Marlin was officially awarded this title at Victory House recently when the Marines collected a sum for the trophy and crown shown in the picture.

She favors the Marines and has declined offers of the Army and Navy as their Pin-Up Girl. She will autograph a picture of herself for any Marine requesting one, along with her lip prints. Send requests in care of me, her agent, and I'll see that she fills them.

Layne Peterson Jr.

4759 Hollywood Blvd.  
Studios 104-103  
Hollywood, Cal.

• **THE LEATHERNECK** cooperates with **Publicity Agent Peterson** just so **Marines** can get a good look at the **Hollywood skyline**. — Eds.



MARY MARLIN

Crowned by Marines

### SNOW JOB?

Sirs:  
In your August 1, 1944, Pacific edition, you devote a couple of paragraphs in the "At Ease" column to a Marine playwright, PFC Leon Uris. He is pulling one of those "returned veteran snow jobs" on you guys. The production "Fouragerre Follies" which he claims to have written and produced was not his at all. His part in the show amounted to singing one very corny song and reading a few lines. The play was conceived by Corp. John Ethridge and enlarged upon by PFC Earl Hall and myself. Directions came from Capt. Walker and Lt. Babo (still with this division) and that leaves us with very little room for PFC Uris. And that is that!

Sgt. Paul G. Smith.

Pacific

• The "At Ease" story was taken from a **Combat Correspondent** release, usually very reliable. — Eds.



"Whew! That was close. Nearly hit my Sir Walter Raleigh!"

Smokes as sweet  
as it smells

"... the quality pipe  
tobacco of America"



FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

## NAUSEA



If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

## Mothersills

Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists.

MOTHERSILL'S, 430 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y.

*Some things haven't changed!*

NIAGARA FALLS

The LHS pipe of your day, and of days, have this in common—both are made of genuine Mediterranean briar by LHS master craftsmen.

**LHS STERNCREST STERLING**

LHS Sterncrest Sterling of imported Mediterranean briar. Every pipe a masterpiece of the pipe-maker's art. Banded with Sterling Silver.

Smooth and Antique Finish. Many handsome models.

**5**

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

The briar used in these pipes is specially selected for beauty of grain and circled by 14K solid gold band.

**\$7.50**

This is No. 12

SORRY—So many LHS pipes are going to the armed services that your dealer may be temporarily out of stock. But keep trying—on LHS is worth it.

L & H STERN, Inc., State Bldg., 60 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.

Also makers of **LHS** Ultra Fine **\$10** Certified Pure **\$3.50**

Like the Oldest Branch of the Service

**VALLEY FORGE BEER**

Has those EXTRA Qualities to Win

★★★★★

ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING CO.  
NORRISTOWN, PA. Since 1854  
Brewers of Rams Head Ale

SEND  
THE LEATHERNECK  
YOUR  
NEW ADDRESS

## Serving the Services



**HALT!** and get quick relief with St. Joseph Aspirin for colds' pains and aching muscles. Use as a gargle for colds' sore throat. Also relieves nerve-racking pain of common headache, simple neuralgia, or other inorganic pain. It's as pure as money can buy and there's none faster-acting. Get St. Joseph Aspirin, world's largest seller at 10c.

**IT'S TIME TO CHANGE** to Mufti, the multi-use spot remover, if your uniform is spotted and you want to pass "Her" inspection. Because Mufti removes many spots from uniforms, caps, ties, made from a variety of fabrics. Always keep a supply handy. Ask for Mufti.

**AT EASE** from anxiety over unruly hair. Just use Moroline Hair Tonic and give your hair a well-groomed appearance without risking that plastered down look. Adds lustre without stickiness. Helps remove loose dandruff scales. Costs little. Get Moroline Hair Tonic.

**ATTENTION:** Why suffer needlessly from pack-strap chafe. Just sprinkle Mexsana, the soothing, medicated powder, over shoulders or skin tender and reddened from rubbing of equipment and feel how quickly you get relief. Mexsana also forms a coating of protection to help lessen such irritation, eases soreness of chafe, soothes itch of simple skin rashes and minor skin irritations. Ask for Mexsana.

**THE SMART G. I. JANE OR JOE** never forgets just how good Penetro is for bruises, minor burns—cuts, scratches. This specially medicated salve with base containing mutton suet is also grand for muscles sore and aching from colds or exercise. Always demand Penetro.

## INSIGNIA SINCE 1868



**N.S. MEYER, inc.**  
New York City

## SOUND OFF (continued)

### HELP WANTED

Sirs:  
My brother Gilbert P. Rabe was in the Marine Corps from 1928 to 1943. He came home on a furlough and was killed in a train accident. He was a member of the Marine band at PI—I believe Frank Wulcut was band director.

My brother had pictures, family keepsakes and other personal effects stored with a Marine he called "Johnson." I don't know this man's first name, but I found the name "Leslie Johnson" on the back of a band picture taken at PI.

I would like to have Gilbert's belongings and would pay all mail or shipping expenses if they could be sent to me COD.

If any Marine—or the right Johnson—reads this letter and would get in touch with me I would appreciate it very much.

Mrs. Leo Otzelberger.

2695 So. 15th St.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

### PASSED ON

Sirs:  
I would appreciate your publishing a note regarding the recent death of Josephine Knox Alban which occurred on Sept. 13. Mrs. Alban was the widow of 1st Lieutenant Harvey Byars Alban who served in the Marine Corps from 1917 until his death in Nicaragua in October, 1930. At one time, Lt. Alban was the editor of **THE LEATHERNECK**.

Harriet B. Alban.

2632 Oakview Terrace,  
Maplewood 17, Mo.

### SEABEE SCOOP

Sirs:  
Here is a true incident. A Marine Major while riding along a muddy road on Tinian Island, Marianas Group, saw several SeaBee's on the side of the road, in need of a ride. "Want a ride?" the Major asked. "Can we bring this stuff along—Jap dynamite and blasting caps."

"No!" the Major said. "Two days ago one of my men had several fingers blown off when one of those blasting caps exploded. You'd better let that stuff alone before you get blown up."

"That's okay," the SeaBee said. "There are plenty more of us SeaBee's back in the States."

Major Joseph F. Ingraham,  
USMC.

Pacific.



"An' I better not catch any of you boneheads out there wearin' PX field scarfs"



## Good Cheer in every bite!

Christmas is where you find it . . . but our good wishes follow you boys and girls in service no matter what the season, for delicious Baby Ruth Candy is our own way of transplanting home-feeling to wherever you are.

Good Cheer's where you find it, too -- so we hope to keep you supplied with cheery, dextrose-rich Baby Ruth Candy every step of the long way home. Enjoy Baby Ruth often!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.

## COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



THE GUYS IN THE SCRAMBLED EGGS  
LOOKED LIKE **YEGGS!**

SO I TOLD 'EM,  
"NO MORE BUM SHAVES—USE  
**COLGATE BRUSHLESS** IT'S  
ONE 'NO-BRUSH' CREAM  
THAT'LL REALLY TAME TOUGH  
WHISKERS" SO NOW THE  
SCRAMBLED EGGS ARE  
SUNNYSIDE UP!

GET



IN TUBE OR JAR

at your P.X. or SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

## WACKY ABOUT WACS!

HER BROTHER TOLD ME ABOUT  
**COLGATE BRUSHLESS..**

THAT IT STAYS MOIST,  
KEEPS YOUR WIRY  
WHISKERS SOFT TIL  
YOU'RE SHAVED!

NOW MY CHEEK'S  
SMOOTH  
AS HERS...  
AN' GEE, I  
LOVE MY  
G.I. DOVE!



## I WAS A Walkie-Squawkie

MY FACE WAS SO SORE FROM  
RAZOR NICKS I WAS  
SNAPPING AT COLONELS...  
'TIL I DISCOVERED  
**COLGATE BRUSHLESS**  
COULD SHAVE ME FAST AND  
CLOSE WITHOUT SNAGGING  
NOW I'VE GOT THAT  
"VOICE WITH A SMILE!"



# GOLDEN STATE Powdered ICE CREAM MIX in 4 favorite flavors



Just add water . . . freeze . . . and it's the delicious, nutritious Ice Cream that pleases fighting men.

In 25½ lb. lithographed tins for mixing large batches (emptied container measures exact amount of water needed.) Also 4¼ lb. (#10) round tins.

Write or wire for complete information and FREE Mixing and Serving Manual.

**GOLDEN STATE  
COMPANY, LTD.**

425 Battery Street, San Francisco, 11, Calif.

If Your Dealer Is TEMPORARILY OUT

**KEEP ON  
ASKING FOR  
R.G.DUN**

**THEY'RE WORTH IT!**

There are reasons why you won't always find your favorite size R. G. DUN cigar in stock. First, the millions of R. G. DUNS now going to the armed services. Second, their tremendous popularity at home. Discriminating smokers recognize in R. G. DUNS a superior cigar and want more than we can make.

## SOUND OFF (continued)

### LEFT BEHIND

Sirs:  
I left behind the sweetest girl in the 48 States. She's a swell Buckeye from Cleveland, Miss Clara Winfield.

PFC Thos. A. Zrubek,  
Camp Lejeune, N. C.



CLARA WINFIELD  
Buckeyeful

### FIRST LIGHT TANKS

Sirs:  
In your September issue the article on Tanks stated that light tanks were used for the first time by the Marine Corps against the enemy on Aug 21, 1942, in the battle of Tanaru River. I would like to challenge that statement.

While serving with "B" Company, 2nd Regiment, we landed on Gavutu to reinforce the parachute battalion that was there. On or about August 8, 1942, two light tanks supported by infantry left Gavutu and landed on Tanabogo. Both tanks were knocked out, but not before inflicting heavy casualties.

I regret that I do not recollect the name of the tanks' outfit. But I'm sure that you'll receive more verification from other sources on my statement.

Plt. Sgt. J. Vismont  
Marine Detachment,  
Ships Co.,  
F & M College,  
Lancaster, Pa.

### ROMANCE RIDES AGAIN

Sirs:  
In the August issue is a statement by Henry McLemore (nationally syndicated columnist) who contends that service men "favor sports to romancing." We should like to offer a contradiction to this, myself especially. I have 28 months overseas. We are curious as to just where McLemore found this unusual condition. It snows us!

PFC Walter A. Legutko

Also signed by Charlie, Tex.  
Frisco, Buffalo and Slaughterhouse.  
Pacific

• We merely quoted McLemore's findings as something of interest to Marines. In a way it snowed us too. Are there any Marines who agree with McLemore? — Eds.



"Listen to this one, Sarge . . .  
"I'll be glad when you're  
dead, you rascal you!"



*"It's the little things  
we look forward to!"*

Christmas shopping on Main Street, along with everybody else in town—that's one of those "little things" you're looking forward to!

No G.I.'s for you then! You'll be wearing that warm tweed overcoat . . . and a pair of husky, easy-going W. L. Douglas "Clippers" that keep your feet happy even through the Christmas rush!



\$6.50 to \$8.50  
Other styles \$5.50  
Denver West Slightly  
Higher

W. L.  
**Douglas**  
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.



**Shoes**  
BROCKTON 15, MASS.

Stores in Principal Cities  
Good Dealers Everywhere

INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY BONDS



**Muscles  
aching**



**Suffers  
grief**



**Alka-  
Seltzer**



**Gets  
Relief**



**Alka-Seltzer**

**ACTS FAST  
TO RELIEVE**

**HEADACHES**

**Occasional  
Minor Stomach  
Upsets**

**Muscular Aches  
and Pains**

**COLD SYMPTOMS  
AND MUSCULAR FATIGUE**



MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Ind.

## SOUND OFF (continued)

### WOMAN HATER'S CLUB

Sirs:

We have long been great fans of **THE LEATHERNECK**. We have noticed many articles on clubs formed by jilted GI's in various theatres of war. Due to your wide-spread circulation in this area, we'd like you to help us bring to the attention of Marines out here our club: the How Do I Know You're Coming Back club.

This club was not formed to cement broken romances. On the contrary, our members have all received raw deals from their Stateside (so-called) One And Only since coming overseas. Our club is formed only of men who despise women.

Any GI whose girl just couldn't seem to wait (after all it does look like a long war) and who would like advice on how to really give her the word, is welcome to seek advice from our club. Our advice will be given from the limitless experiences of our members. And boy, have we got them! Drop us a line in care of **THE LEATHERNECK** and we will cut you in on the straight dope!

PFC Walter L. McCoy,  
president.

Also signed by Pvt. Robert C. Kneuhl, Vice-Pres. and Pvt. James C. Lyng, Sec'y.

### CRADLE RECRUIT

Sirs:

Eighteen years ago, when the American Legion held its convention in Philadelphia, my brothers who are World War I veterans, held open house for some of their buddies. Among them were two Marines, Lt. Bell and Lt. Brown.

My son, John Gardner, was then an infant less than a year old. The two Marine Lieutenants insisted John was a potential Marine.

That is just exactly what John was. When he was 16 he tried to enlist in the Marine Corps, but we persuaded him to wait until he was 17. Then there was no holding him. His dad and I signed his papers. Now he's 18, a corporal in the Corps, a radio man in the Pacific. Lt. Bell and Lt. Brown might like to know that John looked forward to their prediction all his life.

Mrs. Josephine D. Gardner.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### SEABEES SPEAK

Sirs:

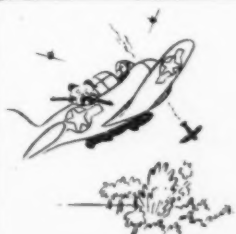
We want to compliment you on the article "Road Builders To Tokyo," about the Seabees.

It was swell and we are very proud to see it appear in **THE LEATHERNECK**. As long as the Marines and Seabees stick together, the war is in our hands.

I will also take time out to say that we all enjoy **THE LEATHERNECK** a great deal.

A. T. DeMacedo, S 1/c

Also signed by F. Cickiewicz, S 2/c and S. De Luca, S 1/c.  
Pacific



"Don't you think one of us oughta be flying this thing?"

"All he talks about is Mennen Skin Bracer."

**Nothing too good for the boys!**



Plain or  
Menthol-iced

It's a Cream —  
not a Grease!

For After Shaving  
Chapped Skin  
Sunburn, Windburn  
Hot, Tired Feet



Largest-Selling  
Man's Talc



Use on Feet  
In Shoes



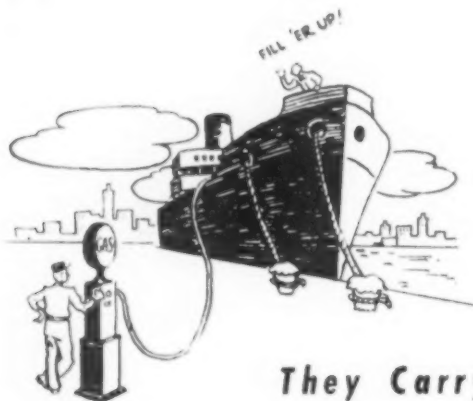
# MENNEN

The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

# G.E. Salutes

THE MEN IN THE SERVICES

## TANKERS ON PARADE



### They Carry Fuel

IT wouldn't be much use to have a lot of planes, tanks, and ships out on the Pacific if there weren't oil to power them, men to man them and keep them in repair. Getting vast quantities of oil to the Pacific and also the European theaters of war has taxed American shipping severely, but tankers have done their job on schedule.

General Electric has played an important part in the building of the American tanker fleet. It would take 1,900 miles of tank cars to equal the capacity of all the tankers built since Pearl Harbor which are powered by G-E propulsion equipment. At any rate, that was the figure through July of this year.

General Electric first built turbine drives for the Navy in 1909. Now it is building three quarters of the drives for the high-speed tankers ordered by the Maritime Commission since the United States entered the war.



### Carry it Quickly

TANKERS with turbine electric drives move faster and are therefore more efficient than old-type tankers. In wartime the tankers must do more than move at their leisure from one place where oil is plentiful to another where oil is needed; they must now move fast to keep up with the fleet, keep ahead of enemy subs, and utilize their carrying space to the maximum.

Speed of the turbine electric driven tankers varies with the horsepower. Speed of the 6,000-hp tankers is better than 15 knots; the 10,000-hp ones can do over 17 knots—both are considerably faster than a submerged submarine. On the average a submarine does 10 knots submerged, twice that on the surface.

The new high-speed tankers move fast enough and are sufficiently armed to run free on the long treks across the Pacific and the Atlantic. They no longer wait for convoys. General Electric Co., Schenectady, New York.

Hear the General Electric radio programs. "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

The best investment in the world is in this country's future—Keep all the Bonds you Buy

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

967-9-211

## SOUND OFF (continued)

### CAMPUS CO-ED

Sirs:

I realize that all the boys consider their own about tops—but in my esteem mine's the top of perfection.

She's Marjorie Ann Ince of Richmond, Indiana, an Indiana University co-ed.

PFC R. W. Jellison

Pacific



MARJORIE ANN INCE  
Top of perfection

### SMALL BUSINESSMAN

Sirs:

As for discharges, I still think the Small Businessman should go first. He'll hire the guys that come out and he's got to get started to make jobs. Big Industry will never have the jobs for all veterans. Most Small Businessmen are married and have children. So let's put them first.

Pvt. Alvin A. Grodsky

Pacific

### NO HOPE

Sirs:

In your August Pacific edition I read the article about Bob Hope and Francis Langford and would like to cut you in on the scoop. We were stationed within 60 miles of where they were performing for the army and expected them to stop by our island to give us a show. They didn't. The excuse given was that it was an army show sponsored by the USO. From what we gather at the time they stopped at our airport to exchange planes but didn't give the show. I don't know whether they performed for any other Marines in the South Pacific but I do know that several thousand Marines were disappointed.

PFC William Calomiris

Pacific

• See November issue on Bob Hope entertaining the Marines for the full dope.—Eds.



"But I thought you were really gonna whoop it up"



"You're putting up a much better front, Herbert, since you got rid of that '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

It's important that you put up a good "front." People don't see your heart of gold—they do see your '5 o'clock Shadow'. Avoid it! Shave with a genuine Gem Blade! Gem's famous deep wedge-edge gets the beard at the base—makes you look your best and keeps you that way longer!



Avoid '5 o'clock Shadow' with

GEM BLADE

Gem



Little Miss  
**GRIFFIN** says—



Griffin has protected and shined the leather equipment of all the services since 1890.



GRIFFIN ABC PASTE in the easy-opening can gives you a bright, long-lasting shine that re-brushes for days.



\*Based on last 5 yearly sales surveys of Navy Ship's Stores and Coast Guard Canteens.

**10¢**



## SOUND OFF (continued)

### COMES THE DAWN

Sirs:  
We have chosen Miss Dawn Paige, shapely Allen model, as our top Pin-Up Girl and believe many others will agree with us. We hope you can get her picture because you sure as hell aren't getting ours.

PFC Richard E. Mire, Jr.

Also signed by PFC Hugh F. MacKenzie, Jr. and Sgt. Walter J. Kinely, Jr.  
El Centro, Calif.

• Miss Page writes: "I am very happy that I have been chosen by the Marines at El Centro. I am blonde, blue-eyed, 5' 6½" (with heels) and 18 years old. I have been modeling for two years and previously have been selected as Miss Brooklyn of 1942 and Miss Greater New York of 1943. I'm also a hostess at the Stage Door Canteen on Saturday nights. If any of the boys are in New York, I will be only too glad to see them at the Canteen." — Eds.



DAWN PAIGE  
El Centro's choice

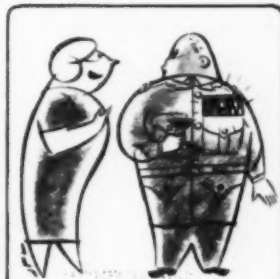
### MAP MAN

Sirs:  
I just finished reading the Sept. 15 issue of THE LEATHER-NECK, Pacific edition.

According to the map of the Pacific, Pearl Harbor and Honolulu are on different islands. That is a mistake. Pearl Harbor and Honolulu are on the island of Oahu.

Corp. Robert A. Doktor.  
Pacific.

• Correct. Wide spacing of the names on the map make it look as though they were separated, when actually both are intended to adjoin the fourth in the group, Oahu. — Eds.



"Seen any of the scrap, Jack?"

IT'S NEW. IT'S QUICK. IT'S REAL RIBBON. IT'S REGULATION



**VIKING**

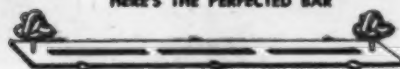
# KWIKSET

PATENT PENDING

## RIBBON BARS

At your Post Exchange, Ship's Service Store or Dealer; in a jiffy, while you wait...without ordering...they snap 'em on a rustproof, spring metal bar and you put 'em on. That's all there's to it.

HERE'S THE PERFECTED BAR



### QUICK AS 1-2-3

1. First Ribbon Snaps On



2. Second Ribbon Snaps On



3. Third Ribbon Snaps On



AND IT'S READY FOR YOU TO WEAR



- Made for 1, 2 or 3-1/2 inch ribbons
- Assembled in a jiffy... no tools
- No sewing... no stitching
- No pasting... no trimming
- No waiting... no ordering
- Snap on in correct sequence
- Ribbons lie flat and snug
- Ribbons stay put... no sliding
- Adhered to metal base
- Clasp fasteners with point protection
- Don't stand away from uniform
- With or without calligraphic cover
- Priced no higher than inferior bars

**HILBORN - HAMBURGER, INC.**  
15 EAST 26th STREET • NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Quality Military Insignia & Equipment





# The Night before

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through SoPac,  
Not a creature was stirring—too damn much ack-ack;  
The dungarees hung by the M-1's with care,  
In case that the Shambos quite soon would be there;  
Each private was nestled all snug in his sack,  
Expecting not Santa but Japs on SoPac  
The sergeant in scivvies, machete in his lap  
Had settled himself for a tropical nap.  
The rats and the lizards were out on patrol,  
For Christmas Eve visits to every foxhole.  
No candy canes hung from the waving palm fronds,  
Instead were signs saying: "Have you bought war bonds?"

This private named Jones who had corked off at last,  
Was dreaming sweet dreams of a blonde from the past.  
When out on the beach there arose such a clatter,  
He sprang from his sack to see what was the matter.  
Away to a pillbox he flew like a flash,  
Fast loading his rifle while making the dash.  
The moon on the breast of the white coral sand  
Gave lustre of midday to objects at hand;  
When what to his his wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and his face turned quite pale,  
"Poor Santa got stuck with the SoPac detail!"  
More rapid than Zeros his coursers they came  
And he whistled and called them (in cadence) by name:  
"Yo Dasher! Yo Dancer!"—and so on to each—  
"It's H-Hour now, and we're hitting the beach!"  
And then in a flash before Jones knew the score,  
Old Santa was standing right there on the shore.

# Christmas



His clothing was C. I., of plain Forest Green,  
He looked like a very fat U. S. Marine.  
Instead of a big sack of toys, for a gag,  
He'd slung on his shoulder a large lister bag.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight on his way,  
And filled all the foxholes with stuff from his sleigh:  
Machine guns and mortars and plenty of rifles,  
Bolo knives, flamethrowers, other such trifles.

But Jones' deep emotions were not greatly stirred —  
He felt it was time that St. Nick got the word.  
Jones stepped into view and said, "Sir, lookit here,  
A Marine would prefer a cold bottle of beer,  
Some french fried potatoes, some pie a la mode —  
And really that stuff wouldn't make such a load.  
It'd still leave you room to bring pin-ups with zing,  
And a portable vic with the latest by Bing.  
A pinochle deck, a harmonica, too,  
The scoop on the folks back in Kalamazoo —"  
"Now hold it my boy," said St. Nick with a frown,  
"A lot of these items I'd gladly mark down,

But what with priorities, red points and blue,  
Paper curtailments and shortages too,  
Marines must give up, as a pal to a pal,  
These things that maintain our civilian morale.  
This isn't too much to be asked of the Corps,  
Or, don't you guys know that we're fighting a war?"  
Then he sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle.  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But Jones heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas, Marines, and to all a good-night."

Verse by PFC Duane Decker  
Art by Corp Fred Lasswell



DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



"Yes, sir, ***that's fine tobacco-***"

**LUCKY STRIKE**  
**means fine tobacco**

*Yes, sir! L.S./M.F.T.*





## the Straight Dope



News item says lady subway rider in New York sat down and found a set of false teeth. What did they do, bite her on the seat?

Movie Mogul Louis B. Mayer consented to take a \$560,000 cut in salary, which leaves him only \$500,000 to get along on. Never mind, Mr. Mayer, comes the revolution. . . .

"There are all kinds of sandwiches," states a chef. "Thin ones, fancy for teas, husky ones for war workers, hot, cold, closed, open." Tired voice from overseas. . . . "and Spam."

Red Skelton, upon being drafted, wheezed, "If Hitler knew the army was taking guys like me, he'd never have surrendered Rome." Nothing like lending pride to the army, is there, Red?

Los Angeles couple divorced because the hubby loved his motorcycle more than he did his wife. He's probably the kind of guy who believes the motorcycle's place is in the home.

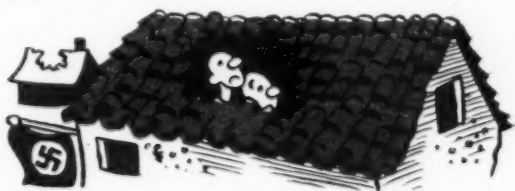
Film fan writer advises, "If you like a girl so honest and frank she'll rock you back on your heels, consider Susanna Foster." The honest and frank part is okay, but about that rocking us on our heels. . . .

Fashion note says girls' low cut dresses are now known as "morale builders." One thing we favor is extremely high morale.

Brief interview: "George Sanders built his house by telephone, believing that one makes mistakes anyhow." Sure, a few—but he'd better not start off by dialing the wrong number.

Listener in Minneapolis says he's been tuning in on the daytime radio serials for a long time and claims they aren't as bad as have been described. He might have added that he'll be happier when his broken back is mended and he can leave his bed.

Orchestra Leader Vaughn Monroe, according to a headline, "pursues his hobbies fervently." Granted. . . . but does he catch 'em?



German prisoners at Worland, Wyoming, went on a strike because, among other things, there was a leak in the roof of their cabin. They ought to see the leaks in the roofs in Berlin.

Wed in Beverly Hills recently were Sigrid Rush and Cyril Speed. We hope it wasn't one of those hasty marriages.

Red-headed Lucille Ball and her mate, fiery Latin Desi Arnaz, are now living apart. Now let's see if the Good Neighbor Policy will really work.

The Japanese Diet passed a resolution promising to "renew our indignation." Don't let your temper get out of hand, though, Nips.



## The Happiest Christmas we can Wish for YOU!

True at last—your lonely fox-hole dreams. HOME—with Mother, Dad, Wife and little Sis. And this time TO STAY! No more mud—no more screaming shells—no more skulking snipers to jangle your nerves and spoil your rest.

This is OUR Christmas Wish for YOU—wherever you are. Soon—so soon now—it WILL COME TRUE.

*Sixty Years Young*

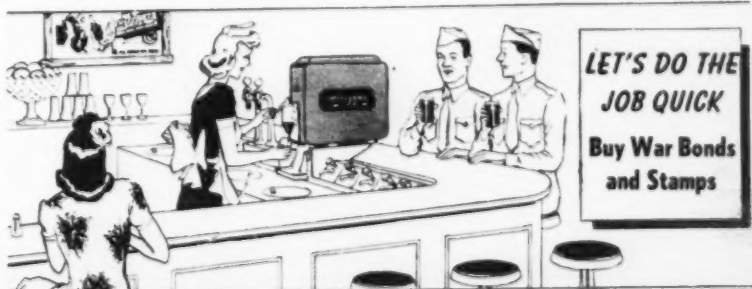
—Growing Stronger in Public Favor Year by Year



First sold in 1885, for almost 60 years Dr. Pepper has grown constantly in public favor, gaining thousands upon thousands of new converts every year. What other 5-cent carbonated beverage can equal this record? Its original flavor (not copied from any other drink) brings a Jiffy-Quick Energy Lift. Try it at 10, 2 and 4, or any time you're Hungry, Thirsty and Tired.



NOTE TO QUARTERMASTERS, S.S. OFFICERS: Dr. Pepper Company Home Offices are at 429 Second Avenue, P. O. Box 5086, Dallas 2, Texas.





# Shaving daily irritate your face?

HOW THIS SHAVE CREAM—  
SPECIALLY MADE FOR DAILY SHAVING—  
PROTECTS YOUR SKIN

*Needs no brush—Not sticky or greasy*

**T**WO SPECIAL PROBLEMS of men in service are the irritation that frequent shaving may have for a tender skin . . . and the nuisance of a wet shaving brush.

Glider, a rich, soothing cream, was developed especially to help solve these problems. Not sticky or greasy, it needs no brush.

## *Smooth, clean shaves in comfort*

To use Glider, just wet your face, if conditions permit. Then smooth on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers—never a brush.

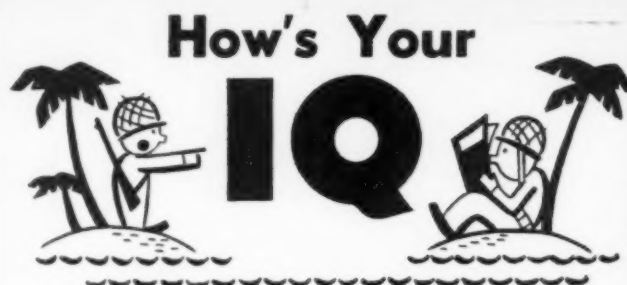
At once, Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin, softens toughest whiskers *completely*. Your razor's sharp edge glides over your face . . . removes each whisker closely and cleanly at the skin line *without scraping or irritation*.

## *Your face feels smoother*

Get Glider today. It saves time and fuss . . . and helps prevent the irritation that often comes from daily shaving. It leaves your face feeling smoother, looking cleaner.

Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Company, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. See if it doesn't give you the smoothest shaves you've ever had.

In tubes  
or jars



Here is a test on your familiarization with the civilian idiom. After each one, four definitions are listed and your job is to pick the right one. An average of 70 should get you by in any high-class barroom conversation. Take five for each correct answer. See page 54 for answers.

1. "Apple-pie order" means (a) one on top of the other; (b) unusual command; (c) extreme neatness; (d) request for dessert.
2. "Up in arms" means (a) ready to fight; (b) good at cards; (c) anxious to leave; (d) snowed by a babe.
3. "Bona fide" means (a) under an assumed name; (b) payment in full; (c) on the cuff; (d) in good faith.
4. "In his cups" means (a) sound asleep; (b) off the beam; (c) intoxicated; (d) taking a bath.
5. "Castles in Spain" means (a) borrowed money; (b) happy memories; (c) dreams of the future; (d) dreams from taking dope.
6. "Out of keeping" means (a) out of bounds; (b) inappropriate; (c) unusual; (d) t.s. situation.
7. "Magnum opus" means (a) masterpiece; (b) grand opening; (c) symphony concert; (d) big flop.
8. "A month of Sundays" means (a) a decade; (b) rainy period; (c) a long, long time; (d) open season on trout.
9. "To mind one's P's and Q's" means (a) to be careful of one's spelling; (b) to be careful of one's behavior; (c) to get plenty of sleep; (d) to take care of the babies while the wife is shopping.
10. "No great shakes" means (a) nothing doing; (b) of no great value; (c) not quite legal; (d) not a good crap-shooter.
11. "Ship-shape" means (a) shaped like a ship; (b) full of curves; (c) all mixed up; (d) neatly arranged.
12. "A sight for sore eyes" means (a) pleasant to look at; (b) unpleasant to look at; (c) in the sun; (d) in technicolor.
13. "To smell a rat" means (a) to start trouble; (b) to eavesdrop; (c) to detect something wrong; (d) to sniff the air.
14. "Small talk" means (a) conversation among pygmies; (b) talking behind someone's back; (c) conversation with one-syllable words; (d) unimportant conversation.
15. "Down in the mouth" means (a) tired out; (b) downhearted; (c) downstream; (d) below the Mason and Dixon line.
16. "Let sleeping dogs lie" means (a) let the truth stay hidden; (b) let old people alone; (c) let bygones be bygones; (d) let tired feet alone.
17. "On the qui vive" means (a) alert; (b) in a jam; (c) sound asleep; (d) doing the nightlife.
18. "To hold out the olive branch" means (a) to challenge; (b) to offer peace; (c) to threaten with punishment; (d) to camouflage.
19. "To worship Mammon" means (a) to believe in having many wives; (b) sunworshippers; (c) to worship wealth; (d) to be a fanatic about crooners.
20. "To cry over spilt milk" means (a) to worry about the future; (b) to indulge in useless regrets; (c) to double your bets; (d) to go on the wagon.



Life in a thatched hut on a central Pacific island is not as primitive as some people think

# THREE MARINES

## VISIT A Native VILLAGE

SPEED LIMIT 15 M.P.H.

NAVAL PERSONNEL NOT  
ALLOWED IN NATIVE  
VILLAGE AFTER 1800  
OR IN HUT AT  
ANY TIME



Master Tech Sergeant W. T. Perkins and his buddies, Staff Sergeant Weston Peris and Corporal Mark Holey, arrive at the "city limits."

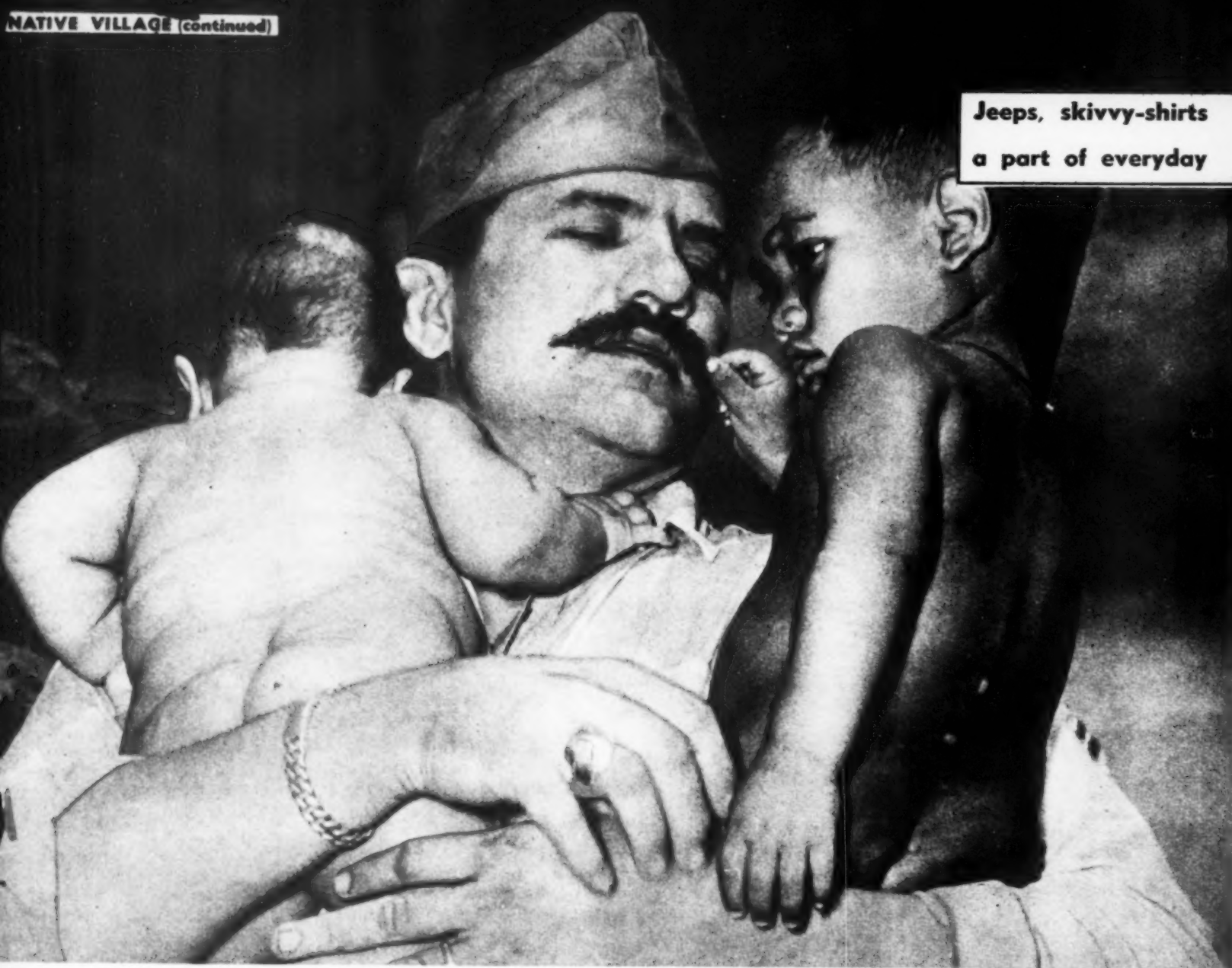


The Marines drove down this peaceful, modern-looking street. It was an early Sunday morning and most of the natives were still attending church



Devout Christians, in spite of their card-playing, these women had just returned from church. The skivvy-shirts are their "Sunday best" clothes.

Jeeps, skivvy-shirts  
a part of everyday



Both of the babies Corporal Halsey holds in his arms are natives. The one on the left is part Scottish. The native children were very friendly and

one little tyke trailed around after the Marines all day. Chores are given children to do like weaving floor mats from cocoanut palm leaves



Later in the day this native invited the three Marines into his hut for a smoke. He turned out to be a genial host as his wide smile here proves



This white-haired weaver is one of the island's oldest men. He has a set of earrings made of human bone which he often wears at native rites



and marshmallows are already  
life for the intelligent natives

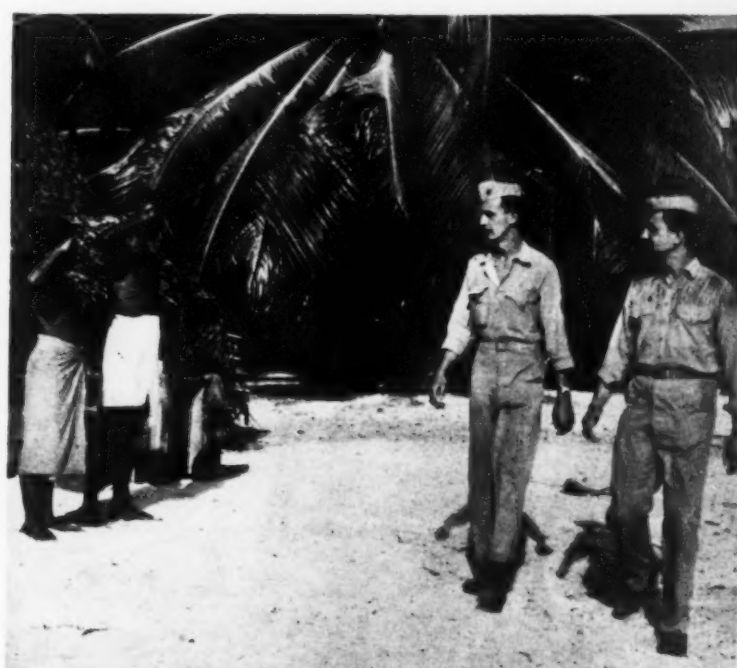


Sgt. Perkins stopped the jeep to ask directions of some native women. Before the Jap invasion few of them had ever seen motor vehicles. Now,

since the Americans came, natives are quite used to hearing the sound of jeeps as they travel along the quiet, tropical streets of the island



The natives do their cooking outside. Notice the grate improvised out of iron pipes. Here, believe it or not, everyone is busy toasting marshmallows



Their visit finished, Sergeant Perkins and Corporal Halsey started back for their jeep. On the way two village boys gave them a farewell salute

END



# 30 DAYS

**T**HIS is the story of a company of Marines on Saipan — G Company of Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Frank Hart's regiment of the Fourth Division. It is not a complete story of a battle. It is, rather, a story of 30 days of blood and hell for a little group of 247 men doing their share, and a little extra, in one of the biggest battles in Marine Corps history.

The nucleus of the story is a report by Lt. James P. Young, Jr., a genial Texan from Dallas who quit a bank clerk's job to enlist in the Marines and who rose through the ranks to become the outfit's "exec."

The interpolations in the Young report are fill-ins of the men of G Company — those who came back — and of TSgt. John Fabion, a Marine combat artist, who is the company's hero because he went along with them when he didn't have to and stayed doing his bit, when the going was toughest.

\* \* \*

"D-day. Landed under direct artillery fire. Dug in. 5 killed. 10 wounded."

"D+1. Withdrew and dug in on the beach and received enemy artillery fire. Afternoon, we moved up to 01 and reinforced --- company for the night. Artillery, mortar, mg. and sniper fire. 3 killed. 4 wounded."

"D+2. Ordered to move to left to support --- in the attack. While making a frontal attack received sniper, mg., mortar fire. 1 killed. 8 wounded."

"D+3. West to left of --- and then across the (02) ridge. Received sniper, mortar, machine gun fire. Ordered to proceed to 03 and hold the ground. While holding same received tank attack. 3 tanks about 350 yards from our position. Corp. Howrigan and gun crew of 60 mm went into action immediately under Lt. Ledferd command and proceeded to place direct mortar fire in path of approaching tanks and break up tank attack."

There were just 42 men in G Company's line on the 03 that night and they were digging holes in the coral when the Jap tanks emerged from a neat camouflaged nest and attacked. Our own tanks and 'tracks which had led the company to the 03 line had just left for the night. The first shot from the enemy snipped off the tail of the last LVT as it rounded a corner enroute to the bivouac area.

Corp. Raymond J. Howrigan, a Fairfield, La., mortar artist, was acting sergeant of the mortar section that day. The mortars were on the left of the line. They sent shells whistling at the tanks as fast as the sweating crews could load them into the pipe mounts. Howrigan thinks it may have been some kind of a record for rate of fire, but it was enough to discourage the enemy tanks.

There were just 42 men in "G" Company's line that night when the Jap tanks emerged from their nest



# on the line

by Sgt. George Doying

## The story of an outfit that took all the Nips had during one of the Corps' greatest battles

"D+4. No attack. Remained in position. Night received sniper and grenade fire from our rear."

That had been the day the company had fried chicken a la Fabion for dinner. Some of the lads rounded up stray friers running wild in the cane behind the 03 and Sgt. Fabion barbecued them over an open fire. It was the same area from which the sniper and grenade fire came after dark. G Company lost its First Sergeant, William R. Bennett of York, Pa., as a casualty that night.

"D+5. Coordinated infantry and tank attack through canefield. Drove to Hill 500. Took two prisoners and killed 5 of the enemy who were trying to get through our lines carrying gasoline."



The five Japs came walking down the road, right out in the open, obviously unaware that they had crossed into our lines. Each carried a can of gasoline. They probably intended to fire a big abandoned Jap ammo dump at the base of Hill 500.

The prisoners were the first for G Company. One of them was found huddled in the corner of a wrecked house. Capt. J. J. McCarthy, the company CO, tried to question him in pidgin Jap and hand signs. It looked like Man Mountain Dean standing over a pigmy; Capt. McCarthy, known as Gus to the company, is a towering figure who once drove the rear end of a hook and ladder on Chicago's South Side. The prisoner just stood dumb before "Gus."

Finally, Lt. Young cut in with a question in English. "I've got a shoulder wound and I want water," replied the Jap in faultless English.

"D+6. Stayed on Hill 500."

"D+7. --- and --- passed through our lines. Went into reserve."

"D+8. Went into defensive position on Hill 646, E slope. Dug in. Sniper fire and attempted infiltration."

One of the company machine gunners tells this tale about that day; it illustrates how deeply rooted Fabion's position in the company had become. During inspection of the lines, Capt. McCarthy came upon one gun which had been moved. "Who told you to set up here?" he thundered. The gunner replied: "Sgt. Fabion thought there should be a gun over here." "Oh," said the captain. "Well, okay if Fabe said so."

"D+9. Took nine prisoners. (8 civilians, 1 soldier.) Mortar and sniper fire and attempted infiltration. 1 Jap killed."

The Jap was shot just at dusk. He came smack into the middle of the company area and stooped down to fill a canteen with water. In the gathering dusk he wasn't recognized at once. When he was he started to run.

"D+10. Ordered to proceed to take --- company's mission. Found land mines. One tank blown up. Ordered to continue the attack without tank support. Carried out mission. Sent patrols forward — found 2 8-in. gun positions and aid station and ammo dump for 8-in. guns. Ordered back to 05 by bn CO."

G Company was in reserve on the morning of D+10, hoping for a day of comparative rest. Up ahead, and to the left, a giant Jap blockhouse, which had been burning, exploded in front of the line. Blocks of concrete weighing a ton or more sailed through the air and as far back as G Company's line the area was showered with debris.

Headquarters was sure the company in the line must have been wiped out, so G Company was ordered into the breach. The objective was the 05, Kagma Pt., and after reaching it, Capt. McCarthy sent out patrols to probe the beach area beyond.

But this day was a red-letter day for quite another reason for G Company. It was the day they got their first change of clothes since landing — clean scivvies and sox — and their



first 10-in-1 rations, and toothbrushes and paste. "We felt almost human again that night," remarked Sgt. John J. Cassidy, a Brooklyn machine gunner.

"D+11. Seized battalion objective in our zone of action. Many caves showed signs of recent occupation. Hari-kiri: 10 dead, 3 wounded. Remember — slaughterhouse."

Slaughterhouse is the name they gave a cave in the Kagma Point area. There they found the Japs who had committed suicide



rather than face the Marines. There also were civilians who had been butchered by their own people. "It was the bloodiest mess I've ever seen," Lt. Young described it.

"D+12. More patrols to the beach area."

"D+13. Moved from Kagma Pt. to Cha Cha Village. Dug in. Sniper and mg. fire. Sent out patrols to our front."

"D+14. Moved into position in rear of --- Harassing mg. and sniper fire continued."

"D+15. Remained in position. Machine gun and sniper fire continued throughout. PFC Bonestell, Sgt. J. Fabion and Lt. Young removed man from enemy zone. Very unusual circumstances surrounding."

Fabion was the one who found the wounded Marine. With another Marine, he had started out to catch up with a patrol out in front of the lines. They found themselves in a small pocket of land which narrowed into a gully from which they drew Jap fire. The Marine was lying beside a faint trail; he was from another battalion and apparently had been taken prisoner and escaped.

Fabion sent his companion back for help, stayed to aid the wounded man. Lt. Young answered the appeal, with Paul Bonestell, his driver. They got the Marine out, under



fire, but he died before they could get him to an aid station. Bonestell, telling about that trip into enemy territory, said he never in his life had wanted so much to go over the hill.

"D+16. Moved out to make a frontal attack in effort to clean up the pocket of known (n) resistance. (G) operating independently. Launched attack at 0905. Reached objective after slight sniper resistance. Discovered obviously a hq. aid station. About 16 trucks and small vehicles, first aid and general supplies. 48 dead bodies in a bloated condition. Killed 4 who offered to resist. Took 16 prisoners."

This was strictly a volunteer job. The pocket of "known resistance" was the area in which the rescue had been effected the day before. "It was G Company that uncovered the enemy area and we claimed the right to clean it up," commented Lt. Young.

"D+17. Moved out at 0400 to relieve Army bn. 0800 effected relief under sniper and mg. fire. One shell landed in our line — 4 casualties. At night harassing sniper and mg. fire continued. Attempted infiltration was repelled."

"D+18. Moved forward and up trail to support ... and .... Notified CO of appearance and condition of approx. 300 and 400 Jap bodies. On ridge of hill more bodies shallow buried and large quantities of ammo., 77 mm fuzes, land mines, anti-personnel mines throughout the area. Covered patrols working forward to hills 600 and 700. Moved back to ... area for rations, then moved out for position abreast ... CT on 06. No resistance."

That was the day, too, when mail first reached G Company on Saipan. Sgt. Jack S. Brown got a letter from his girl in the WACs. Brown, a burly machine gunner from Virginia Beach, Va., was one of the most popular chaps in the outfit and respected by all hands for his common sense and practical mind. He was an easy-going lad, one of an inseparable trio. The others were PFC Harvey C. Walker of Baltimore and Charles B. Medors, a quiet South Charleston, O., sergeant in the mortar section.

"D+19. Few stray shells throughout the night. Heavy rain all night. Moved into position. Rugged terrain. Moved forward to our objective. Returned 2 men to the rear shell shocked. Took position on forward slope of 07. Sniper fire heavy. Killed one

Jap running up road and away from us. Heavy counter attack 50 yards to right."

"D+20. Attack ordered 0730. G alone to close and protect gap on right flank and maintain contact with ... on right. Gap extended and widened to appr. 300 yds. Sniper fire extremely heavy and accurate. Lt. Schroeder killed. Corpsman Reardon killed at Schroeder's side. Richards shot at same place. (G) held her ground. Shortly after dark relieved by Army."

Saipan is wild country and a place where yards were as important as miles. G Company's role was to maintain contact between two units moving on different levels of ground. Lt. Bernhard E. Schroeder of Milwaukee was a platoon leader and one of the Company's best officers. He had rejoined them only a day or two before, having been twice wounded. He was killed only twice the length of a man ahead of the lines. The others got it in that short space, trying to bring him in.



"D+21. Discovered Jap field hospital. Capt. J. J. McC killed Jap sniper. G committed to close gap on right flank. Resistance in draw was neutralized, approximately 30 Japs knocked out. Moved up high ground on right of ... and dug in for the night."

"D+22. Continued attack following on ... right flank. Moved up to high ground. No resistance. Just short of objective — company routed by snipers. G Company plugged gap of ... and ..."

"D+23. Moved out and were committed on the battalion right flank to plug gap between ... and .... Moved through heavy undergrowth for about 900 yards. Took 12 small native children. Walker hit by Jap grenade, evacuated. Maintained contact with ... and ... until 1500. Lost it with ... Dug in for night. Took 6 Jap prisoners and tied in with .... Long front."

Harvey Walker, known as "Pete," was the first of the Brown-Medors-Walker trio to be hit. It came during the company's attempt to re-establish contact with the outfit on its right flank. Lt. Young led the patrol which inched its way through hostile ground groping for friendly troops. The grenade that got

Walker was thrown by one of the six Japs the patrol rounded up on that trip.

"D+24. Relieved by ... Went down hill for breakfast. Back through old position to position on left of ... Took a patrol into woods, 10 prisoners. 1415 moved out with ... Killed 6 snipers. Held up by holed up Japs. Brown and Matthews killed. Young, rifle grenade. Demolition. Infiltration."

Lt. Young was too exhausted that night to write more than key words outlining the events of the day. In many ways this probably was the nastiest day of all. The Japs were holed up in caves flanking the company's line of movement. Lt. Young and a volunteer group were out in a point when they were pinned down by enemy fire. They exhausted their grenades without stopping the Jap fire. Finally, under cover from the others, Young crawled to one troublesome cave, pointed a rifle grenade inside and let go. The blast silenced that cave but the shooting started up from another spot a few minutes later.

Sgt. Brown, one of the day's casualties, was the second of the "Three Musketeers" to go. He was hit from the cave that Lt. Young silenced with the rifle grenade.

"D+25. Continued attack down slope to airfield. Took 20 prisoners out of caves. Moved onto airstrip at 1230. Old Glory went up. Made left turn and continued northeast up strip. Just short of beach ran into estimated 1000 Japs. 2 men killed, five wounded. Backed up 20 yards and dug in for night. During night attempted infiltration turned back. Dead Japs littered our lines."

That 20-yard strip wasn't far, but it was enough to get G Company back behind an open section, out of a strip of undergrowth where the Jap had massed with his back to the cliff which dropped sheer to the beach. Everyone knew the battle for the Island was now nearing the end.

"D+26. Remained in position. Dispatched patrols to comb undergrowth in front of our position. Set up defense for the night. Attempted infiltration repelled. 22 Japs found in area 10 to 30 yards from our lines."

Medors, third of the company's famous trio, was wounded that day on one of the patrols.

"D+27. Dispatched patrols to beach. Noted hundreds of Jap dead on beach and in rocky caves. 65 prisoners taken and 15 wounded removed. That night again active enemy moving around in company area."

"D+28. Patrols worked in hilly area south of airstrip mopping up snipers."

"D+29. Moved to square 169-Q for bivouac!"

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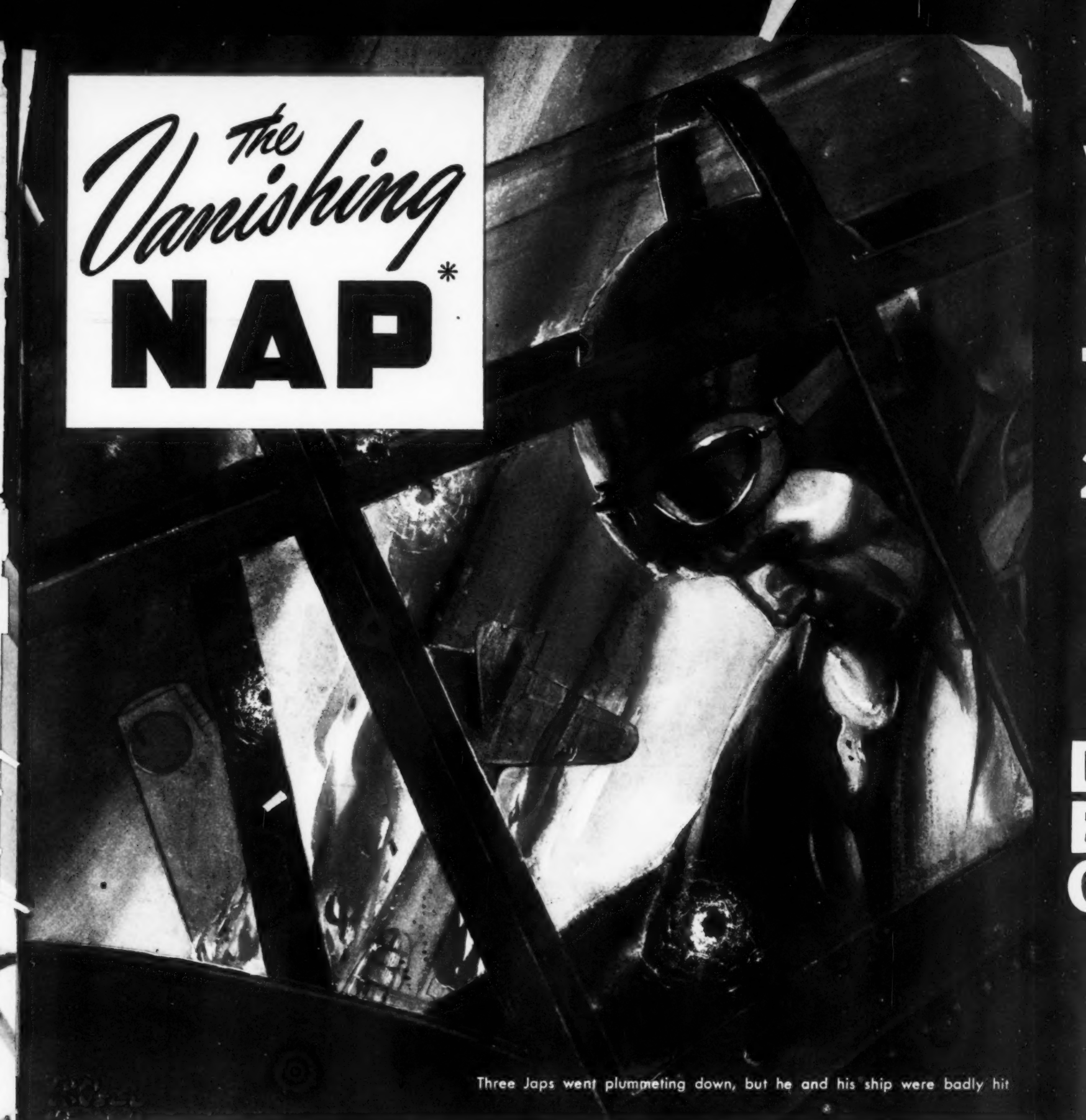
There was considerably less than one-half of G Company's original personnel left to hear those glorious words — return to bivouac. In those 30 terrible days on the line 32 men were killed and 130 wounded, out of 247.

"They even sent six-by-sixes to take us back," remarked Sgt. Cassidy, the Brooklyn machine gunner.

For most of them it was their first ride since leaving the landing craft. **END**







# *The* *Vanishing* **NAP** \*

Three Japs went plummeting down, but he and his ship were badly hit

\* **The naval aviation pilot played a big part in turning the tide against the Jap on the 'Canal and in later Pacific campaigns**

by Sgt. Harold Helfer

**I**T WAS in the early days of Guadalcanal. Things were touch and go. There was some doubt whether the Marines would be able to hold on. More combat pilots were needed desperately.

Executive officers of an air group were conferring. "Didn't two NAPs cross over from the States with us?" one said. "Where are they now? We could certainly use them."

NAPs are what pilots of enlisted rank are called. A hurried check of the records showed

that two NAP sergeants, Rohe C. Jones and Ollie Michael, never had come as far as Guadalcanal, but had been left on New Caledonia.

"Well, what are they doing there?" the officers demanded of the clerk. "Find out."

A little while later the clerk reported: "They're on latrine duty."

Orders were hastily made out for the two sergeants. In a few weeks the two ex-latrine diggers were among the air heroes of Guadal.

## Enlisted pilots were just as good in and frequently they possessed more



JENSEN

Jones, a slightly-built fellow who didn't shove the scales much past the 100-pound mark, was killed after three tours of combat duty, but not before his consistent performance had won him a letter of commendation. Michael, who considered the ground superfluous and wasn't happy unless he was flying every minute of the night and day, really came through when the chips were down. In November and December in '42, when the Japs were making a determined bid for victory, he scored a direct hit on an enemy battleship and direct hits on two transports.

**N**AP stands for Naval Aviation Pilot — the officer pilot is designated as an NA, Naval Aviator. The Navy is in charge of the program which produces the Marine Corps' airmen.

In the Army, there is no counterpart of the NAP now. The Army ceased producing enlisted men pilots in 1942.

There aren't many NAPs now either — they're almost as extinct as the Dodo bird. The reason: The NAPs became too good for their own good. Most of the surviving NAPs of the early days of the war are now commissioned. And only a few have been added since then, the flight training program having been curtailed considerably. But recently when the Navy reorganized its flight training program, although it was still on a limited scale, provisions were made for NAPs as well as officer pilots. There always will be a soft spot in the Marine Corps' heart for the NAP. He played a big part in helping turn the tide against the Japs on Guadalcanal and setting the stage for the present victorious push against the Oriental enemy.

One day a squadron of Marine planes started out on a mission. But the weather became so pea-soupy that all the planes turned back — that is all but one, the one piloted by TSgt. Alvin J. Jensen. He continued on alone. Suddenly he shot his plane earthwards. He was over the Jap airbase on Kahili, and the sons of Hirohito concentrated all the fury of their fire on this lone and brazen plane. But the plane continued its downward surge, disregarding the furious outbursts of flak as if they were flies. Only after 16 bombers and eight fighters on the ground had been blasted to hell did the sergeant's plane peel off and go away.

But cold nerve wasn't always enough and the NAP could be thankful that he was an ingenious fellow too.



HUGHES



BLASS



WALSH

Once Marine Gunner Gordon V. Hodde was cruising about when he spied 20 zeros streaking across the sky. He tore into them, his guns spitting fire. In short order, as if they were so many ducks in a shooting gallery, he sent three of the Jap planes plummeting down in flames. But he and his plane were badly hit. Blood was gushing copiously from a leg. So he pressed the gaping wound against the stick to restrict the flow of blood, and although his face had turned a pasty white from the ordeal, he eventually brought his damaged plane down safely.

On another occasion the Japs were trying to land men and cargo on Guadalcanal and Marine aviators were up above raining down death on enemy ships. One Marine plane, piloted by TSgt. Hurst, was hit and swirled crazily downwards, smashing into the sea. The tall, handsome sergeant found himself in quite a predicament. Japs were milling all about him in the water. There was only one thing to do: He pushed aside all the Nips who got in his way and swam until he came to an island. There he Robinson Crusoe'd for a week and then was rescued. A few days later he was flying combat missions again.

**T**HERE were quite a few Joneses and Michaels and Jensens and Hoddes and Hursts, pilots from the enlisted rank, who were in there pitching with valor and skill in the days when every Marine plane counted.

There was, for instance, Bernard Hamilton (Navy Cross, Distinguished Flying Cross), who shot down four Jap planes against overwhelming odds, and —

Charlton (Bud) Main (Air Medal, Gold Star), who got a direct hit on a cargo vessel and direct hits on two cruisers. Main, who always was talking about the Great Danes he raised back in Minneapolis, is now a captain and flight officer of a torpedo squadron. And —

Edward J. Wollof (Air Medal, Gold Star), who scored a direct hit on a destroyer and a Jap transport. A powerful swimmer, Ed spent practically all his time in the water or in the sky. And —

Albert C. Beneke (Distinguished Flying Cross), who got a direct hit on an enemy destroyer, and —

Lytton Blass (Distinguished Flying Cross), who participated in more than 100 combat missions, and —

Michael (Black Mike) Savino (Distinguished Flying Cross), who brought down three Jap planes against incredible odds —

And there were quite a few others. Nearly every squadron had one or two NAPs.

Back in the States there was a NAP named Abraham Daniels. They were a bit leery of him. He was too nervous, too tense. His practice maneuverings sometimes went awry. When his squadron shoved off for Guadalcanal, he was left behind.

But a little while later he showed up on Guadalcanal. He had transferred to another squadron and persevered until he had caught on. He was the first one in the new outfit to get a bull's eye on a destroyer and he won the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Perhaps because he was, subconsciously anyway, aware of his enlisted status, the NAP liked to keep on his toes.

MTSgt. John A. Hughes decided that there was nothing like keeping in good physical condition. So he grew a handle-bar mustache



# in the air as officers re technical knowhow

like that of the great legendary strongman Sandow, and out of two train wheels from Guadalcanal's "miniature railroad" he made a "bellbar."

Most of the guys out there had a hard enough time lifting one of the wheels, but there Hughes would be forever raising and lowering the "monster," and with a nonchalant expression on his face befitting a professional gymnast.

Just how much credit should be given to the two train wheels might be a point of argument, but Hughes' dexterity as a pilot kept pace with the development of his muscles. Among other things he is credited with a direct hit on an enemy destroyer. He, too, won the Distinguished Flying Cross.

One of the great air heroes of this war started out as a NAP — Kenneth A. Walsh. He's a captain now, with 20 Jap planes and the Congressional Medal of Honor to his credit and with such feats as tackling 50 Jap planes already an immortal part of Marine Corps history.

Walsh enlisted in the Marine Corps 10 years ago; he was a private when he began flight training four years later and he was still an enlisted man after he won his wings. One of the first NAPs to see action in this war, he shot down two planes in his first five minutes of battle.

**I**N a fierce sky engagement over Munda, TSgt. Paul Lewis' plane was hit and crashed into Rendova Bay. He was rescued sometime later, but, of course, it had been quite a harrowing experience.

Later when friends asked him what his biggest thrill had been, he replied:

"They put me in the colonel's bed."

If you took this story too literally, you might get the wrong impression of things. Actually, in the field, the NAP usually was treated just as if he were a commissioned officer. He generally ate with the officers and bunked with them.

Usually, about the only social difference was that he did not rate a salute from the other enlisted men.

Which was natural. The duties of the NAP and the officer pilot were usually identical. The NAP often had a better technical knowledge of the plane than the officer because nearly always he had been a member of the ground crew before he became a pilot. Some NAPs had been Marine pilots for a good while before the war broke out, their educational background keeping them from becoming officers.

One of the heroes of the Nicaraguan campaign in 1928 was a NAP, a Marine Gunner by the name of Michael Wodarczyk. He came down incredibly low on several occasions to bomb and strafe the enemy and played a vital part in the eventual victory. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his exploits. Wodarczyk is now a lieutenant-colonel, stationed at Quantico.

Anyway, it is generally conceded that the NAP usually has made as good a pilot as the officer. On occasions the NAP has even led squadron sections into battle, with officers following his orders.



HODDE

Maj. Jack Sperzel, who was with a Guadalcanal squadron, puts it this way:

"The NAP generally was as good a pilot in every respect as the officer and frequently had superior technical knowledge."

**I**N one of the dive bombing squadrons a short, stocky sergeant named William Bateman generally was looked upon as just about the best pilot in the outfit. He had had considerably more time in the sky than the others and was exceedingly "air wise." Whenever a new man came into the squadron, it was Bateman who usually indoctrinated him into the ways and workings of the outfit.

One of the second lieutenants that the sergeant indoctrinated was Rolland Smith who later became a major and commander of the squadron. When a new man joined the squadron, Maj. Smith always said: "If you really want to be a good combat pilot, just keep your eye on Bateman."

Many airmen who were on Guadalcanal will tell you that a NAP was probably the most daring dive bomber pilot of them all — "Wildman" John Fogerty. It seems he had once heard about seeing the whites of the enemy's eyes and that's what he was determined to do.

They say that on target practice day, when a carrier would be towing a target spar behind it, Fogerty would sometimes come down so low after it that the men on the ship would lose sight of his plane — he'd be below deck level.

Although you can count the NAPs on your fingers now, they still continue to make news. Latest one to crash into the printed pages has been TSgt. John J. Nemeth, one of the only two NAPs in the entire Gilbert Islands area.

Some of his feats include:

Completing a lengthy over-water flight by an eyelash when his spare gas tank refused to function.

Surviving a strafing dive on what appeared to be Jap planes but which turned out to be dummies arranged as bait in the midst of a ring of machine guns.

Not so long ago his brakes locked while he was coming in from a sub patrol. He crashed into a swamp area and was pinned down in water underneath his plane.

He was finally saved when someone grabbed hold of his beard and yanked.

There are two morals to this:

If you should happen to become a NAP, a lot of derring-do is expected of you.

Better grow a beard.

END



JONES

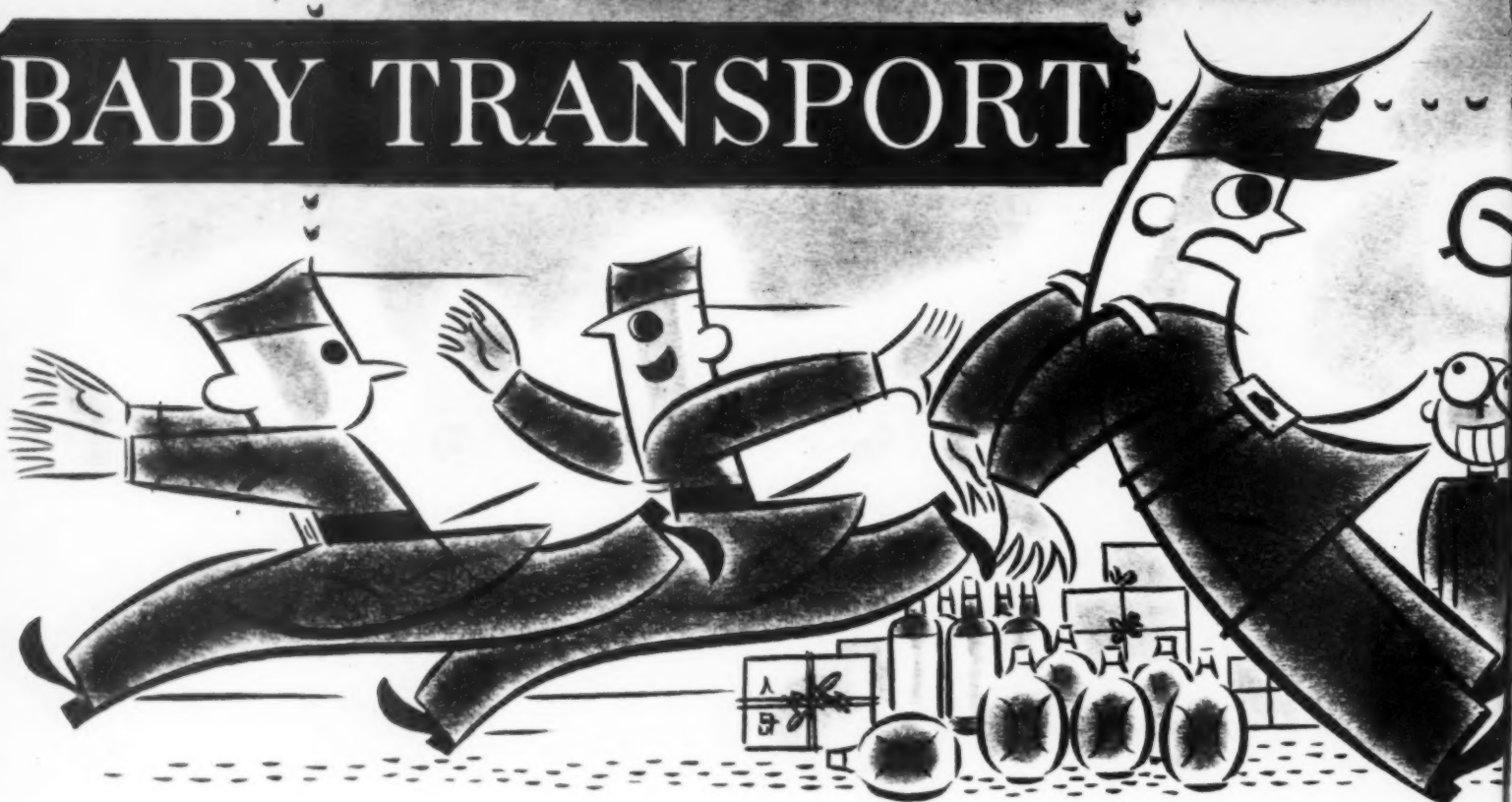


MAIN



WALLOP

# BABY TRANSPORT



**M**ARINE Lieutenant George Pond would have thrown up his hands in despair except that he needed them to escape from a nine-year-old kid playing Dick Tracy. The trembling deck had awakened him just in time to vault into the scuppers when the juvenile mob stampeded over the cool spot he had been enjoying in the shade of a lifeboat. Judging by the yelling they were after a guy named Japface, not the lieutenant.

In hearty agreement with General Sherman's views on war, Pond hissed a fervent oath and gave up his third attempt at enjoying a siesta. The people aboard the transport who needed guards were the helpless Marines instead of the other way around. This was an irony the major had not appreciated when he had, with a wave of his cigar, detailed the lieutenant to organize guard posts. Men, women and children were among passengers on the troop ship. Some were families returning to their Hawaiian homes; others were government workers and teachers returning to jobs from the mainland.

The lieutenant pushed himself shakily to his feet, recovered the lifejacket he had been trying to use as a pillow, and left the Boat deck. Going below he pushed his way through companionways clogged with chow, water and PX lines until he attained the sergeant of the guard's desk. This was the makeshift "guard room," set up amidships on "D" deck. Without looking up Sergeant John Buford spoke in a tired monotone.

"If you want the baby's milk warmed up just leave it here and we'll take care of it."

Lieutenant Pond opened his mouth to speak, but a customer beat him to the punch. Leading with a sharp elbow a skinny woman in slacks moved in and shrilled:

"Have you seen my little Susie? We were on our way to the dining salon when we became separated and I'm SO worried about her."

"Yeah," said Buford, looking up. "She was here a while ago hunting for you. She said she would be eating chow — if you could find the way by yourself."

This was Thursday noon, 14 hours after the

ship had steamed out of a U. S. port. [Tuesday, about 150 Marines had come aboard.] Before many hours had passed they knew the worst; they would have to stand guard duty. Lieutenant Pond was named executive of the guard, and by 0800 Wednesday the 44 posts he had established on the open decks, companionways and ladders were manned with alert Leathernecks.

When Marines are among the passengers of a Navy transport, or an Army transport carrying naval personnel as was the case here, they may be called on to stand guard. But on this trip there were more than a hundred civilians in addition to a few CB's and hundreds of sailors.

**F**IRST job was checking civilian passenger luggage for liquor before allowing it to be taken aboard. There was little to this until a citizen of China showed up under the hawsers just a couple of hours before the transport was due to shove off. He and his 15 children, chattering like magpies, carried, dragged or had sent on before them a total of 40 pieces of baggage. They had come all the way from Hong Kong, leaving there by the back door in time to escape the Japs. They had got to America via Asia and Europe and now were fixing to get back by a shorter route.

Marines sweated over an intricate system of Chinese knots to open every box, trunk and bundle of personal belongings. Five quarts of Scotch whisky were unearthed. Beaming through his wrinkles the old Oriental explained he needed the spirits to keep seasickness away from his daughters. The searchers were sympathetic but duty-bound to rule against the girls. They would have to drink their health with some other potation. Contents of the young cargo also included a Chinese painting or manuscript, the Marines couldn't tell which.

The work of art proved difficult to pass on. Every member gathered around the detail and insisted on explaining each item on the scroll. They held it before the American faces and slowly unwound it. The officer and his guards retreated, assuring the Chinese with each step they had absolutely no objection, now, to any-

thing but conversational marathons. It was getting late.

"Okay, okay, it's not contraband, I said," Pond finally shouted firmly. "I'll take your word for it."

No sooner were the passengers settled on "C" deck than mothers began stewing about their babies' food. Formulas needed warming and the crowded staterooms offered no heating facilities. At 0300 Thursday a desperate young woman thought of the Marines. Corporal Don Burnham, acting sergeant of the guard, a robust former sea duty man who had known the sub-zero cold of the Murmansk patrol, felt a chill down his spine when she pulled up at his desk and presented her problem. Before he could speak and possibly avert disaster Private Glenn Mohnney, acting corporal of the guard, jumped up.

"Lady," he said, "I'm a father myself. I know just how you feel. If you'll give me the bottle I'll have it warmed in the galley."

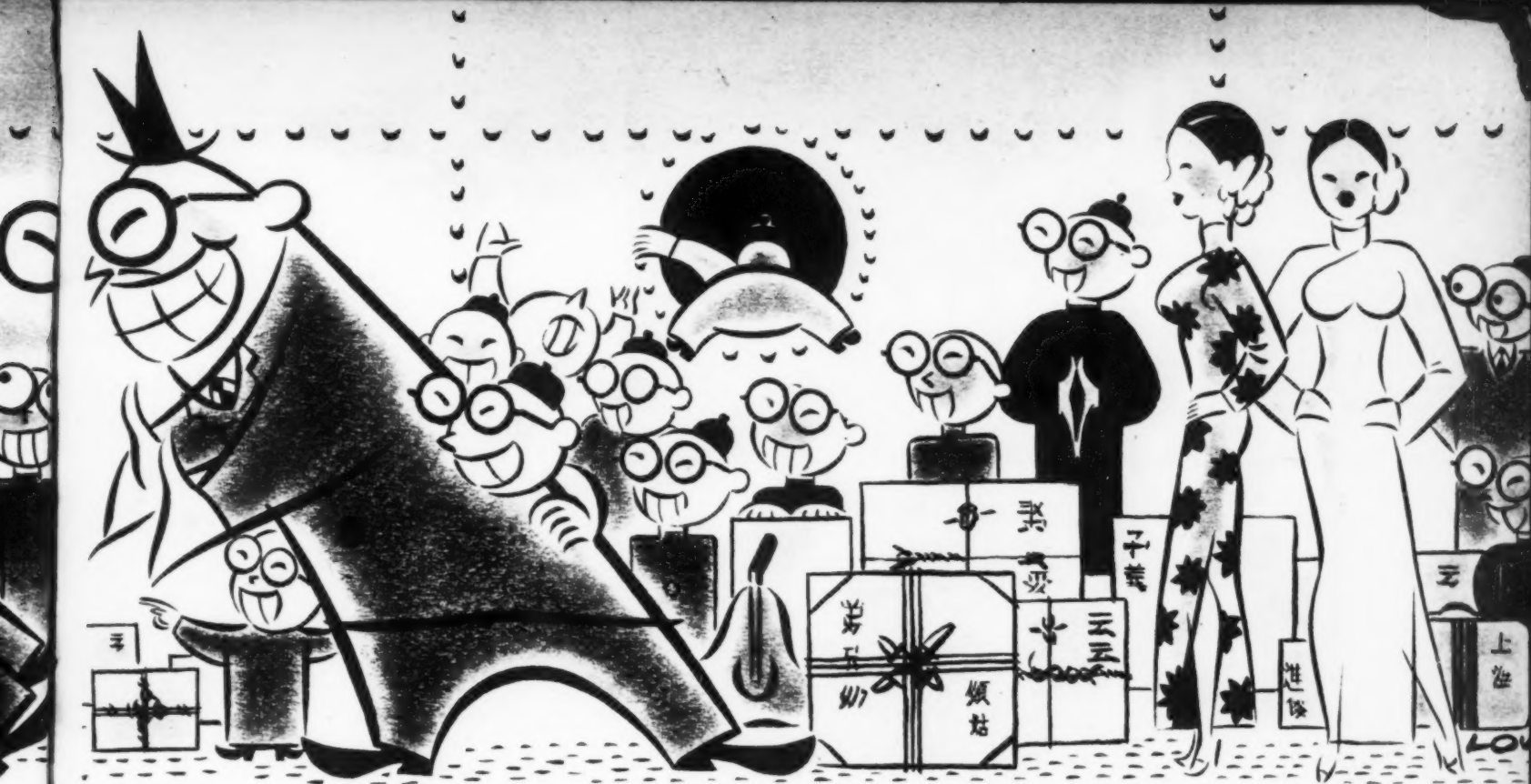
**A**T 0400, when the guard changed, Mohnney explained the procedure to his luckless successor.

"You have to do it down in the galley," he instructed. "Stick the bottle into the hot water under a steam table they are not using. Keep shaking the milk until it has an even temperature. How can you tell? You'll get to know after a while. Shake a couple of drops onto the inside of your wrist, now and then, and when you think it is about right, well, that's it."

That was it! For the rest of the trip the NCO on duty as sergeant of the guard was the busiest man aboard. Most of the lines — the one to the big chow hall, another to the main PX and one of those to the scuttlebutts — passed his desk. People who lost things and people who found them dropped by. Women left times and room numbers for the delivery of hot milk bottles. Sailors dragged lost children there, and parents came to claim them.

The guard house had its own queue. It was





an information desk. Where was the library, the dining room, the dispensary? Marines knew as little about the big ship at first as anyone else but they never admitted it. If the question stumped the men on duty they invariably made a stab at the right answer and in the breathing spell before the client wandered back someone managed to get the right dope. When the transport mysteriously stopped for half an hour in mid-ocean rumor had it right away that the halt was made to

Ordinarily soldiers did guard duty on this vessel. Private Laverne Stockwell started the word around that Marines were on post when he flatly declined to open a water-tight door used by the harbor pilot to leave the ship.

Consternation ensued. The pilot was a four-striper. His demands that Stockwell permit the hatch to be opened were met with deadpanned composure. The guard had orders not to let anyone through and orders were orders, he said. The ship's captain, busy with other

ten persons were packed into a single state-room and edgy nerves didn't always mix well with impudent brats.

Adult life on the Boat deck was precarious. Kids were constantly underfoot, cracking slow-moving shins with their Indianapolis speedway scooters, or running like cavalry when a whistle or blaring radio hinted at new adventure. They teetered on railings and higher places. Guards were brought topside on the double when passengers were certain they heard a childish plea for "help, help." It turned out to be a small boy shouting for "Bill, Bill." Below, a few hours later, a smooth "lone ranger" locked three "rustlers" in a head. It took a furious steward 20 minutes to play G-man and get them out.

## What to do when baby cries isn't covered in general orders but it's handy to know in case you catch shipboard guard

by Sgt. John Conner

give the passengers a chance to fish. Kids swamped the guard room with requests for tackle and bait.

Lines were big headaches. Hundreds of sailors who spent most of their day in either a chow line or water line had to be held in single file to keep companionways open as much as possible. A limited supply of fresh water made it necessary that everyone take his turn if he wanted a drink between meals. No one was allowed to fill any sort of container.

Corporal Lawrence Cronin was sergeant of the guard when a pair of sailors, disgusted with continual standing in line, asked him to throw them into the brig.

"It will be a lot easier to get chow," they explained.

They were dead serious. Cronin had to point out that only men who committed crimes were permitted to use the cooler. The sailors went away, disappointed.

things on the bridge, had to get permission from Buford, sergeant of the guard, before the Marine private would stand aside. By that time the pilot's barge had been obliged to follow the liner an additional ten miles out to sea.

**T**HE civilians, women and children particularly, were most unorthodox in their views about life on a troop ship. In their cases guard duty required imagination and initiative. A plump damsel put Private Mervin Moak to the test. Each day at 1230 hours, when she got up, she would open her state-room door and stick her tongue out at the surprised guard. Her mother, she explained, had taught her that whenever she felt like doing something to go ahead and do it.

An occasional fight punctuated the fast routine. Guards intervened in two hair-pulling tournaments between women who had and women who didn't have children. Nine and

**T**HE milk run started every morning at 0530 when Private Charles Pinkney, acting corporal of the guard for that relief, got himself down to the galley and loaded up with babies' bottles. By reveille time at 0600 more than a dozen staterooms had been supplied. Pinkney liked kids and they liked him. They called him "Charley" and sought him out for all kinds of advice.

Guards got over being surprised when women handed over their babies and gave out with an order something like this:

"Here, Marine, hold my child. I've got to see the sergeant of the guard."

Such cases were clearly not covered by instructions, but there was no use in calling the corporal of the guard. He was probably feeding a baby.

It was like that for Private Abraham Neslin. One hundred and twenty CB's crowding onto his beat for a physical checkup at the dispensary caught him with a baby under an arm and a night stick in his other hand. Undaunted, Neslin went to work and when the mother showed up to retrieve her family, his job was more than half done. All that was left was the taking care of the CB's. **END**

# WEAPONS COMPANY

**T**HE weapons platoon came ashore through a curtain of enemy mortar and artillery fire, came across a 600-yard coral reef in amphibian tractors to be dumped unceremoniously on the sand with its four one-thousand-pound guns on carts. After that it was all work, back-breaking, sweating labor getting those guns across the sand — damn the mortars and snipers — through the first tangle of fallen trees and over the series of captured enemy trenches, up to the edge of the airport 200 yards back from the water.

But long before they got to the edge of the airstrip they were hit. Sergeant Jack McCusker, 24, of Charleroi, Pa., was tugging at a cart with his men when an enemy machine gun opened on them from 35 yards. The enemy was set up in a wrecked tank, well protected by fallen trees and armor plate. The sergeant and his crew swung their gun into position somehow and fired six rounds. Thirty-sevens speak more roughly than machine guns. The Jap position was silenced and Sgt. McCusker moved on. Behind, two of his men were being cared for by corpsmen.

Off to the right a bit, another of the 37's was being dragged off the beach when a Jap rose from a dugout and threw a hand grenade. He was only 10 feet from the squad but his aim was spoiled by the hail of bullets he received as he hurled the missile.

**T**HE gun crew pushed on. For the next two hours it was a case of pull and dig in. The enemy had the range of that particular sector and he had excellent observation from a near-by ridge. The enemy had artillery and six-inch mortars — and he used them. A quick whistle, a rush of air, a cloud of black smoke and dirt and shrapnel — then you called the corpsmen to care for the wounded, you left the dead, and you pushed ahead. Those guns had to stay in the advance.

That was the way it went the first afternoon. Move the wounded, leave the dead, push the guns. At last the fringe of the airport was reached. The infantry moved out on it but time was passing and there could be no drive across that level road to hell this evening.

Anyway, here came the Jap tanks.

When the tanks, each mounting two machine guns and a 37 mm cannon, came tearing in, Lieut. DiGiambattista's platoon was having its troubles.

One gun crew was pinned down by snipers in the rear. The men had been trying to find the troublemakers so that they could free the gun trails where they had jammed between two fallen trees. You aim a 37 on a cart by swinging the trail around. Consequently,

this gun could be pointed in only one direction.

Corporal James Aichele, 19, of Pittsburgh, Kan., was in charge of that weapon. His crew moved into action, ignoring the snipers. A tank drove to within 25 yards; three quick rounds from Aichele's weapon and the attacker became a mass of flaming steel. From it leaped a Japanese to charge the Marines. He was picked off as he ran by PFC Thomas A. Judy, 19, of Dover, O.

Another tank came within range.

"We only got an assist on that one," said Aichele. "The gun to the right of us hit the tank at the same time as ours did."

**T**HAT was the gun in charge of Corporal J. J. Mulcahy, 20, of Philadelphia, Pa. Now Mulcahy's weapon had developed some slight mechanical difficulty and Lieut. DiGiambattista was checking it when the tanks attacked. The Corporal was in charge of the weapons; he remained at the sights. Lieut. DiGiambattista became simply an assistant, slamming in the shells. The corporal did the rest. Credit a third tank to this gun. Oh, yes, and the other half of that assist with Corp. Aichele.

When the 37 struck that third tank the turret blew off.

"We could see pieces of Japanese flying everywhere," said the corporal.

Six tanks were in the immediate area of the weapons company, others were to the left and right. Three tanks were destroyed outright, two others certainly were hit and staggered out of the line of fire. The sixth took off.

About this time, Mulcahy's gun jammed just as a tank was bearing on it with both machine guns. Private James O. Gallagher of Philadelphia, Pa., (the City of Brotherly Love was doing itself proud in this outfit), ran out in front of the weapon and poked out the jammed projectile. It was not an easy job; it meant jabbing hard and fast to push out the shell. It meant standing erect and turning your back on that concentrated fire from two machine guns.

It was almost dark now but don't think there was time to rest. Defenses had to be set up right there on the edge of the airport. Snipers had to be cleaned out of the area, wounded moved back. Six men can lift a 37 gun cart with difficulty. Four were having to do it now. And that terrific mortar fire never ceased.

The night passed somehow and the dawn arrived in an awesome flurry of machine gun tracers and snipers' fire as the Japs counter-attacked. The weapons platoon got no frontal assault but down the line other outfits were

catching plenty. The attack faded and soon after the infantry started its own push. It simply got up and moved, having no thousand-pound guns to handle. Somehow Lieut. DiGiambattista's men and guns stayed with them.

You pulled those guns a few yards across shell craters and over the rough going of scattered coral and shrapnel. Then, on orders from Platoon Sergeant James R. Ladd, 21, of Denver, Tenn., you stopped and fired. There was plenty to fire on, always a target: Jap machine guns along the edge of the airstrips and more than a score of blockhouses in the main section of the airport defenses.

There was no cover for the men crossing. The air was a constant shrieking and whistling. But the guns had to go across.

Did they go? Ask the men who pulled them: PFC's John G. Strawn, Jr., of Liberty, Tex.; W. S. Long, 18, of Slatington, Pa.; Carl T. Davis, 23, of Memphis, Tenn.; Richard L. McCormick, 21, of Alton, Ill.; John R. Jordan, 17, of Bridgeport, Conn.; and Francis A. LaFlam, 22, of Avon Park, Fla.

Most of these boys were in their first operation, getting their baptism of fire, yet they kept working, pushing across that airport, tugging and shoving those guns. Pals fell around them but they had a job to do.

**B**UT the finish wasn't yet. The Marine lines were moving slowly across behind our tanks, hammering away. The 37's were coming along, too. One gun was wrecked and had to be left out there in the open. The men on it were transferred to the three remaining weapons — and they were needed. Never a moment's let-up from the awful strain of pushing and pulling, dragging up ammunition, firing, then pushing and tugging again.

PFC's T. P. Kowalchzyk, 27, of Cleveland, O., Richard McConnell, 19, of Burlington, N. J.; and John M. Tardio of Albany, N. Y., were new to this kind of thing. They had just come over from the States but "you'd have thought they were on a morning jaunt," said the lieutenant.

On the edge of the airport, and an anchor for the main defenses, was a big pillbox. A 37 was brought to bear on it but two guns inside kept sending out their deadly streams. Private J. W. Witson, 19, of Berwyn, Ill., waited until our tanks had pummeled the fortification, then he staged a one-man cleanup of the position with his BAR. When he finished, five Japs were scattered about. And the 37's pushed on.

After that it was all a jumble. No front lines, just a tangle of fighting men and squads cleaning out those fortifications; every man with a job, no, several jobs, to do. Every man doing them. From a near-by ridge the Japanese turned everything they had — and they had plenty — on the exposed Marines but the job was almost done now.

And the 37's, finally dragged across 1100 yards of sheer hell were speaking their own authoritative notes, speaking with a vengeance for the men scattered behind. Through it all, reckless of their own safety, moved Lieut. DiGiambattista and Pl. Sgt. Ladd, directing the fire, taking time out for advice to a hard-pressed crew. They had been sweating at those guns just like the privates.

Corporal William P. Smoke, 24, of Logansburg, N. Y., a veteran of Guadalcanal, had his bit to say regarding the lieutenant. Perhaps it was but inelegantly put but who expects drawing room language among the shattered bodies on an airport battlefield?

"He's got guts. Plenty," said the corporal succinctly. **END**

**All day it was ... move the wounded, leave the dead, push the guns ...**



# WATER

## For Fighting Men



by Sgt. Bill Miller

SOON after assault waves clinched their grip on Saipan's beaches, water supply teams of engineer battalions with the Second and Fourth Marine divisions loaded their equipment into landing boats and shoved off for shore. Veterans of campaigns in the Gilberts and Marshalls, they knew they had their work cut out for them. It was their job to set up a supply system that would replenish the precious water in the canteens and expeditionary cans of the troops in the line before it was exhausted.

Sgt. William T. Evans was in charge of one typical four-man water supply team. The other three men, all specialists trained in water distillation and purification at Quantico and Pendleton, were PFCs George W. Anderson and Eugene D. Balicki, both veterans of the Tarawa fight, and Joseph E. Sanders.

Their first task, while fighting raged nearby, was to sink a well-point in the sand, from which they pumped Pacific salt water into a 3000-gallon canvas settling tank. Their still was soon operating, providing pure, fresh water for thirsty riflemen, machine gunners, artillerymen, tank and tractor crews, medical units and field kitchens.

Their water point, including three stills, was demolished by a Jap shell early in the fighting, and they had to bring in new equipment. Another water point, set up within 100 yards of the Garapan front, was knocked out by a direct mortar hit which killed one of the operators.

On D plus 2, SSgt. John K. Henley discovered a supply of fresh water. Setting up his distillation unit, he found after pumping for five minutes that he was getting fresh water instead of salt water. His well, about 100 yards from the beach, became one of the chief sources of water for our troops.

Although the Pacific war is being fought

in and around the edges of the world's biggest body of water, supplying safe water still is one of the toughest problems. It's the old story of "water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Before he is out of boot camp, every Marine learns the military axiom that all water in the field should be regarded as contaminated until proven otherwise. There has been little proof that any source of fresh water in the Pacific area has ever been otherwise. And on low coral islands there frequently is no water except rain and the unpalatable ocean.

WITH efficient portable and mobile equipment to purify fresh water and distill the salt from sea water, Marine Corps engineers have been the water boys for amphibious spearhead assaults from Guadalcanal to Guam. It was no accident that Marines on Saipan had plenty of water, while the Japs, fighting in their own front yard, were soon in desperate need of it.

In early stages of the Saipan battle, water supply men had to form a defense line during a Jap counterattack, digging in for a 12-hour shelling by enemy artillery. All the units kept a constant security watch for snipers in the water point areas, which are always prime targets. Some of the other enlisted men sharing this engineering util-

ity duty were TSgt. Jackson O. Riner, SSgt. Howard H. Evans, Sgt. Herbert G. Godbee, Corp. Ralph J. Breary and PFC Ernest A. Muster.

Engineer battalions are responsible for water supply to the Marine division. When the division is broken down into reinforced regiments, one engineering company goes with each regiment. Trained water purification and distillation men are part of the engineer outfits, their specialty being one of four in which engineers are schooled.

The only important difference between the technical process of water supply in Pacific combat areas and in Stateside towns and cities is that one is much riskier than the other. Where there are streams and rivers, as there were in the Solomons, water supply is chiefly a problem of purification. In the absence of streams, engineers must dig wells and install power pumps. On low coral islands of captured atolls, where no wells can be dug, sea water must be distilled for drinking and cooking, or rain-water must be caught.

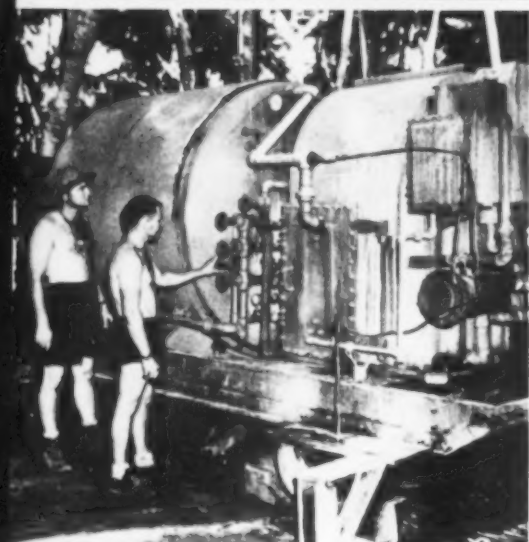
Japs depended entirely on rainfall for their water supply on many of their Pacific islands. They collected it from roofs of buildings in gutters, piping it into tanks for storage. Some of these installations have been captured intact, but in most instances have been used only as an auxiliary

TURN PAGE

In the vast Pacific theatre, it's a case of "water, water everywhere

and not a drop to drink" until the engineering units start operating

**Whether drilled from the ground, distilled from the sea or purified from ponds or streams, pure water is welcome at the front lines**



Salt water distilling machines such as this can supply water five hours after being brought in



New Zealand soldiers fill their canteens from a collapsible canvas tank on beach at Green Island

Water purification plant found on Saipan. Water was brought in until mobile units could be set up

to the vastly superior American equipment.

On Guadalcanal the Japs had completed most of a water supply system for the airfield. They were not too concerned about sanitation, since Marines found a garbage dump and latrine at the source of supply, a sluggish branch of the Lunga.

**T**HIS water was pumped into two large storage tanks on the hill, from which it flowed down by gravity to provide drinking water and wet down the airfield. Drinking water was at least partially purified by Shofu filters, portable gadgets with an output of about four gallons a minute.

Engineers of the 1st Division had field water supply equipment in operation on Guadalcanal on D plus 2. They set up portable and mobile units to filter and chlorinate the river water, then pumped it into 3000-gallon canvas storage tanks from which it is distributed to 300-gallon water trailers and the standard five-gallon expeditionary cans. Ability of the engineers to make repairs under trying conditions with limited tools and improvised parts kept the units in almost constant operation despite bomb and shell damage.

In the Russells, Marines were getting their water by distilling it from the sea until GySgt. Elmer C. Wickstrom contrived an amazing gadget to pump fresh water from a 55-foot well on the coral island where he was stationed with a defense battalion. His invention replaced three stills, each of which took six gallons of diesel fuel and two gallons of gas an hour, and won him a promotion and a letter of commendation. Newer type water stills like the ones used on Saipan use only one gallon of gas an hour.

One of the most famous among Marine water supply units in the Solomons campaign was the Bougainville Water Works, Inc., established on D day by Water Tender 1C Lonnie E. (Pappy) Suder, a Seabee. Pappy came ashore with the second wave, landing safely, although a tank lighter was blown out of the water just ahead of him. He set up shop in the midst of heavy fighting, borrowing a tractor to clear a road to the banks of the muddy Koromokina River, just off the Empress Augusta beach. He

moved in his water unit and a few hours later was pumping out 15 gallons of filtered and chlorinated water a minute.

Other teams soon had their units in operation, but Suder's continued to be the chief watering point on the beachhead. His business was incorporated on 29 November, 1943, when his original equipment was replaced by a large Marine mobile unit with a capacity of 50 gallons a minute. Three Marines and another Seabee were assigned to help him—Corps. Robert C. Pence and Doyle P. Skinner, both Quantico graduates; Pvt. Charles E. Lawson and Shipfitter 1C G. H. Cothran. With the new equipment, the Bougainville Water Works turned out more than 25,000 gallons a day.

Water distillation units were in operation on Tarawa by D plus 2, but part of the supply problem already had been solved by capture of a 110,000-gallon Jap reservoir the previous day. Because of the bitter and close nature of fighting there, some Marines went through the entire four days of the battle with only the two canteens of water each man carried ashore. Some of those men even had water left when the island was secured.

**F**ORTY-EIGHT hours after invasion of Roi island in the Kwajalein atoll, Marine engineers were distilling enough water from the Pacific to supply every Marine on the island. Water is one of the most precious commodities in the Marshalls, and transports brought in huge cans as an auxiliary supply. Water supply crews of the 4th Division landed on D plus 1 and soon had seven water distilling units in operation, each capable of producing 1500 gallons a day. A combat correspondent saw Marines streaming toward one of these water points from all parts of the island, carrying canteens, buckets, cans, even empty shell cases, or pulling water carts.

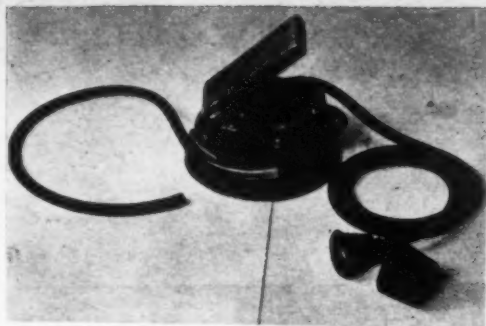
That picture, multiplied a thousand times in all the theatres of this war, tells the story of water supply for U. S. fighting men. For Army, Navy and Marine Corps personnel who have been responsible, it is tribute enough to record the simple fact that not a single battle has been lost for lack of water.



Large quantities of water are purified by Marine details before being distributed to men up at the front. The water is pumped into small containers and then trucked to points behind the lines







Designed for use of patrols is this new compact four-pound hand-operated water filtration unit

#### THE NEW FILTRATION UNIT

One of the latest innovations in the Marine Corps is a four-pound hand-operated water filtration unit, designed for use of patrols and other small combat detachments leaving the divisional water supply area. One of these normally will supply drinking water for a platoon for three days. The unit, which will be issued to engineer and pioneer battalions for reissue to small detachments, is carried in a small canvas case, complete with 12 Seitz filter pads, six packets of filter aid and 160 CDC units (chlorine capsules). One CDC unit per canteen must be used to destroy bacteria, as the filter removes all suspension, coloration and cysts from the water but permits passage of bacteria. To operate the unit, submerge the strainer of the suction hose in the water source. A cork float suspends the hose near the surface, preventing intake of excessive sediment. Unfasten the pump lever by pressing forward on the rounded lock nut located on the right side of the lever. Pump by depressing and releasing the lever. Filter pads are replaced by removing clamping ring holding three sections of the unit together. Place one new pad on each side of the center section with the rough side out. If filter aid is used (it is recommended but not necessary), place half package in bottom chamber, half on upper filter pad. Replace clamping ring and adjust to size, if necessary, by removing half section at swivel joint. If patrols are to remain outside divisional water supply area over three days, or if streams are extremely muddy, issue of filter pads, filter aid and CDC units should be increased.



Unit is carried in a small canvas case complete with 12 pads, filter aid and 160 CDI capsules

END



#### Frequently it took salesmanship to bring about the rescue of civilians

IT WAS just an ordinary jeep, in every way but one. Clamped onto the back seat was a portable public address system with a speaker that coiled up like a giant gramophone horn.

We first saw The Talking Jeep at the south end of Tinian island. It was her last big performance of the Marianas campaign. She sat out alone on the grassy plateau which slopes down to the Pacific, half-ringed by tanks and 'tracks that had stilled their war thunder to give the jeep a chance to talk to the frightened natives hiding in the darkness of the big caves.

The big black speaker was turned sideways to face the cave-pocked cliffside which rises sheer from the plateau. Then, in a voice that would make a sideshow barker sound anemic, she began her patter.

"Minkon," she blared. "Tas-katta!"

There was a pause to let the words echo back into the yawning caves, and their meaning to sink in with those listening. They're peasant-grade Japanese for: "Civilians! You are saved!"

Then the booming voice resumed, short clipped sentences which bounced back from the rock wall in front of us. Marines had overrun the entire island—that was the word—and the Jap was beaten; there was nothing to fear; wave a white flag and come out slowly; bring no weapons.

It wasn't long until a small white flag was seen fluttering from a big cave to the left. The jeep continued to talk on, calmly: Only the foolish would stay in the caves now that there was water, food and medical attention from the Americans down on the plateau.

Most of the bewildered figures at the cave mouth still hesitated. But one family group started slowly down the half-hidden winding path. The jeep continued to talk on: You can see for yourselves, civilians, that you will be safe. You can see that your neighbors who have come down are being attended to.

The first civilians to come down from the big cave trudged tiredly past The Talking Jeep. They didn't even look up at it and they showed no curiosity over what made it speak. Their personal needs were far too compelling for them to take time, even with their eyes, to follow the wire which snaked from the jeep perhaps 50 feet through the grass and dirt to the hands of a strapping big Marine in a dusty camouflage utility suit.

The wire, of course, ended with a "mike" at the lips of the big man. The man was Lt. William H. Brown of the Fourth Division, the "voice" of The Talking Jeep.

Bill Brown is a big man, even in Marine terms, and he learned to speak Japanese in Japan before the war. He is one of the Marine interpreters who used The Talking Jeep to coax thousands of Saipan and Tinian natives out of hiding.

A native of Glasgow, Scotland, he came to the United States as an infant in 1915. He was graduated in 1935 as a Phi Beta Kappa from Colgate University where he played guard and

center on the basketball team and threw the discus with the track squad. He went to Japan for an export-import firm, staying there three years, until 1938, after which he spent a year in Belgium and France. He returned to the Orient after the outbreak of war in Europe and stayed until all export-import trade vanished; his ship, the Nitta Maru, was the last scheduled Japanese liner to leave for the States before Pearl Harbor.

When war came, the Navy rounded up Americans with a knowledge of Japanese as interpreters and Brown spent a year in a civilian capacity among the West coast Jap-American population before being commissioned in the Marine Corps in June, 1943.

On Saipan, and on Tinian, Brown and The Talking Jeep virtually lived in the front line area. Whenever reports came in that civilians had been sighted holed up in the cliff caves, it meant a job for The Talking Jeep. In that jaunty quickstep manner that forever characterizes a jeep on an errand, she would suddenly mince into position out in front of the tanks and half-tracks and go into her "sales talk."

The "sales talk" varied from time to time and place to place, according to conditions. Sometime, it was pointed out that the Americans would have to shell and bomb a certain spot and that the civilians were being given a brief time to come out first. More often, however, the promise of water, food and medical care—in that order—were the inducements that worked.

Experience taught Brown the advantage of the long-wire "mike." Particularly on Saipan, the Jap military often made efforts to prevent the civilian population from surrendering and more than once pot shots were fired at the big speaker.

Also, the portable mike made it possible for the interpreter to mingle among the civilians as they came through the lines and pick out, occasionally, a "guest speaker." That day on Tinian, for instance, when the mayor of Tinian town and his wife came through the lines, Brown put both of them "on the air" to support The Talking Jeep's appeal for the civilians to come out of hiding.



Civilians trudge in slowly in response to the summons made over the portable loudspeaker

END 29



Of course, I trusted the First Sergeant, but I fluttered each of the decks on this occasion just to be sure there were 52 cards in them

★

**WE DREW** four months back pay when we got to New Zealand and there was a game of chance to be found almost any time of the day or night. Some of the losers would be very mad when I blew Taps which I did because I am the company Field Music.

They made some very cutting remarks until I told them one night that they did not know how to play poker at all because they did not understand percentage.

They said maybe I would like to get in their no-limit game next morning. I said I did not want to take their money since I had played for "the House" in the back room of Harry's Pool Room in Schenectady, N. Y., but they said maybe I ought to put my money where my mouth was. So I said I would play a few friendly hands with them right after I blew reveille in the morning.

They were very bad poker players indeed, often trying to fill a gut straight and sometimes even drawing two cards to a flush. I mean they were all broke at noon and I had \$926 in bills and two pockets full of change.

That very day the First Sergeant began taking an interest in me.

He said we should get better acquainted because after all I was his Music and the

only one he had and rank was not so important after all and maybe I would care to drop around for a friendly game of cards in his room that night.

He said he personally liked poker as a game but only played for fun.

Five-dollar ante, pot limit, made a nice, friendly game, he said, and not like the cut-throat no-limit games at all. He said he liked to check cinches, too, since it added a lot of sport to the game and he could not see any harm in checking a little old straight flush.

I thought five-dollar ante was a little steep for such a friendly game and I did not believe in checking cinches, having seen a man shot dead for it in Schenectady, N. Y., which I told the First Sergeant.

But the First Sergeant said he was going to be mighty disappointed if I did not show up that night at seven. I did not want to disappoint the First Sergeant since I wanted a week-end pass and the First Sergeant can never see his way clear to giving you a week-end pass if he is disappointed in you.

So I showed up.

The First Sergeant has a room to himself but he had a Gunnery Sergeant and a Platoon Sergeant with him when I arrived and a table with a blanket on it and three decks of diamond-backed cards, all new and different colors. I was very proud to be playing with

all that rank and they all took a friendly interest in me as I brought out my three billfolds.

I had divided the ones, fives and tens and I had the fifteen twenties in my shirt pocket and still all of the three billfolds were very full and would hardly bend in the middle at all.

**I FLUTTERED** each one of the decks by my ear once just to be sure there were 52 cards in each deck. I mean, it is not that I do not trust the First Sergeant but an extra ace or two in the deck will change all of the percentage greatly.

The First Sergeant said what is the matter, did I think he would run a cold deck into a friendly little game and I said certainly not because in the first place I could spot a cold deck across a room.

We played dealer's choice, five card stud or draw, Jacks or better to open, table stakes.

The Gunnery Sergeant put about six hundred dollars on the table, the Platoon Sergeant broke out about five hundred and the First Sergeant took about two hundred and fifty from his billfold and left the billfold on the table which meant that he could play out of it.

I thought that was quite a bit of cash indeed for a strictly friendly game but I did

# Strictly



## They didn't believe it when the Music told how he once dealt for the house in Schenectady

not want to hurt their feelings so I left all of my money on the board except the fifteen twenties which I left in my shirt pocket.

The First Sergeant played a very good game of poker, indeed, but he seemed to have a bad case of the second-bests. I mean he always seemed to be raising on two pairs when the opener had a pat straight. Then he lost his temper twice and tried to buy a pot. Once he tried to buy a pot when I had filled a two-pair opener which cost him quite a bit indeed.

I figured he was about 725 dollars loser by midnight but I could not be sure because I cannot count quite as fast as I could when I dealt for Harry in Schenectady, N. Y., and I might have been five dollars off either way.

The game was slow for the next five hours but the First Sergeant held his own and even picked up a couple hundred when the Platoon Sergeant went broke. I was up about 1000 dollars at the time, 500 of which was the First Sergeant's since the Gunnery Sergeant was still just about breaking even.

The First Sergeant says we would play tens openers as long as we were three-handed and he thought he would use a new deck for luck since the other cards were getting sticky

one card himself since we seemed to have such good hands.

The Gunnery Sergeant said go ahead and bet since he was all in for the pot.

I squeezed off my cards and there was the deuce of clubs, making a very nice little straight flush indeed. I said I would bet the 900 dollars in the pot and that I hoped the First Sergeant would not call since this was a strictly friendly game and I was sure that I had him beat.

**H** E SAID, oh that is all right, and he appreciated how I felt but he guessed he would call and that he would just be forced to raise an even thousand.

I decided he must be pretty good himself since he called the pile in front of me within five dollars.

I said I called and that I would be forced to raise again myself except that I did not have the rest of my money in front of me and since it was table stakes, I of course could not go into my pocket after my twenties.

The First Sergeant said, oh go right ahead because after all this was a strictly friendly game and we could not let some silly rule stand between friends, now could we?

I said, well I sure appreciated it and if he was sure it was all right with him, I would just raise it the 15 twenties which is 300 dollars.

He dug down in the back of his billfold and brought out two of the old big 100-dollar bills and said that he would just play a hundred light if it was all right with me.

# a friendly game

A SHORT STORY by TSgt. Nolle T. Roberts

anyway and would I kindly hand him a pack of cigarets off that table over there while he dealt.

He already had the cards dealt when I got back and the Gunnery Sergeant said he would open for the 15 dollars in the pot. I looked at my cards and I had the three, four, five and six of clubs and a red seven, making a straight. So I said I could call the 15-dollar opener and be forced to raise 30.

The First Sergeant said he thought we were both bluffing and that he would call the opener and the raise and be forced to raise 75 dollars.

The Gunnery Sergeant looked at his hand again and said he would call the two raises and that he was forced to raise 225 and be in for it since that was all the money he had.

I said I would play and the First Sergeant and I put in our 225 each, making a 900-dollar pot.

The First Sergeant said cards, and the Gunnery Sergeant said he would play these and I thought that it must be a very good hand, indeed, and that my little straight was very low.

So I said, give me a cut for luck and one card, having thrown away the red seven. The First Sergeant said he thought he would take

I said certainly, to go ahead because this was a strictly friendly game.

So he drug a hundred on the side and the Gunnery Sergeant said full house, Kings flying. I started to lay down my hand and I said all I got is a little old straight — but the First Sergeant slaps down his hand and says, four Aces, I win.

But, I said, First Sergeant what I started to say was that all I have is a little old straight flush.

The First Sergeant just slumped back in his chair and it was the first time that I had ever noticed how old he looked. He just kept mumbling over and over: But I had Four Aces, Going In!

I thought I would cheer him up while I was sorting the bills so I said that he certainly should have won since the odds were 1,470,639 to 1 against a straight flush.

But the Gunnery Sergeant practically pushed me out of the room and grabbed the First Sergeant when he reached for the forty-five on the wall which I guess he was going to clean for guard mount.

But I guess it is very hard to please a First Sergeant because even though I did everything he asked, he must have still been disappointed in me. Because I did not get that week-end pass after all. **END**

## NAZIS' NEMESIS



Marine Capt. F. R. Schlesinger presents German flag to Rear Adm. L. A. Davidson

**D** ETAILS of their capture of 850 Germans while occupying three strategic islands off Marseilles during the invasion of southern France, were revealed by members of the US Marine detachment of the cruiser USS AUGUSTA, on their return to the States following months of fighting in the European theatre.

Outnumbered nearly 10 to one, 90 Marines from the USS AUGUSTA and the USS PHILADELPHIA, took over the islands of Ratoneau, Pomegues and D'If within minutes of the completion of surrender negotiations on August 29.

The three-hour trip from ship to shore in a minesweeper, said Marine Captain Francis R. Schlesinger of Franklin, N. H., in charge of the contingent, was as tense as any beach assault. The Germans had not yet capitulated and there was no assurance that they would.

"They had been firing at our warships all morning," said Captain Schlesinger, "and a launch was shelled the previous day when it tried to put some naval officers ashore under a flag of truce. In front of our minesweeper was a destroyer, hoping to arrange surrender before any landing was made. On the shore, we could see the heavy batteries. The tension was pretty high."

Some of the strain was relieved by a monkey, the pet of the minesweeper's crew. It romped about the ship and chattered wildly as it swung from the yardarms.

When the Marines' ship was about 1000 yards offshore, a small boat, flying a truce signal, put out from land. Two German officers boarded the American ship. Half an hour later they left and the Marines followed them in. Flying from Ratoneau now was a huge white flag.

By sunset, the 90 Marines had rounded up 600 prisoners. Able-bodied Germans were enclosed within a barbed wire stockade.

"There were all kinds of troops," said First Lieutenant William H. McDaniel of Portsmouth, Va., second in command of the Marine unit, "from veterans down to 14-year-old boys. The old timers seemed to be glad their fighting days were over but the youngsters were pretty defiant."

During the night, one of the sentries walked along the enclosure, softly singing, "Der Fuehrer's Face." "And he wasn't forgetting the razberries either," said Lieutenant McDaniel.

Among the stragglers rounded up by a patrol led by First Sergeant Memory H. Smith of Jacksonville, N. C., were 11 Frenchwomen, five of them nurses who had been tending the wounded.

On the day after the landings, prisoners were taken aboard infantry landing craft, and conducted to an Italian port.

"The only living things we left on the islands," said Lieutenant McDaniel, "were six horses and two dogs."

by MTSgt. JOHN W. BLACK  
USMC Combat Correspondent

**When Guamanians are glad to see someone, they show their pleasure in practical fashion, with steaks and hamburgers**

**"B**ROTHER—they say that anything can happen in the Marine Corps. But if anyone had told me that some day I'd go on a patrol into Jap-held territory and wind up being given a testimonial banquet three miles in FRONT of the Front lines — well, I'd have said it was impossible — that is if I hadn't been there."

The Marine who was talking was dishing out the straight scoop. It happened to "A" Company, 1st Battalion, 4th Marines during the assault on Guam. All of "A" Company got in on the party except the mortars — who have a hard life anyway — and they missed out only because they didn't go on the patrol.

When the orders for the patrol came through, "A" Company, with the rest of the battalion, had just come back from Orote Peninsula and four days of thick brush, rough terrain and rugged fighting. Before they went down the peninsula, they'd hit and cleared their sector of the southern beach, and then battled their way up the cave-infested steep rock slopes of Mount Alifan.

They'd had eight days of bitter fire-fights, little rest and a modicum of chow and water. Their dungarees, when dry, which was seldom, were stiff with Guam's red clay. When wet, they were a clammy, uncomfortable composition of fabric, gummy mud, sweat and rain water. Now they were supposed to take off on an offensive patrol, and wear the soles off their feet beating the bush for Japs in the southeastern part of the island. That meant bush so dense you had to leave your pack behind and go through it on your hands and knees — or worse, hack a trail with a machete. It meant ticks, flies and mosquitoes. It meant hurried digging in before dark, and a good soaking in the nightly downpour. It meant moving down innumerable trails, sneaking up on a flock of cave mouths, and maybe flushing a few more Nips than could be handled by the people you had along.

**T**HAT'S what this patrol should have been like and would have been like if it hadn't been for the fact that some Guamanians were very glad to see the Marines. And when Guamanians are glad to see someone, they're really glad, and they express their pleasure in such practical terms as juicy steaks, fat tasty hamburgers, and rice cooked to a turn. And just for good measure there's a chorus of young Guamanian girls to serenade you while you eat.

The company's mission was to move out from the ridges between Mount Alifan and Mount Tenjo and head southeast for the headwaters of the Elig River where 20 Jap officers were reported hidden out in a cave. Then the patrol was to cover the area around Togcha Bay and then patrol seven miles south as far as Telefofo Bay, check on other caves known to be in the region, mop up any odd Nips that might be around, and then come back. It meant a sizeable hunk of ground to be covered.

They saddled up and pushed out at dawn. As far as the Elig River the country was fairly open. But as they neared the river's headwaters, the jungle thickened rapidly until it became necessary to send a man up a tree to

take an azimuth and pass the word to the point of the patrol. Toni Sablon, a Guamanian acting as guide, (formerly a seaman 1c of the United States Navy) directed the tree climber and by some seventh sense, brought them direct to the cave mouth. They found no Japs, nor evidence thereof. Sablon knew of other caves in the vicinity, led the patrol to them, but still no Japs.

The patrol continued toward Togcha. By nightfall, they had reached the village of Aslucas. They located a good bivouac outside the settlement, set up their security perimeter and dug in for the night. As a precaution, Sablon was sent to the village to advise the Guamanians there of the presence of the Marines. He was also instructed to ask if their stores were such as to spare some rice for the company to cook up for morning chow.

The request was reasonable. The Japs had kept the natives on very short rations, but for their own use, had cached large stores of rice, in straw sacks, all over the island. The disorganization created among the Japs by the Marine assault enabled the alert natives to get hold of some of the rice — as well as canned crabmeat, salmon and tuna fish.

Sablon returned conveying the compliments of the villagers. He also brought back the information that Aslucas had been transformed into a concentration camp number 6 by the Japs and that the people from Agana and the northern region of the island were imprisoned there. However, after the Marine landing, the guards had made a few last threats to the prisoners and had taken off at a high port for Mount Santa Rosa and Yigo in the northeastern part of the island. Everything was all right now and if the company would come to the village the following morning, the Guamanians there would be delighted to help them out on their food problem.

After a quiet night, the patrol broke bivouac and set off for the town.

"We came along the trail which led into the clearing of the town," Lt. Kemp, Company Commander, said "and there they were—more than 2000 of them — all in their Sunday best. The clothing was wrinkled as though it had just come out of a trunk, but it was clean and neat. They made us look like something out of the coal bin.

"In the foreground were a group of six or so who had all the ear marks of an official



# Banquet Patrol

by Capt. John McJennett





Right there, the amazed company decided that this one patrol really was different

welcoming committee. When the crowd saw us, they began cheering and shouting and clapping. Several of the older women I saw were weeping and laughing at the same time."

The column halted in the clearing and the Guamanians took things over.

"What a reception!" said one of the boys in company headquarters. "They were laughing, weeping and singing and cheering, putting flowers in our caps and button holes. Every Marine there had a grin on his face that nearly cut his head in half. I guess they all felt like I did — that we had really done something for these people. It gave us a hell of a kick."

**T**HE welcoming committee: Dr. Sablon (a relative of the company guide) who had taken his MD degree at the Kentucky University Medical School, Mr. Flores, a prominent merchant prior to the arrival of the Japs, Father Cabroni, a Dominican priest, and several former native commissioners of the island when it was under US mandate — took charge. The column was guided to two huge banquet tables in a shady section of the clearing.

Right there, the amazed company decided

that this patrol was different. The tables, beautifully decorated with flowers of all sorts and greenery, were loaded with hot food. There were steaks and hamburgers, literally stacks of them. There were bowls of fragrant soup and steaming rice and, of course, ample supplies of hot "joe." To Marines who had been on field rations for 10 days, to whom the new 10 in 1 rations were a feast, the banquet board looked like a dream. As one lad put it, "I wouldn't have believed my eyes, only I could smell it too."

No chow line, no mess kits. Table silver, china. Step up and fill the plate. While the men began moving in on the banquet tables, Dr. Sablon, Mr. Flores, Father Cabroni and the others led the company officers into one of the three frame buildings, near the edge of the clearing where a smaller version of the out-of-door tables was set.

The party was seated. Then Mr. Flores rose and bowed. Four bottles of Canadian Club were placed on the table in front of him. A round of drinks was poured and Mr. Flores proposed the first toast — "to the President of the United States." The second, and one ornate with flowery phrase was "to the United States Marine Corps," a third to the US armed forces, and a fourth to Lt. Kemp.

Father Cabroni then made a simple and touching tribute to the great sacrifices involved in the landing and offered a prayer for the casualties.

One of the native commissioners took over and praised the Marines in glowing terms.

"At this point," confessed Kemp, "I was getting a little uncomfortable. The complimentary terms and the flowery phrases kind of set me back. They might have even been funny if these people hadn't been so completely sincere. It was also apparent that some of us were going to have to make speeches in reply and I wasn't at all sure we could match them."

But, being resourceful Marine officers, as the book says, the speeches were returned.

"There was one thing we could talk about," said Kemp, "and mean it — that was the deep satisfaction we all got from being able to restore their freedom to them. That's what we talked about, and it went over all right."

Kemp looked thoughtful for a minute, "I guess the Canadian Club helped some, too."

Outside, the men of the company, unhampered by speechmaking or like formalities, were doing the right thing by some first-rate chow. A chorus of girls gathered and sang, "God Bless America," "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and a multi-versed local composition whose refrain went:

"Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam

Won't you please come back to Guam."

At the beginning, the effect on the Marines was a little startling — but not sufficiently so to have a noticeable effect on anyone's appetite. The men recovered quickly and applauded each number. "The singing was pretty good," commented one of those who had listened, "and some of those girls were sure easy to look at."

After the number-one chow-hound of the company had made his last trip to the table and had admitted defeat, Lt. Kemp addressed the entire village from the porch of one of the houses. He thanked the hosts for their hospitality and the trouble to which they had gone to prepare the food (the women had worked all night to get things ready).

One of the men of headquarters company summed up the Marine's reaction: "If more patrols were like this it would be a better war." **END**



**T**HE jeep's belly rested squarely in the sticky black Guam mud. Its wheels were three-fourths buried in the two ruts which represented a road after a heavy rain.

There was no question about it — the jeep was stuck. The wheels simply spun around in response to acceleration on the gas pedal. The big Marine driver swore. He knew he'd probably lose his shoes if he tried to walk in the gumbo.

A big six-by-six lumbered up from behind, piloted by a Seabee.

"Need a tow?" asked the grinning Seabee.

"Yeah," was the response. "How about pulling me up beyond this swampy spot. I think the road's better up ahead."

"It's better, all right. We're drying up this mud with coral. We'll reach this spot by tomorrow. Say, you won't know this place in a couple of months."

The six-by-six driver's remark sounded like a boast, but it is a simple fact that the Seabees are remaking Guam. They started almost the day the assault troops moved in and they've got a program of work laid out that staggers the imagination.

For instance, the Seabees went to road building from their first day on the beach. Invasion of Guam coincided with the monsoon season and it was essential that what roads existed be kept open for military traffic.

Scrapers were put to work on 24-hour schedules merely to push aside the top layer of mud after a rain. As fast as it could be hauled, truck-loads of coral were brought in to replace the removed topsoil.

The job was complicated by the fact that even the roads we originally had on Guam had not been kept up by the Japs.

By the end of 1944, Seabees expect to have miles of highway built. In addition, mile upon mile of secondary roads will be built during the same period.

Another major Seabee project tagged "rush" is the construction of three entire communities — from the ground up. These will be home for the 25,000 American citizen Guamanian natives freed from Jap occupation but with no place to go. All of Guam's towns were levelled in the fighting — Agana, Agat, Piti, Sumay.

Site clearing work on at least one of these communities started before the fighting stopped. The entire job, involving more than 1200 frame, canvas and screen structures, is on schedule.

By the time this is printed, Guam's excellent water distribution system will be back in virtually full operation. But the job of restoring war's damage is far smaller than that of relocating and adding new secondary mains to fit the changed requirements for outlets.

Harbor facilities — one project involves construction of pontoon finger piers to a Cabras island causeway in a week — a quonset hut hospital, and military installations of a hundred and one varieties are other jobs staked out for the Seabees on Guam. It's a face-lifting job of tremendous proportions.

**END**

# ART IN AIEA

**What started out as a man's hobby now is paying dividends to scores of combat veterans**

**T**HE rotund, nearly bald pharmacist mate stood with a nurse and a doctor at the bedside of a Marine in a ward at Aiea Naval Hospital in the Pacific. The trio talked in low tones, but the Marine only stared at them with that vacant look of a battle fatigue patient.

"Let me take him down to the studio," the pharmacist mate was saying. "His record shows he used to paint. Maybe it would kindle his interest to be able to do it again."

The doctor hesitated. Then, he said: "Well, it's worth a try, I guess."

A few minutes later, the Marine walked out of the ward on the arm of the roly-poly corpsman. They threaded their way through the service driveways back of the big hospital on the hill overlooking Pearl Harbor until they reached the doorway of a low green building over which there is a small sign that reads:

"Art Studio."

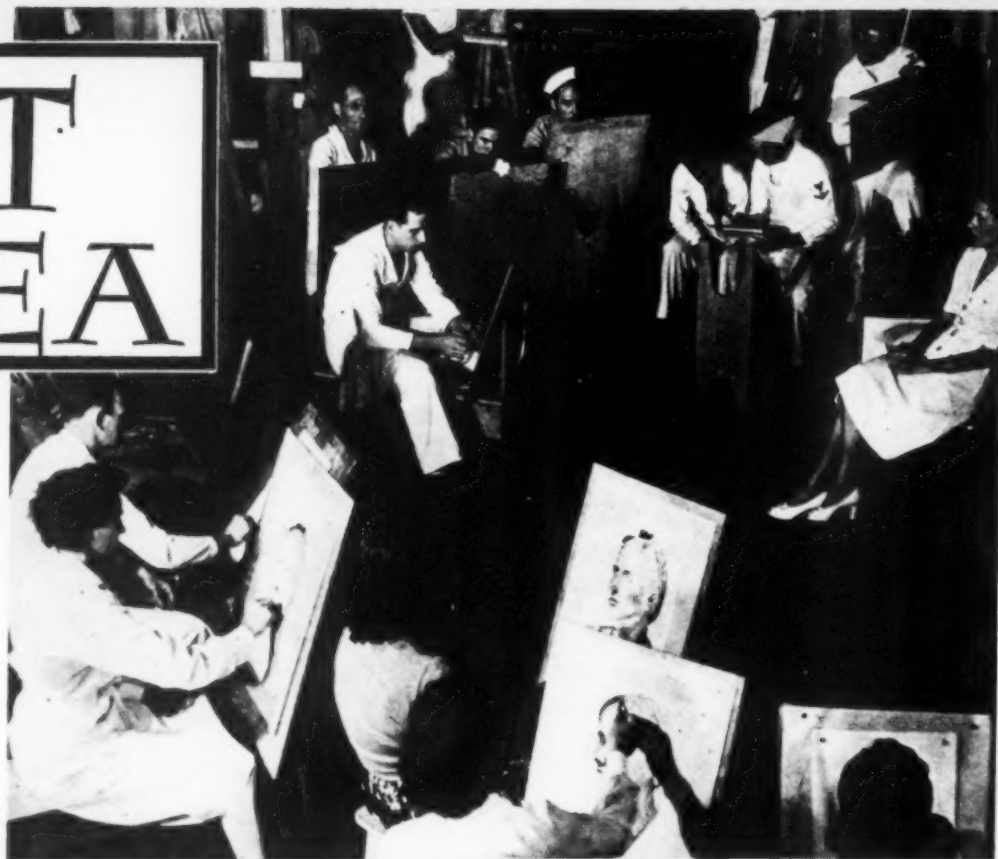
That incident, which took place after the battle of Tarawa, is still one of the most exciting experiences of PhM2/c J. Howard Macpherson, director of the Aiea Hospital art studio and, before the war, a well-known civilian landscape and still life painter in the States.

"You know," remarked Macpherson, "that Marine was cured almost the minute he walked through the doorway. He began to show an interest in things right away, and he began to draw. Three days later he was released. Now he's back in the States and he has started an art studio of his own at a hospital there."

The artist moved across the room and singled out with a pointer a portrait sketch from among a score or more pieces of art work which filled the wall.

"Here," he said, "is one of the things that Marine did during those first three days. I keep it here and use it often as an example for others."

The three-day "cure" of the Marine with battle fatigue is the most dramatic example of how Aiea's art studio, under the genial and patient guidance of the artist in white jumper and bell bottoms, is helping servicemen cure themselves of the scars — both mental and physical — of battle. The Marine was one of the first experiments in mental therapy at Aiea; since then dozens of other Marines and sailors have rekindled their interest in living there.



Models for the portrait class often are local personalities with groups meeting nights for quick sketching of 10-minute poses. Facilities also are available for sculpturing and for linoleum etching

Dozens of others, both patients and staff members, have improved latent civilian skills or learned the fundamentals of the fine arts at the studio, too. Aiea's art studio is more than simple therapy.

Originally, the building was the hospital's paint storehouse. When Macpherson arrived there more than a year ago for ward duty, he induced the authorities to give him a spare corner where patients and staff members who wanted to work in the fine arts could come in their spare hours.

During those early months, the studio was only a hobby, open when Macpherson wasn't on duty. Now, however, the artist devotes his entire time to the place, and has a full time assistant in S1/c Kenneth Bare, a former New York and Florida mural painter, who came to the studio as a patient after a Jap grenade banged him up.



**J. HOWARD MACPHERSON**  
Director of art studio

The studio is a self-made, self expanding operation, and it is still growing. Regular classes are held evenings in quick sketching of 10-minute poses of living models, and in portrait and still life painting. In addition, facilities are available for sculpturing and linoleum etching — the latter addition is one of Bare's contributions. He produced a set of etching tools from the stays of a Japanese umbrella.

Like the linoleum tools, all the equipment for the studio is homemade. But Macpherson has called upon his artist friends in the States to create a real studio atmosphere inside the wooden shed. Several dozen copies of famous paintings and a number of originals by present-day artists are mingled with the products of the studio's own devotees as decorations for the walls. In one corner, in a makeshift bookcase, there are several shelves of books on the fundamentals of art and the latest magazines of the art world — the contributions of Mrs. Macpherson, who is well known in her own right as the painter Gertrude Edgerly.

Macpherson has been an artist all his life. He was graduated from the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts in 1914 and attended the Corcoran Art Gallery night school while stationed in Washington, D. C., as a pharmacist mate in the last war.

After Pearl Harbor, when both of his sons joined the Navy, Macpherson again offered his services and was enlisted in the same capacity in which he served in World War I.

"I almost didn't get the chance to do this," he remarked. "The Navy put me aboard a destroyer in Philadelphia. We trained for three months and then, when it was time to put to sea, the skipper suggested I be transferred — because I was 15 years older than anyone else on the ship and he felt that was too old for sea duty on a can."

Macpherson's transfer was to Aiea.

SGT. GEORGE E. DOYING, JR.



**Help Wanted—Male**  
**DISCHARGED VETERANS**  
**EXPERIENCE** not necessary. Openings avail-  
 able in all fields. Civilian truck driving, factory  
 production and maintenance, bank and payroll guard  
 duty, bus driving, construction and  
 others. Preferential rates with time-and-  
 veterans. Maximum required. Age and edu-  
 a-half and double honorable discharge  
 cation not essen work immediately. For  
 qualification United States



**The "MRO" operates on the theory that an ex-Marine has a lot more coming to him this time than just a job**

**HELP WANTED:** Experienced operators for machine guns, Browning Automatic Rifles, M-1 rifles. Pleasant working conditions, overtime bonuses, excellent chance for fast advancement.

**T**HIS was the only sort of advertisement that Corporal Kane, USMC, felt qualified to answer. But he knew better than to waste his time hunting through the classified sections for one.

Now, he hunched forward in his chair and said, earnestly: "I drove a truck a while before I joined up."

He was a chunky guy. Big shoulders. Dark, intense eyes. He'd been a machine gunner — his record showed action at Midway, Guadalcanal, Bougainville. Now he was a civilian in a gray herringbone suit.

"You think your outfit can fix me up with a truck job?" he asked, hopefully.

The sergeant nodded. His "outfit" was the Marine Rehabilitation Office.

"It's possible," he said.

This was terrific understatement, coming from the sergeant. There were a hundred truck-driving jobs his office had the finger on. Just a quick telephone call to the United States Employment Service would have fixed up the corporal in five minutes flat.

And none of these jobs paid less than forty

a week. A lot paid much more — what with time-and-a-half and double time. But the sergeant didn't give this scoop to the corporal. Not yet.

Because the Marine Rehabilitation Office operates on a theory that an ex-Marine has more coming to him than just a job.

To the M.R.O. the honorably discharged Marine is a man who has fulfilled an obligation to the Corps; now — vice versa — the Corps has a definite obligation to fulfill to the Marine.

That's why they try to do more than simply fix him up with a job — they want to fix him up with a future. The Corps has equipped him well for war; now the Corps wants to equip him just as well for peace. And this, to make a nutshell out of it, is the main business of Marine Rehabilitation.

Not, of course, that the bulk of discharged Marines need elaborate assistance. They're a pretty self-reliant bunch. Most of them, as a matter of fact, require little more than a simple statement of their rights and benefits before they head back to their jobs. But for the Marine without definite plans, the one who feels uncertain — even confused — about his immediate future, the M.R.O. is just what the doctor ordered.

Take this Corporal Kane. The sergeant had no intention of talking him out of the

truck-driving job. But before the corporal's immediate future was in the bag, the sergeant wanted to give him the word about certain rights, benefits and opportunities that were his under the Servicemen's Readjustment Act (better known as the GI Bill of Rights). This was a hunk of recent legislation which, because he'd been kind of busy with a machine gun, the corporal likely hadn't had a chance to study up on.

There were, literally, a seabag full of opportunities waiting for Corporal Kane. For instance, if he had the scholastic requirements, he was eligible to finish schooling (four years of vocational training at a top flight college) with tuition paid by Uncle Sam.

This, by the way, was exactly what had happened to a young, discharged Marine, PFC Edwin P. Bastian of Trexlertown, Pa., a boy who'd enlisted in the Corps before Pearl Harbor.

He'd landed with the first wave at Guadalcanal, had been wounded in action there. When he received a medical discharge, he was 21 years old, had a Purple Heart, a Presidential Unit Citation and a pretty gloomy outlook on his future.

His civilian work experience didn't amount to much. All he'd ever done was drive a delivery truck. That, and firing a rifle straight, was just about all he knew. And there seemed to be little in the way of civilian openings for experienced riflemen.

He paid a visit to the M.R.O. in his

by

**PFC Duane Decker**

strict, talked about his problem. The M.R.O. men asked him what, if anything, he'd ever really wanted to do. Now, this kid had always wanted to be a minister, but he'd given up the idea as a lost hope because he was sure he'd never have the money to swing it.

The M.R.O. men, after talking with him long enough to be convinced he was really serious in his ambition, took the necessary steps to enroll him in college with his tuition paid by the government. Only a matter of a few weeks after his first interview at M.R.O., he'd already plunged into his pre-theology studies at Muhlenburg College.

As far as Corporal Kane was concerned,

### FREE TUITION

COLLEGE — Up to four years, free. Available to all discharged Marines. Guaranteed by new GI Bill of Rights. Apply at Marine Rehabilitation Office

if he didn't have the scholastic requirements, there was also the chance to learn a trade by attending a vocational course of some large, industrial company.

If it appealed to him, he might be eligible for a government allotment to help maintain himself during his study program. This, along with what he'd get from the company, might mean the corporal could be good for as much as 40 bucks a week — while learning.

There'd been just such a case not long before — another corporal who'd gone to work on a job which he found he didn't like.

Two months after he'd taken it, he walked into the M.R.O. again and told them why. The salary wasn't sufficient. There seemed little chance for advancement. He was a married man and he needed a job that included both items.

The M.R.O. made an appointment for him with a nationally prominent concern which offered employees extensive pre-schooling for the job. A second appointment was made with the Veterans' Administration where he found he was eligible for — and subsequently received — a generous disability pension. This way the avenue had been opened for him to get a job with real security, as well as an immediate hike in income, thanks to the pension.

But maybe — to get back to Corporal Kane — he'd be interested in a civil service job. If so, it might be a pleasant surprise to discover that as an ex-serviceman he was entitled to preferential consideration, a big phrase meaning he'd get the nod over the guy who hadn't seen service.

On the other hand, suppose the corporal really wanted his old job back, but figured somebody else had it sewed up now. It would interest him to know that the law required his old boss to re-hire him as long as he applied for the job within 40 days after discharge.

All this still wasn't quite everything the sergeant wanted to bring to the corporal's attention. There was the matter of free hospitalization and medical treatment; his chances of a pension and how to apply for it; the business of converting his term insurance to a more permanent type of insurance in part or in whole; the possibility of a government cash loan in case he had a business of his own in the back of his mind.

Naturally, the sergeant wasn't too quick to pick up the telephone and get the corporal the truck-driving job.

## FUTURE FIXERS (continued)

Putting the right man in the right spot is the job the "MRO"

There's no question of charity in this. Quite the contrary. It's part of the nation's attempt to even things up with the man who dropped everything — education, career, family life — and marched off to make a 24-hour a day job out of a rifle.

And in setting up a country-wide network of 12 rehabilitation districts, the Corps merely has made doubly sure that Marines in particular miss none of the opportunities available to them. Every Marine, when he eventually returns to civilian life, will find in the M.R.O. men who are a combination of lawyer, agent, coach, psychologist and Uncle Dudley.

For sometimes they must be all these things — as they were, for example, for a Marine private we'll call Harry.

Harry had been a fireman in a big city fire department. He had no desire to return to this job, even though failure to do so meant throwing away his seniority rights.

He told the M.R.O. men that he wanted very badly to become a free lance writer. In fact, by the time he talked to them about it, he was so determined that he was all set to cut loose from everything, borrow some money to buy a farm, and start writing.

It was pointed out to him that it generally took writers — even good ones — many years to make a living, and that with no experience,

### VOCATIONAL OPENINGS

LEARN a trade free of charge. Receive vocational training at no cost to you. Act without delay. For details call at USMC Rehabilitation Office

he was making a terrific gamble. He admitted it.

The M.R.O. found a temporary job for the summer on a farm for him. This filled the gap while they looked into the possibilities of a spot for him on a small suburban newspaper where he could learn something about writing. Later on, perhaps, when he is better prepared both from a financial and literary standpoint, he may be able to take a whack at free lance writing. Then again, he may cool off on the whole project in the meanwhile.

Such a personalized service — unique to the Marine Corps — is something that's making Marines worry a lot less about the day they leave the service. The comforting point is that the M.R.O. doesn't quit until they're satisfied that the Marine has settled down at the best possible job for him, earning a decent living, receiving every benefit that's owed him.

For instance, there was an ex-Marine recently — call him Jim — who'd been placed in a good job that he couldn't hold because of the recurrence of malaria — something he'd picked up in the service.

He returned to the M.R.O. to discuss a situation that had grown complicated. Aside from his unemployment due to the malaria recurrence, he was spending plenty of money on medicine. His wife was expecting a baby

and he'd even borrowed to furnish a place large enough for them to live in. On top of all this, there'd been a mix-up in his final pay accounts involving his 20 per cent overseas allowance which he claimed he'd never received.

The M.R.O. went over these problems with him, step by step. First it was explained to him how he could get out-patient treatment at the Veterans' Administration Hospital in the district (after they'd checked to verify his eligibility for it). This also meant that in the future he wouldn't have to buy any medicine.

Next, a letter was written — for his signature — to the Pay Officer at San Diego about his overseas claim. And finally a letter of introduction was written for him to a big air-conditioning company (and cleared with the veteran's employment representative) which brought about the opportunity for a job more suitable to him in all respects.

Obviously, Marine Rehabilitation means much more than just another employment agency. Broadly speaking, it's a counselling service, run by veteran Marines who have been trained as practical psychologists.

These men have a close-hand slant on the job the Marine faces in getting adjusted to civilian life after doing things the Marine Corps way for so long. They know what he likes and dislikes. And Marines are usually pleased to find they can talk to the M.R.O. men as easily as they talked to the guy in the next sack or foxhole — four-letter words not barred.

Before the M.R.O. talks to a Marine, however, they study his military record, civilian aptitudes, education, employment experience. They weigh these things against his physical and mental condition. And they steer him only if he wants steering. If he doesn't, if his plans are set and his mind made up — okay then. They don't dictate.

The way most of them work is to keep in close touch with the U. S. Naval Hospital and the Marine Barracks in the Navy Yard of their district. When the Marine is reported up for discharge, they get in touch with him — sometimes through a personal visit. And that first talk with the M.R.O. is the Marine's

### CIVIL SERVICE JOBS

MARINES, discharged from Corps, receive preferential consideration when seeking U. S. Civil Service posts. Check your Rehabilitation Officers

initial contact with the civilian life he's about to re-enter.

When he tells the M.R.O. men about himself — his problems, plans, hopes — they're in a position, by now, to advise him with the wisdom that can come only from experience, because they've been in business nearly a year now. In that time they've bumped up against practically every type of problem a Marine can face. And these have included some pretty complicated ones, too.



## What's doing for surveyed marines

Take PFC Ovis T. McLeod, a 28-year-old BAR man from the 2nd Division. Discharged last July, he had lost a leg in combat. His only previous business experience had been as a salesman of dairy products. But he wasn't particularly interested in returning to it, didn't know just what he did want.

While talking it over with the M.R.O., he expressed such enthusiasm for his artificial limb and all the things it enabled him to do, that the idea of selling them to other people — as a job — almost suggested itself.

The M.R.O., after first checking with USES, wrote a letter to a large concern which manufactured artificial limbs. They told the concern about PFC McLeod. In a short while he went to work for them, to be trained as a mechanic and learn the business from the ground up.

Another young ex-Marine, Staff Sergeant David M. Altman, who had no experience in either business or industry, had made very high scores in his classification tests at Parris Island and had been sent to Radar School as a result. Discharged on a medical survey, he told the M.R.O. that while he'd always planned to be a businessman, his work in the Corps had changed his mind about that. Now he wanted to make use of his service-acquired skill.

The M.R.O. introduced him to the personnel man of a large electronics company

### VETERANS ONLY

APPLY at once for your old job if you want it back. Law requires employer to re-hire war veterans. Call at Marine Rehabilitation Office today.

who offered him a job — in the light of what he'd learned in the Marine Corps — at a high salary, for his age.

It was an inviting opportunity. Still, he didn't jump at it. Because he'd had a year of college before joining up; now he had the opportunity to get the last three.

He discussed this angle with the M.R.O. It was their opinion that he should pass up the job in favor of the education. They pointed out that if he rated a high salary without it, he'd rate an even higher one with it. He went back to college.

Then there was PFC Paul L. Lukens who'd enlisted while in high school. Upon discharge, he didn't have an idea in the world of what he ought to do. He hadn't acquired a service skill, having done only guard duty in Washington. Without qualifications or special interest, he felt confused.

The M.R.O., through the cooperation of the Labor Board of the district Navy Yard, arranged for him to take a series of aptitude tests to find what he was best qualified to do. He wound up as an apprentice aviation metal-smith at a U. S. naval air material center. And a few months later, he wrote the M.R.O.: "I like my work and am doing okay."

Another Marine, PFC Philip E. Nutting, a V-12 boy who'd had three years of college at Colby and Minnesota before enlistment, as well as some experience in free lance advertising, felt he had the qualifications for a better than average job in the advertising field. But he didn't know how to go about launching his career.

The M.R.O. thought he should first get his diploma and told him so. But he wanted to start work at once. So, they contacted a famous magazine-publishing company.

### CASH LOANS

AVAILABLE at once to ex-Marines. Cash loans to build your own home or to start up your own business. Apply at Marine Rehabilitation Office.

His qualifications interested them. But they, too, felt he should finish his last year of college. They assured him that a job would be waiting for him and that he'd be more valuable to them in the end. He's finishing college now, with a \$4000 a year job waiting for him.

However, the M.R.O. isn't concerned with the major problems of Marines only — the small ones rate just as careful attention from them. Here, for instance, are a few minor problems that they cleared up for a young, ex-Marine whom we shall call Joe.

It seemed that Joe had a military gratuity due him from his former employer, but he hadn't been able to get his hands on it because the employer required certain official information that Joe was unable to supply. Through a series of letters, the M.R.O. contacted both the employer and the proper Marine Corps officials. Joe got his gratuity.

Then, it developed, he'd failed somehow to get a discharge button. He wanted it because various people had made pointed remarks to him about why he wasn't in uniform. The M.R.O. wrote, explaining the details to his discharge point. Result: Joe got his button.

Meanwhile, they'd directed him to the proper agency about a job. Joe had taken one which he didn't like, then quit it. He'd come back. This went on through the course of a half dozen jobs before he finally got one that suited him. And Joe, by the way, had been in the Marine Corps only a month and a half.

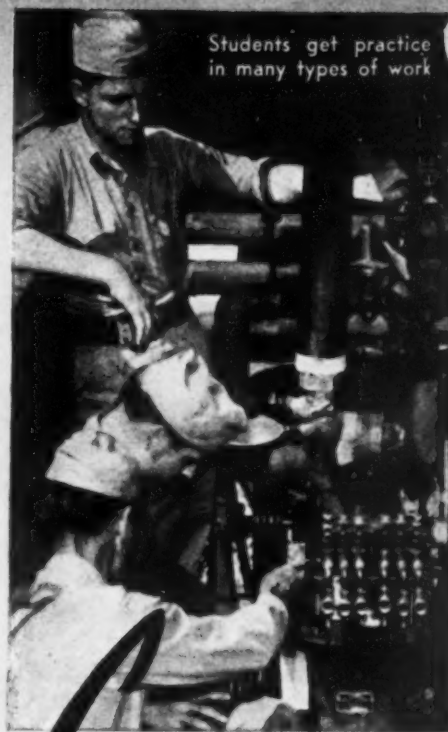
There are many surprising services that have been performed for Marines by the M.R.O. Such as the one which involved helping a man get his wife and child from Australia; helping another acquire citizenship; aiding still another in contacting the proper parties with a view to joining the Texas Rangers; helping locate lost war bonds; cashing coupons drawn on the PX at San Diego and — the list could go on.

But the point is, it makes no difference to the M.R.O. whether the problem is large or small — as long as it's real.

No one knows better than they what a broad gulf lies between Marine Corps discharge and adjustment to civilian life. But they're showing Marines who need help how to bridge it as painlessly as possible every day in the week.

And every Marine in the Corps, when it's his turn, can count on as much help as he'll need. The M.R.O. is in a position to give it to him because (1) they make a full time job of it and (2) they've really got the scoop. **END**

Students get practice in many types of work



## Combat Construction

**L**IFE for Marine Aviation personnel in the jungles of the Pacific islands gradually is taking on a touch of home atmosphere.

Ice cream, fresh water free of contamination, fresh food preserved in electric refrigerators, free laundry service and electric lights—those are some of the comforts now enjoyed by aviation men overseas.

And the men who are assembling and maintaining much of the equipment which produces those luxuries for Marine Aviation units in the tropics were trained at the Construction and Maintenance School at Miramar Air Depot in California.

Every three weeks there are graduated from this school electricians, refrigerator maintenance experts, plumbers and carpenters equipped to employ their specialties under combat conditions. Fifteen-man combat construction teams are formed from the graduation classes and sent into the field under the supervision of a trained officer.

Activated in July, 1943, the school has graduated to date 702 trades specialists.

It's not that Marine Aviation is seeking to make life easy for its men in the jungles. In reality this branch of the Corps is working on the premise that men provided with fresh food and water, and comfortable living quarters will be healthier and their morale higher, thus enabling them to withstand the rigors of jungle life.

Courses given the men selected for the school, include maintenance of water purification and distillation units, and portable laundry units; field sanitation, assembly and maintenance of electric refrigeration and ice cream manufacturing units, and portable generators; electric wiring and maintenance of installations, plumbing, use of steel square, working with concrete, rigging, demolition, camouflage, general painting, spray painting and sign lettering.

The 15-man combat construction teams are composed of a construction chief, six carpenters and general construction men, three plumbers and water purification specialists, two electricians, one refrigerator maintenance man, one painter and sign lettering man, and a clerk. Special courses are given officers who head the construction teams. After completing the prescribed training, the officers are transferred to the field where they supervise construction and maintenance of buildings and equipment maintenance.

The spirit of team-work prevails during the eight weeks' course. Each student is made to feel the importance of expert workmanship and his job.

Corp. Chas. R. Stokes  
USMC Combat Correspondent

# Home was Never Like This



Hula dancers, a beach and deluxe rooms at 25 cents a day change a swank hotel into a serviceman's paradise



**W**HENEVER a submarine or a carrier puts in at Pearl Harbor chances are pretty good that when liberty goes the crew will head for the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki. Once the leading show-place of the island, this swank hostelry has been leased by the Navy as a rest center for fleet personnel.

First choice for a "rest" at the Royal Hawaiian goes to sub crews, with carrier personnel, including Marines, getting second.

The Navy made no major changes in the Royal Hawaiian when it took over. Done away with were such impossibilities as the \$30 a day rate, the deep pile rugs, the modiste's show on the main floor. But the potted palms stayed, so did the thick innerspring mattresses, the putting greens and the badminton courts. The Navy built in a good-sized brig, made other minor alterations, then opened the doors of the 352 deluxe rooms to Navy men.

Since then many a weary sailor and Marine has snoozed contentedly in the soft-cushioned chairs overlooking Waikiki Beach. While on leave he might do nothing more than stretch his legs on the clean white sand below, or maybe just walk by the golf greens on his way to watch grass-skirted hula girls dance under the palm trees. Whatever he wants to do, loaf or play, the Navy is the perfect host.

That's the whole spirit of the Royal Hawaiian.

← The beach at Waikiki with the Royal Hawaiian hotel in the background. The other building is an exclusive surf club

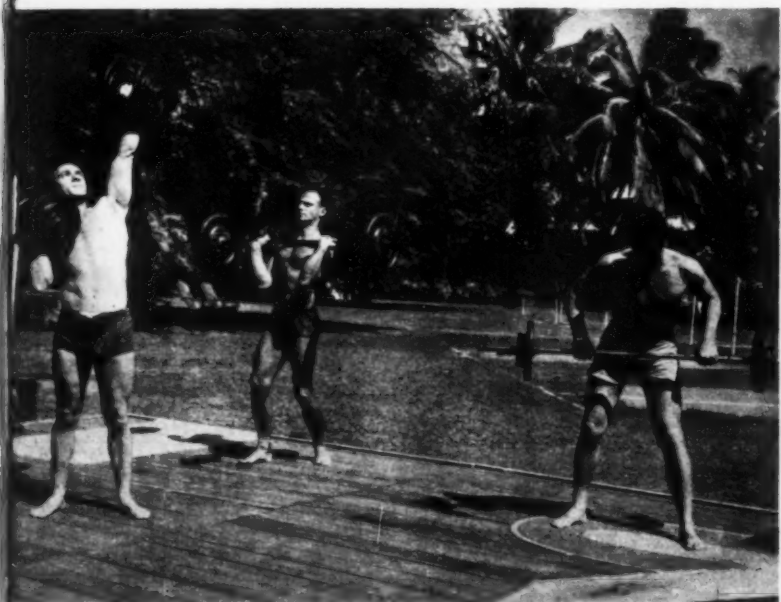




Just outside the hotel is this clean, white beach. The fence keeps guests in wet swimming trunks from walking directly into the hotel



Sunday evening is show time at the hotel and sometimes the audience takes part. Swinging a mean grass skirt comes easy to all good Navy hep-cats



The tropical grounds are truly a sports lover's paradise. Everything from a putting green to a punching bag may be had without charge



Rooms like this one overlooking Waikiki Beach used to sell out at \$30 per day. Double-decker bunks and cots have been added to most rooms



This brig was an addition to the hotel's floor plan. The "prisoner" doing time is "Pal" belonging to an officer from the hotel



A sentry stands at the gate of the Royal Hawaiian since the Navy took over the place. He stops only civilians. All servicemen in uniform walk right in

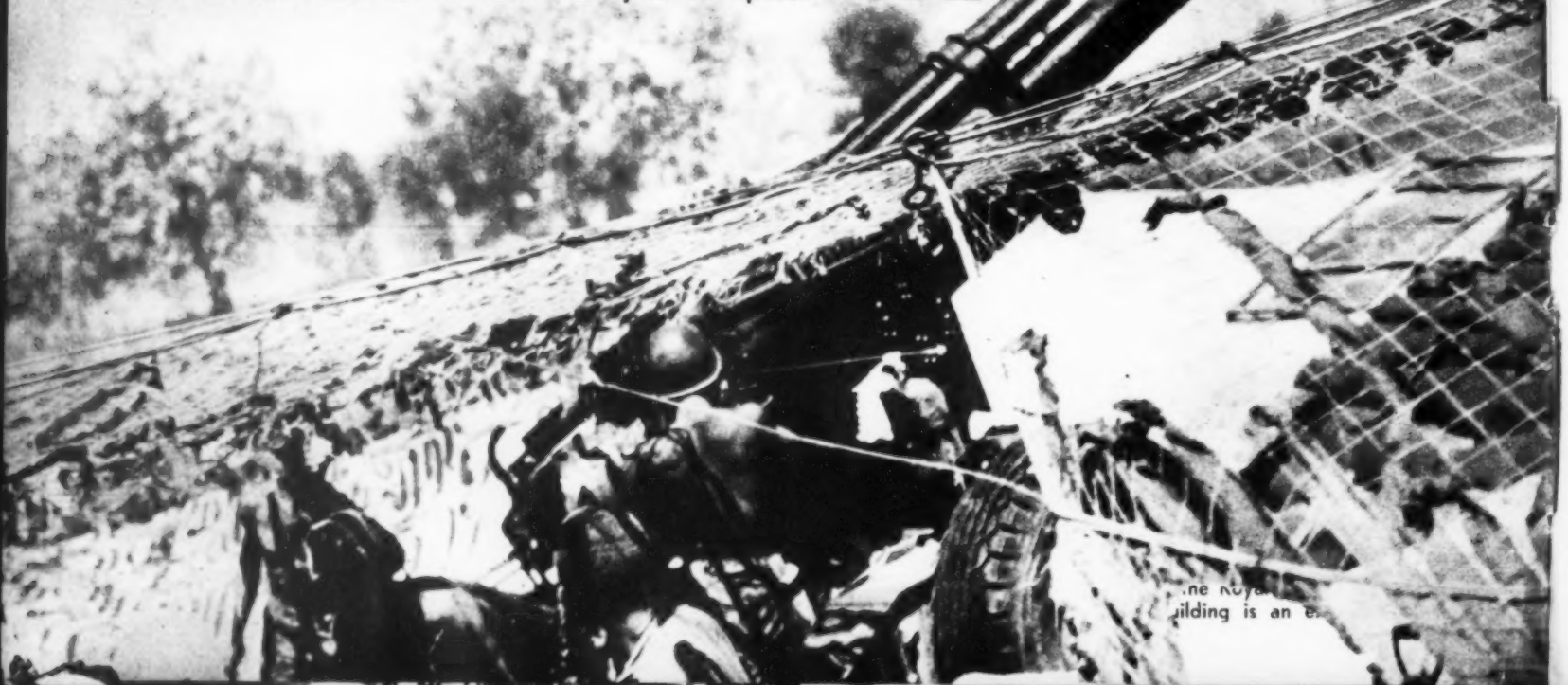


A Marine gun crew, several of its members stripped to the waist, has just sent a round from its 105 millimeter howitzer at the Japanese defenders of the airfield on Cape Gloucester



One of the big coastal 155 millimeter rifles carefully camouflaged from aerial observation. These heavy calibre weapons have come in for intensive action, particularly in the Gloucester campaign

Camouflage nets pulled hurriedly to one side, this "heavy" rifle crew goes into speedy action on a South Pacific battle front. Team members stand by for the explosion of the first shell



## Artillery troops are soft, according to

**I**T HAD stopped raining but the almost vertical 200-foot incline was slick with greasy mud. High up on the crest of this Mount Talawe foothill a small force of Marine infantrymen was slipping slowly under a Jap steamroller that had been turned loose to smash the beachhead at Sag Sag into the Bismarck Sea. The booming roar that shook the ground to the American rear came from the receding New Britain storm, not the howitzers that had so often turned a tricky situation into a Marine victory on soggy jungle battlefields. The little foothold was still too small to bring artillery to bear on enemy lines.

Without their guns the cannoneers were coming up the slimy hill to support the infantry with knife and carbine. It was exhausting work. They went up in a single line, tied together with rope and wire, and hanging on to each other's cartridge belts. From 0200 to 0500 they fought on the narrow 30-foot front, and for a time the Marine line continued to bend further seaward. Yelling false "Hanzai's", the Japs struck deeper and deeper until a band of them reached a reserve Jap headquarters where artillerymen were backing up the forward line.

There they were stopped by an infantry machine gunner. Sergeant Giuseppe Guliano, Jr., the gunner blocked their path. Corporal Langdon, Jr., died as he fed Guliano's red-hot Browning. Guliano burned his arm severely as he held the weapon in the brook of his elbow to face the Japs at bayonet distance.

Wounded men were laid barely 20 feet beyond the line. A stretcher party brought in Private Reynolds with a shattered leg. Reynolds looked bad, his eyes closed and face in death. Another wounded man raised himself on an elbow and shook his head.

"Too bad," he said. "He's a goner."

"Who's a goner," gasped Reynolds angrily, trying to get a look at the kibitzer.

The valor of Guliano and the cannoneers with him turned the tide. As they withdrew



according to the infantry, but not according to the Japs who've come to dread our big guns ★ ★ ★

the Japs left behind them a trench so full of dead it could not be used by the Marines when they retook it in the last minutes of the fighting.

At dawn a Jap officer walked up the ridge carrying a white flag on a stick. First Lieutenant James R. Mallon and Platoon Sergeant William Sawyer started towards him. The Jap officer absently reaching for a cigarette, the Jap one as they drew near. But Sawyer, diving at the officer instead, bowling him over.

"Why'd you dive at the Jap?" Lieutenant Mallon asked.

"Look," said the sergeant. "The flag on the stick is concealing a bayonet."

Four days previously the battery had landed with a battalion of infantry and a special weapons platoon to set up a block between the Jap garrison at the Cape Gloucester airdrome and the Arawe peninsula where the Army made its assault. Defenders of the airfield, hard-pressed by the main Marine landing near Borgen Bay across the tip of New Britain, might be trying to get reinforcements. They did not.

Organic Marine artillery of the present

war is new to a Corps that in peace time was not big enough to make up a division of infantry alone. When the 11th artillery regiment hit the Guadalcanal beaches on August 7, 1942, both the Marine infantryman and the Jap had a few lessons to learn in the art of jungle fighting with big guns. Artillery? You mean those guys who RIDE around all the time? The Garand-toting Leathernecks would almost sneer. Yet it was no time at all before he was giving the men in the gun pits plenty of work to do. By Bougainville time the gunner was kidding the rifleman about calling down a hail of shells on a sick Jap. At Gloucester big coastal 155's kept getting assignments to fire on Jap destroyers and each time the target turned out to be the wreck of a Jap can that everyone should have known about. It had been used as a marker in landing.

TEACHING the Japs has taken longer.

At 0700 on the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor every gun on Guadalcanal, Marine and Army, opened up simultaneously in a jungle-shaking super barrage nine hours long. With a treasure chest of 1500 rounds apiece each battery had the word to "fire at will". There was a will.

Early in the 'Canal campaign commanders found they got better morale by letting gun crews in on what was cooking. Instead of dry aiming commands the pits were told what they were shooting at, and when it was over, what they had done.

December 7, 1942, dawned bright and sunny. Corporal Robert Honn's pack howitzer section was emplaced on a coral ridge near the Matanikau. The whole story had been given the men the night before—the number of rounds they would use, their various targets by number to speed up shifting of the mass of fire, the purpose of the celebration, the results expected. They spent most of the night exuberantly unpacking, sorting and racking shells, and maintaining a harassing fire. At the command "fire" they leaped to the job as if

# CANNONEERS POST!

by Sgt. John Conner

Pack howitzers have played an important part in the fighting in many parts of the Pacific. This gun is blasting the Japs during the Tarawa invasion. Smoke is caused by the gun's fire, plus that of the Nips



## On Bougainville our artillery was credited with accounting for half the Jap casualties

they themselves had been fired from a gun. They jabbered like Japs, and Honn had to keep telling them to "knock it off" so he could hear occasional commands from the Fire Direction Center.

After a couple of hours of this Seventh of December observance Private Jimmy Sterret, a former jockey, flicked the sweat from his chin and grinned:

"The war won't last long this way!"

"If you are impressed," said Honn, "you should be where these shells are going."

Artillerymen agree the Pacific war would have been much slower if it had not been for the big guns. Most other Marines who have seen action agree. Major General Allen H. Turnage, who directed Marine forces on Bougainville, estimated artillery accounted for 50 per cent of the Jap casualties there. On Kwajalein, where the zenith in bombardment-assault coordination was attained, the ratio in deaths between the opposing forces was 28 to 1.

**A**N ENTIRE Japanese regiment was destroyed in the Battle of Piva Forks on November 24, 1943. For 20 thundering minutes Marine and Army shells mangled an 800-square-yard area on the Jap front. Over the waiting Marine infantry the air was a solid hiss. At the gun positions the pits were smothered with empty shell cases. When the cascade suddenly lifted charging Marines were met with nothing but silence where the regiment had been.

Through the Solomons, across the Central Pacific and on New Britain, Marines have had the great preponderance of artillery. In cases where the Jap could hold his own in guns, numerically, he consistently avoided massing his fire. The American theory is that because of the nature of shell dispersion on the target the effect of three batteries firing simultaneously is ten times that of a single battery. The Jap likes to use his howitzers in singles or pairs and spot them on trails so he can shift them around evasively. This proved disastrous, because eventually Marine counterbattery fire always got him by blanketing his position.

On Bougainville's Torokina River the Raiders were evacuating wounded through a company command post when a lone Jap

mountain gun crew dropped four shells on the party out on its mercy detail.

Eight American batteries—32 guns—soon got the range and erupted a storm of projectiles. The 77 millimeter pirate, two and a half miles from the smashed CP, went up in a column of jungle debris.

**T**HE guy who chambers the shell or pulls the lanyard could be called the forgotten Marine, sitting as he does in the foliage-dressed pits dug to hide the guns from enemy inspection. Yet he is the big stick that slugs the Jap when the eyes and brains of his battery give the word. Normally there are four guns to a battery and three gun batteries and a Headquarters and Service battery to an artillery battalion. Marine artillery consists principally of three calibers, 75, 105, and 155 millimeters.

Jungle targets are located through the aid of the forward and aerial observers—the "eyes" of the battery. The observer, whichever type he is, sends in his dope in yards to the Fire Direction Center, the "brains" which translates it into data the guns can use. Under the observer's direction a selected battery will adjust on the target with feeler shots until he is satisfied FDC has the proper range and deflection on its charts. Then FDC takes control. If it is to be a surprise barrage adjusting rounds are dispensed with and the target established through survey.

Gun sections and the battery ammunition section have the most backbreaking work in the outfit. They move the guns when displacement is ordered, dig the pits, clear fields of fire through the trees and tote ammunition over some of the worst terrain in the world. On Gloucester's mud they had to build raised ammunition storage platforms after a huge quantity of rounds sank out of sight and were recovered with difficulty.

When he's not dishing out shellfire the cannoneer is likely to be fighting with bayonet and grenade, battling snipers and aiding the infantry. An artillery battalion fought one of the most furious actions of the war on Saipan. Using both big guns and hand weapons they stopped a rugged Jap counterattack after it had penetrated American lines some 1500 yards.

Following a beach road the attacking

enemy quickly overran battalion outposts whose defenders fought until they were out of ammunition. How and H & S batteries took the brunt of the spearhead and tried to blunt it by firing point blank, first with fuses set at four-tenths of a second, then by bouncing shells along the ground as the banzai boys kept on coming. While George and Item batteries did as much as they could to both defend themselves and give assistance in breaking up the general attack, How gunners had to abandon their guns and retire. Thirty of them set up a defense line and there, through their stubbornness and marksmanship, broke the drive after coming so near to exhausting their ammunition they had to let the Japs get close enough to make certain every Marine bullet took a life.

The gun sections' job on Cape Gloucester, where 105 millimeter howitzers had to be manhandled in soupy mud that often completely buried them, drew the praise of Major General William H. Rupertus, commanding general of the Marines in that action. General Rupertus commended Lieutenant Colonel Thomas B. Hughes, then commanding officer of the battalion. The colonel passed the credit on to his men.

**"TERRAIN** and weather conditions during the first week of the operation were by far the worst I've ever encountered," said Colonel Hughes. "I'm still marveling at the superhuman endurance displayed by the gun crews to get their pieces in position after the landing. And after conquering a mile of waist and neck-deep swamp they refused to flinch even when enemy bombers picked out their emplacements as special targets."

The Gloucester objective was the elimination of 10,000 Japs at the western tip of New Britain. That island is one of the wettest spots on earth. Its jungles are the world's worst. The First Division landed on two beaches across from the block at Sag Sag, turned first to the airdrome, then reversed its drive and swept over Hill 660 and the Borgen Bay area. An hour after the initial waves of infantry two artillery battalions hit the narrow beaches. One had 75 millimeter pack howitzers and the other, 105's. Other divisional artillery followed a short time later.

Crews manning heavy weapons are trained to the nth degree to bring about top speed when in action against the foe, as this picture reveals

A "heavy" lets loose at Japs during New Georgia fighting. Many of these rifles had to be manhandled in soupy mud before they could be fired







Another type of heavy weapon is the anti-aircraft gun such as this one being swung into position during a recent landing on a Pacific isle



Marine artillery, hidden in groves and using rifles of this calibre, gave a terrific pounding to Japanese soldiers defending the Munda airfield

King, Love and Mike batteries were the first ashore. The plan, based on preparatory maneuvers in New Guinea, was to have each take a separate path as protection against enemy plane attacks. The battle situation turned out to be worse than the doourest of expectations.

**SWAMP**, appallingly covered with as much as 12 feet of water, extended through most of the 800-yard stretch between the beach and the kunai grass patch in which the 105's were to be set up. The terrific naval barrage and bombings had smashed the sector into a tangled cemetery of jungle trees. Trunks and branches hung precariously over the heads of the sweating Marines. Thirty-five were killed or injured this way.

The first artilleryman to die there was struck down by a tree. He heard someone shout and looked up to see a jungle giant totter toward him. It was swinging down with the speed of an express train. He started to back out of the way, tripped, fell and struck his head on a protruding trunk in the muck. Before he could move again the mammoth flail mashed him where he lay prostrate.

Love battery had to get in first because it was to register on Jap objectives for the battalion. The LST carrying it, scheduled for hospital ship duty after the landing, bumped hurriedly up on a steep section of the beach and slid partly off. Every gun, ammunition trailer, truck and jeep aboard plunged from the ramp into deep water and had to be winched ashore.

In the swampy mudholes the smaller tractors sank until only their perpendicular exhaust pipes were showing. The mud and water soon was churned into a whipped cream consistency. Alligators, usually invincible in amphibious work, churned in the morass helplessly. Bigger tractors winched along, hauling themselves by cables anchored to trees, but after the first hour most of the steel lines had been snapped. Finally manpower was resorted to. Mud-bathed gunners chopped up and hauled timber to wedge under the tractors' tracks, building a rough corduroy road right up to the 12-foot high grass.

Landing on the Borgen Bay side of the beachhead, the other battalion, with its lighter and dismantled pack howitzers, had less difficulty in crossing fingers of swamp to its site. Alligators hauled guns and ammunition. But in training their pieces on Borgen Bay cannoners faced a wall of jungle too high to clear with their

shells. The prime objective of the artillery is to be ready to fire at the earliest possible moment. Baker battery, assigned to register, was required to shoot so close to the jungle wall that a few of the rounds hit the tree tops. With every shot all hands hit the deck to avoid the stinging backlash of fragments from the tree bursts barely 50 yards away.

On the third day after landing, when gunners were still standing in two feet of water and things were pretty difficult all around, a hurry-up fire mission to stop a Jap counter-attack was ordered. A tired but still enthusiastic Marine took up a pickaxe to open a carton of three shells. He swung too hard. The point detonated the primer and for a moment his buddies thought it was curtains for all. But the main charge didn't go off.

More than any other member of a gun crew the loader can control firing speed. When guns get into competition during a fire-at-will barrage he is the main character. In the fight for Hill 660, PFC Walter Gerard broke his right hand. The artillery was ordered to concentrate on a Jap force that was pinning down a company of the Seventh Marines. Lifting and shoving shells into his howitzer chamber with all the speed he could muster Gerard's fist cracked when a slightly bent shell casing stuck momentarily on the way in. Despite this he continued to load until the job was done.

The unsung gunner is not as frequently found on the lists of citations as are Marines in more spectacular fighting jobs. He

Artillery, along with the infantry, earned much praise on the 'Canal. Here is a 105 mm in action



works with a group and lives with his gun. He gets to know his section mates like brothers, kids' with them, sings with them, gives them the scoop on his home and girl. When a buddy needs help he's ready to give it.

On Gloucester 19-year-old Sergeant Charles F. Lewandoski saw one of his friends fall during a bombing attack. While the bomb fragments were still flying as thick as locusts in the continuing raid he left his foxhole, ran to where the stricken Marine lay and threw himself over his body to shield him from further injury. His heroism proved futile in the end because the original wounds proved fatal.

**PLANE** attacks, counter-battery fire from enemy artillery and snipers keep gun crews on the qui vive day and night. Particularly during harassing fire, when there are no other sounds of battle, they listen for the report of the enemy gun, yell "on the way" as if they were doing the shooting themselves, and dive for cover. Somewhere PFC Ralph Owens and Pvt. Carl Wooten heard that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. So the night after an air attack this pair moved their gun to the edge of a bomb crater and hit the sack beside it. It was soon evident that the dope they had was wrong. They were awakened by an extremely loud noise to find buddies digging them and their gun from a pile of rubble generated by an unorthodox bomb.

Japanese mortars can, under the proper conditions, wreak havoc among gun crews. At Talasea, up the New Britain coast from Gloucester, they were diabolically efficient in smashing at the artillery before it could be set up on the hard-fought beachhead. The objective was Talasea airdrome at the northern side of Willaumez peninsula. A Marine infantry regiment, supported by an artillery battalion, landed on the western side to take the Japanese from the rear.

Without naval or air support they moved in via a zig-zag channel wide enough only for one LCM at a time. Little opposition was expected. The Japs let nine waves through to the beach without opening up, then penned them up with mortar and machine gun fire on the narrow foothold they gained. The tenth wave, with the guns, was still in the channel when mortar shells from across the peninsula smashed at the single file of American craft.

Ashore there was room for just three of the Battalion's 12 guns. Destruction by mortar had moved in with the artillery and now



## NUTS about REVEILLE

by SGT. CHARLES M. PLATT  
USMC Combat Correspondent

**T**HIS is the fantastic story of a Marine outfit in the Pacific that is practically nuts about reveille. You may not wish to believe this, but it's so.

Of course, there's more here than meets the naked eye. The main reason why this outfit—a heavy artillery unit—has gone reveille-happy is because it's sounded for them by a bird. A rooster.

This bird was purchased from a native for a buck. He was just a scrawny little chick then, no bigger than a baseball. And these Marines, being pretty dumb about poultry matters, named the bird "Gladys". They figured, hopefully, that maybe Gladys would make with an egg or two, now and then—if they were nice and patient. But you have got to be patient as all hell to get eggs from a rooster.

For that is what little Gladys subsequently proved to be. But the facts of life (barnyard, that is) dawned very slowly on these Marines. They found out from Gladys gradually (the way an expectant father in grandma's time used to get the scoop about the coming of a Little One by observing small details, such as the knitting of little woolie things and stuff).

The way Gladys gave these Marines the word about this highly delicate matter, was terribly refined and well-bred, just like Grandma's.

First, she gave off with a little muted crowing, now and then. Nothing too much to jar them. Just enough to sort of make them blink and begin to get a doubtful look in their eyes occasionally.

Then, gradually, she blossomed out with a lovely pink comb on her black head. This was the tip-off that really made the Marines poultry-conscious.

They held a hurried and bewildered conference and changed Gladys' name to "Reveille". They were a pretty disappointed bunch, what with this knocking the bottom right out of the fresh egg dreams. But they had grown fond of this bird and could forgive her—him, that is—much.

**S**O, matters being nicely cleared up, Reveille settled down into the everyday routine of the camp in the only way he was equipped to settle down. He began to crow lustily at the crack of dawn. He even beat the company bugler to the punch, most mornings. And the Marines liked this home-on-the-farm reveille an awful lot better than the old-fashioned GI issue.

Not that the company bugler went out of business. He didn't, because after all you can't depend upon a rooster as fully as you can depend upon a costly watch. But most mornings, Marines hit the deck when Reveille cut loose.

The unhappy part of this yarn is that Reveille's days are definitely numbered. The trouble is, lots of Marines have very large appetites indeed, and it is no secret that one and all are extremely partial to fresh fowl which has been roasted to a pretty turn before an open fire. They give Reveille the lustful eye as he squawks around in his plump beauty, dodging an occasional falling coconut.

In fact the chances are that by the time this sees print, the clear, sharp sound of Reveille's dawn serenade will no longer be heard above the roaring surf of the Pacific. His more pessimistic admirers, who already feel the doom descending, have put his epitaph into words. It is: "Serving his country loudly in life, Reveille was served deliciously in death."



## CANNONEERS POST (continued)

each burst killed or wounded many men on the beach. There was no time to dig in or fill sapd bags. Gunners threw up parapets of K rations and wire reels and sent a forward observer party far into the enemy lines, which were too close for the range of the 75's. While the crews of Easy battery waited for a target from the FO a mortar shell landed in a makeshift hospital. Lieutenant Commander Richard Forsythe, well-known regimental surgeon, was mortally wounded.

Blood was boiling on that beachhead when at last FDC could give the concentration for counter-mortar fire. Survivors of Easy battery's cannoneers slammed shells into chambers, whirled traversing wheels for range and deflection and jerked lanyards as if they were cutting down dogs with sabers. One, two, three times they did it. Miraculously, it seemed to those on the beach, the Jap fire faded and stopped. The jumpy little packs had laid their eggs in the buzzards' nests.

After that the infantry began to make headway. For the cannoneers there began one of the most arduous treks in the history of artillery warfare. Fox and Dog batteries were set up at the infantry's line of departure while Easy started to displace forward overland. Its swampy route matched

strong, making a personal reconnaissance of a strong enemy force, decided that because of extremely limited visibility the only location available for his FO post was an unprotected space in full view of the Jap lines. He selected it under artillery and small arms fire so intense 19 of the 24 Marines in his observation party were killed or wounded.

The artillery aid infantry patrols in determining their positions and can lay protective fire for them during the night. It has been called on to point out targets for bombers by dropping smoke shells on the desired spot; to shoot up Jap ambush details, and to rescue enemy-surrounded Marines. Ambushed and wounded at Cape Torokina, Corporal Donald W. Johnson engaged the attacking Jap outpost, killed one of the enemy and calmly plotted his location to bring in artillery fire. He was awarded the Navy Cross posthumously. A force of Marines on Bougainville, cut off from its landing craft by Jap mortar fire, could be rescued by sea only after a long-range barrage had neutralized the mortar units. On Lunga Ridge, Guadalcanal, 25 Marines were cut off by the Japs who were preparing to annihilate them. The artillery turned on the enemy front at that point and opened an avenue of escape.

Marines have been manning artillery pieces since Revolutionary War days when



Operating from positions in shattered coconut groves and abandoned Jap gun emplacements, the crews of 105's blasted enemy fortifications and lines to permit Marines to sweep objectives

that taken by the battalion at Gloucester. It required six hours to go 300 yards. Gunners sank to their shoulders in muck and water. They stumbled into steaming mud pools hot enough to ignite a piece of paper. They carried ammunition and communications gear in their arms or on their backs. They staggered under the weight of the guns themselves, dismantled and slung on carrying irons.

Easy got through, but when it was in firing position at Talasea, Dog and Fox were taken across by different methods. Dog rode in amphibious tractors and Fox in boats, circumventing the peninsula.

Forward and aerial observers have done many remarkable jobs. They are indispensable to Marine artillery, which is denied the visibility afforded by European battlefields. The rain forests are so dense and extensive that FO parties usually must use sound as the means of directing fire, and often have to bring registration shots and even barrages to within yards of their own positions. They don't hesitate to expose themselves to the enemy if it becomes necessary.

At Piva Forks, Major Robert H. Arm-

they helped Washington, but their armament was chiefly the old three-inch landing gun. Never had they used organized big-gun support until the Fleet Marine Force came into being in 1933. The Corps always had been fundamentally infantry. In 1912, when the Pekin Legation guard received new three-inchers with unheard-of sighting equipment for indirect laying, the shiny toys were tried out only to see whether they would fire. No one bothered to find out how to use the sights. World War II with its unseen jungle targets was still far from the Leatherneck ken.

Present Marine artillery is founded on the old Tenth Marines, first such regiment in the Corps. It was formed in 1918 to man new seven-inch pieces in France, but didn't get the guns in time to go overseas. Today there are more Marines in field artillery than there were in the entire Corps ten years ago.

Marines were fast to see the need for heavy fire support in the development of amphibious warfare. They mastered the Solomons jungles and when the time came, turned to the atolls of the Central Pacific with astoundingly good results.



*The FRESHER  
The BETTER!*

# APPLE "HONEY" HELPS KEEP OLD GOLDS FRESH!

You want fine tobacco, of course. But you want it fresh! A mist of Apple "Honey," the nectar of luscious apples, is sprayed on Old Gold's fine tobacco to help hold in the natural freshness.

"Something new has been added" to these tobaccos. It's Latakia, a costly imported leaf that gives richer flavor. Try Old Golds and see why they have won a million new friends.

LISTEN TO: ALLAN JONES Wednesday evenings—CBS...and  
THE OLD GOLD RADIO PROGRAM Sunday evenings—NBC



★  
Buy more  
War Bonds  
than you  
think you  
can afford!  
★



Right now  
poor Joe's a wreck, all right  
But he'll be slick for his date tonight  
On account the guy (he ain't no dope!)  
has got a supply of swell **Lux Soap**



Brother, it's colossal! The difference slathers of creamy LUX SOAP lather can make! It's ACTIVE—whips off the grime in no time flat. And it's gentle, too—soothes the weary hide. Take the step from greasy grind to date bait—get Lux Toilet Soap at your P.X. today!

## Men of the Corps



PFC Nat Berman of Los Angeles is another veteran, having served on Guadal, Tarawa and at Saipan where he came down with the mumps during the early fighting. He was a cartoonist on the Tarawa Boom Dee-ay, camp paper, after the island was secured. He trained at San Diego recruit depot after joining the Corps in 1942.



BERMAN



BACHMANN

Sgt. Major Roy A. Culberson of Sylacauga, Ala., came into the Corps in 1938 and trained at Parris Island and later at Quantico. He was one of the original artillerymen on Guadal; served later at New Guinea and Cape Gloucester. He has qualified each year as an expert rifleman. Before entering the Corps he attended Auburn University.



CULBERSON



CASSIDY

PFC David Cassidy hails from Champaign, Ill., where he was a student at the University of Illinois. After boot training at San Diego, he saw action on Roi, Namur and Saipan where he received ear injuries from a Jap shell explosion. Dave is interested in getting into the show business after the war is over.

Sketched by Sgt. Pat Denman





*"Dad writes he sure envies us, getting all the Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish we want"*

46

THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF DYANSHINE LIQUID SHOE POLISH IS NOW BEING SHIPPED TO OUR ARMED FORCES

## We've Been Reading Their Mail!

What do servicemen think about? Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish for one thing—they bombard us with letters about their favorite shoe polish, with statements like these:

*"I sort of depend on Dyanshine now, especially for inspection."*

*"I have a pair of regular issue shoes*

*about 8 months old and have used Dyanshine on them at all times—they really shine better than the day they left the factory."*

Yes, Dyanshine is easy on the leather as well as easy to apply. And it makes no difference whether the shoes are Government Issue or "store" variety, it keeps them looking bright and clean under severest usage.

**DYANSHINE** *Liquid* **SHOE POLISH**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



**To Those Who Prefer Paste Shoe Polish**  
Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood, and Black. Packed in convenient wide-mouthed, 4-oz. jars.

**BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.**  
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**N**EVER mind about those rumors Betty Grable will retire from the screen. Big-wigs at 20th Century-Fox say there's nothing to them; that Miss G will remain active, and what's more, her beautiful gams will be much in evidence.

Betty's legs, incidentally, apparently stand up better than her hubby's, Harry James, who broke one of his playing softball. James and his band are fanatic baseball enthusiasts, and used to play every Sunday. . . . Funny thing about Laraine Day. Remember she was the gal who caused such a furore after making a camp show tour, criticizing army brasshats for monopolizing her time when she wanted to be with the enlisted men. Well, in the movie, "Woman's Army," Laraine plays the daughter, no less, of a general. . . . Georgie Jessell, who never gives up, fouled up the Washington premier of "Wilson." He was emcee and was able to introduce all the important, and unimportant, guests from Hollywood, but he didn't know or recognize many of the capital luminaries, such as admirals, generals, senators, etc.

Nomination for the two outstanding gal singers who have done most to entertain fighting men both abroad and stateside—Frances Langford and Dinah Shore. A second to the motion?

Betty Hutton broke Frank Sinatra's house record in an appearance in Boston, and Bing Crosby's "Going My Way" has topped records wherever it has played. Crosby, never a contender for an Academy Award, is up for it this year.

Hoagy (Stardust) Carmichael does things backwards. He started out to be a lawyer, but became, in order: band leader, arranger, vocalist, composer, actor, radio singer. Now he wants to produce.

Eleanor Powell and Sgt. Glenn Ford, USMCR, are getting ready for a new arrival. . . . Rudy Vallee, honorably discharged from the Coast Guard (he was an enlisted man in the Navy in the last war), and Bettijane Greer have made up, at last reports. . . . Sonja Henie took two bad spills making her latest picture. It's called "It's a Pleasure." Maybe so. . . . Charlie McCarthy is getting used to the idea of having a mamma. Edgar's going to marry a model, Frances Westerman. . . . Joe E. Brown may do a Broadway show. . . . Pretty Jeanne Crain, a hit in "Home in Indiana," is making "Our Moment Is Swift," whatever that could be. . . . Susan Hayward's squabbling with Paramount over a picture assignment.

Bing Crosby is now known as the Allies "secret weapon." On his initial overseas tour, Crosby went into Paris soon after the liberation, and at the suggestion of army officials, made a broadcast beamed into Germany. The old crooner told 'em to lay that rifle down, because the Yanks were coming in regardless. Then, to prove it was Crosby speaking, he boo-boo-booed a few tunes.

Returning from his tour in the Pacific, Bob Hope told Mojave, California, Marines that once he was so scared that it was the first time any man practically ate his own Adam's apple . . . and that his fingernails were biting him.

**Jeanne Crain—Opposite page**  
Auburn-haired, green-eyed she's a 20th Century-Fox star. Miss Crain tops five-foot-four and weighs 114

## At Ease

News of the  
Entertainment  
World

Wedding march: Lieut. Tommy Harmon, AAF, and ex-All America football hero from Michigan, and Elyse Knox, blonde young movie actress, at Ann Arbor, Mich. Best man was Harmon's former blocking back, Navy Lieut. Forrest Evashevski.

**N**ICE little story behind the story of young Jane Nigh, whose studio woke up one morning and found out she was a pin-up rage. Seems a publicity man at 20th Century-Fox ran across a photo of the gal. It was pretty, so's she, but she was comparatively unknown as a stock actress. So he captioned her picture, "Jane Nigh, Nobody's Pin-Up Girl," and sent it out. The response was terrific. Seems everyone now wants to adopt her as their favorite, including a rugged Marine outfit deep in the South Pacific with the First Division. Meanwhile the studio ran clear out of photos of the gal, who isn't Miss Nobody's Pin-Up Girl any longer.

**GOOD CONDUCT CITATION:** Johnny Mercer's vocalist, Joe Stafford, for elegant smokey-voiced singing on the Music Shop air show. . . . Entire cast, led by Don Ameche, for solid performances in the film, "Wing And A Prayer," the story of a flat-top. . . . Ingrid Bergman for "Gaslight," or anything else she does. . . . the new "Halls of Montezuma" show from the Marine Base at San Diego over Mutual each week. . . . the screwie "It Pays To Be Ignorant" aired over CBS from New York, a rousing burlesque of all the quiz programs. What would you like to cite, Mac?

ELYSE KNOX



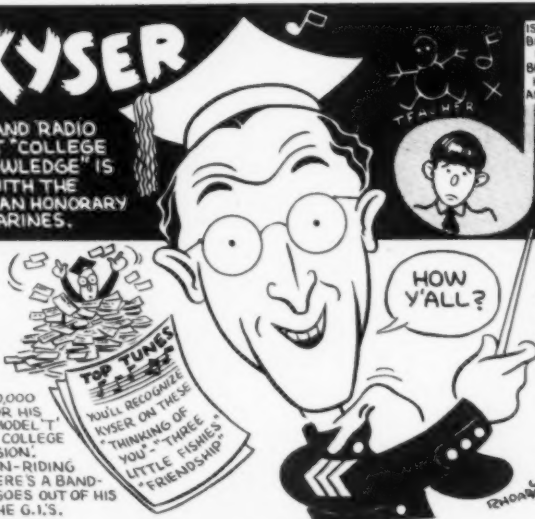
JANE NIGH  
Nobody's Pin-Up girl

## KAY KYSER

HIS ORCHESTRA AND RADIO ENTERTAINMENT "COLLEGE OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE" IS VERY POPULAR WITH THE TROOPS—KAY IS AN HONORARY SGT. IN THE MARINES.



KYSER RECEIVES OVER 10,000 LETTERS A MONTH FOR HIS RADIO SHOW. OWNS A MODEL "T" FORD, THE PRIDE OF HIS COLLEGE YEARS—CALLS IT "PASSION." FAVORITE RECREATION—RIDING ROLLER COASTERS. HERE'S A BAND-LEADER WHO REALLY GOES OUT OF HIS WAY TO ENTERTAIN THE G.I.'S.

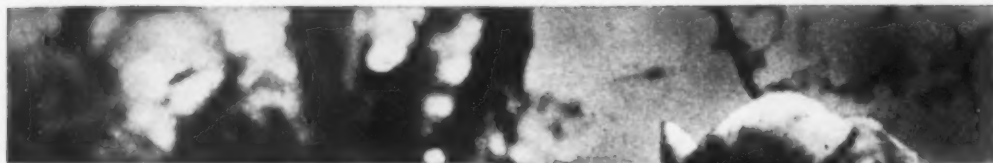


ISH KABBLE, THE BLANK FACE SINGER IS THE BRAINS BEHIND THE BAND. HE'S PAYMASTED AND BOOKKEEPER

GEORGIA CARROLL, EX-MODEL AND PRETTY EYE-FUL FOR MARINE WOLVES—SHE ALSO SINGS

BORN SOME 30 YEARS AGO IN ROCKY MOUNT N.C. HE ACQUIRED A DRAWL. STARTED BAND AT UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA. GIVES OUT WITH SUPER-SCHMALTZ ON THE NOVELTY NUMBERS, BUT GIVES YOU THE BLUES ON THE ROMANTIC SONGS.





# WE THE MARINES

Edited by PFC Duane Decker



"Saki" the monkey was a pet of Japanese troops on Peleliu until advancing Marines adopted him as their mascot. TSgt. James Hawkins puts "Saki" through his routine for the cameraman

## Jungle Jukebox

The way it is in the thickly-wooded northern section of Guam, you can hunt Japs and listen to Harry James at the same time. That's claimed by Sgt. William K. Terry, USMC combat correspondent. He calls it the Jungle Jukebox.

Marines don't pay a nickel a song, either. The jukebox dishes out music by the hour, from recordings, by means of two loudspeakers. From time to time it's taken to other areas for other Marines to hear. There's a mike hooked up to the unit and camp announcements are made over it. Sometimes the latest news is broadcast.

That's just about as pleasant a way to kill Japs as the Marines have devised so far. The armed forces have certainly come a long way since the Civil War.

## Success Story

This Marine, Sgt. George T. Janisko of SCRANTON, PA., was his company's property sergeant. He went ashore on Guam to help handle equipment and company gear—at least that's why he thought he went ashore.

But, after five days of savage fighting the company had lost all its officers. A majority of its non-commissioned officers were also casualties. Sgt. Janisko, as second senior non-com, suddenly found himself quite a BTO—company executive officer. He held the job until his company merged with another two days later.

"I'm sure glad it's over with," he said. "Things were happening so fast it was hard to keep up." Getting promotions that fast is probably enough to make a guy start saluting himself.

## War Time Travel

From a field report of THE LEATHERNECK'S Pacific correspondent, Sgt. George Doying, we get this yarn about a very much-travelled lighter.

The scene unfolds way back last spring when Doying was handling security and censorship matters for THE LEATHERNECK with Captain John W. Thomason, III, at Headquarters. The captain was envious of Doying's cigaret lighter and instructed him that, no matter where or when, the first chance he had he was to try and get one for the captain.

Shortly after, Capt. Thomason shipped overseas, followed by Doying. At Pearl Harbor, Doying found a similar lighter in the PX and bought it. The lighter went along with Doying to the Marianas. Capt. Thomason was there—but Doying never caught up with him.

The lighter (and Doying) returned to Pearl Harbor. A few weeks later, on another trip, Doying finally ran into the captain at a Pacific base. As Doying ran up to him the captain was lighting a cigaret.

With—of course—his own lighter.

## It's a Small World

PFCs Bob Carter, Charles "Bud" Tobin and Thomas Langone grew up together in EVERETT, MASS. They played together on the high school football team, graduated together. They joined the Marine Corps on the same day, Sept. 20, 1942, and were in the same Boot platoon at PI.

Then, Tobin was assigned to a rifle platoon. Carter and Langone went on to a machine gun outfit. Tobin wound up in the 2nd Division and was at Tarawa. Carter and Langone went to the 4th Division and the Marshalls. All three landed on Saipan. After the island was secured, Carter and Langone scouted the island from stem to stern. They found Tobin amid the ruins of Garapan.

"We had plenty to talk about," Langone said.

## Rufina Is Okay



RUFINA DUENES  
She helps her people now

All you ex-Guam Marines probably will be glad to know that Rufina Duenes, the gal who ran one of your favorite slop chutes in Agaña, is okay. She hopes to go back into business one day soon, reports LEATHERNECK Pacific Correspondent Sgt. George Doying.

"We were visiting a civilian camp in the northeastern section of Guam with Maj. Ammons, the former Colorado Governor who is doing civilian affairs work here. This gal came over and began talking, friendly-like as most of the Guamanians are—a sort of unofficial welcoming committee of one for the camp. She looked about 18, in a short little girl's dress and barefooted.

"A few minutes of conversation developed that she is Rufina Duenes, that she's 32, and that she operated the slop chute in Agaña I'd heard several old Guam Marines talk about. Her present job is as a sort of nurse's aide for the Navy doctor at the camp and he says she's wonderful.

"Rufina was one of the select group of Guamanians who helped Radioman Chief Tweed keep hidden from the Japs during their occupation. She stole pipe tobacco and radio batteries from the Japs, the latter so he could keep his receiving set working and thus maintain contact with KGI in 'Frisco. It helped a lot to know exactly how wrong the Jap tales of victories were."



## Movie Marine



PRIVATE KNEGO  
A real-life Marine now

In the movie "Gung Ho" there was an actor named Peter Coe. He was a movie Marine. His real name is Peter Knego. He played the part of a guy named Kozarowsky.

Well, he's a Marine again—and this time it's no movie. He joined up and went through boot camp at San Diego. He said he made the decision after working with Leathernecks during the filming of "Gung Ho".

You can't tell where they will be recruiting Marines next.

## One Hit, One Run

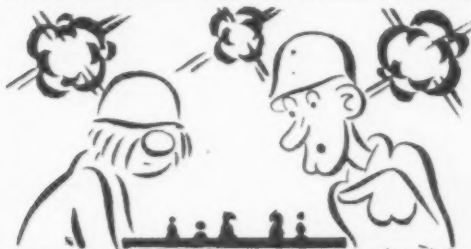
During his second night on Saipan, Sgt. Arthur L. Laliberty of WALPOLE, MASS., awoke to see a Jap soldier squatting on his haunches and peering into his foxhole. Laliberty was unable to reach his rifle quickly. He cupped his hand and grabbed some sand. Then he threw it in the Jap's face. The surprised Nip turned and ran off into the darkness.

Pretty good pitching.

## Amphibious Chess

This sounds like something that only Gizmo and Eightball would do, but PFC Clarence E. Evans of LEBANON, MO., swears it's true.

It seems that two Marines had been playing a hot game of chess on shipboard, just prior to the assault on Saipan. When the assault opened up,



they rode ashore in a first-wave amphotrack and they continued to play chess.

"They were concentrating and playing a sincere game," Evans said, "despite the hell we all knew was waiting for us."

Don't know who won but it definitely wasn't the Nips.

## Souvenir King

PFC Fred L. Stevenson of KANSAS CITY, KANS., can go in the retail business after the war if he wants to—selling Jap souvenirs. As an artilleryman on Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Tulagi and Guam he managed to get his hands on as much stuff as a Jap quartermaster.

He's loaded up on Jap flags, watches, field glasses, lanterns, bayonets, family snapshots, war bonds and rifles. He also has the shoulder insignia of a Jap lieutenant colonel—but no Jap lieutenant colonel.

Yet.

## Sergeant Major Screwball



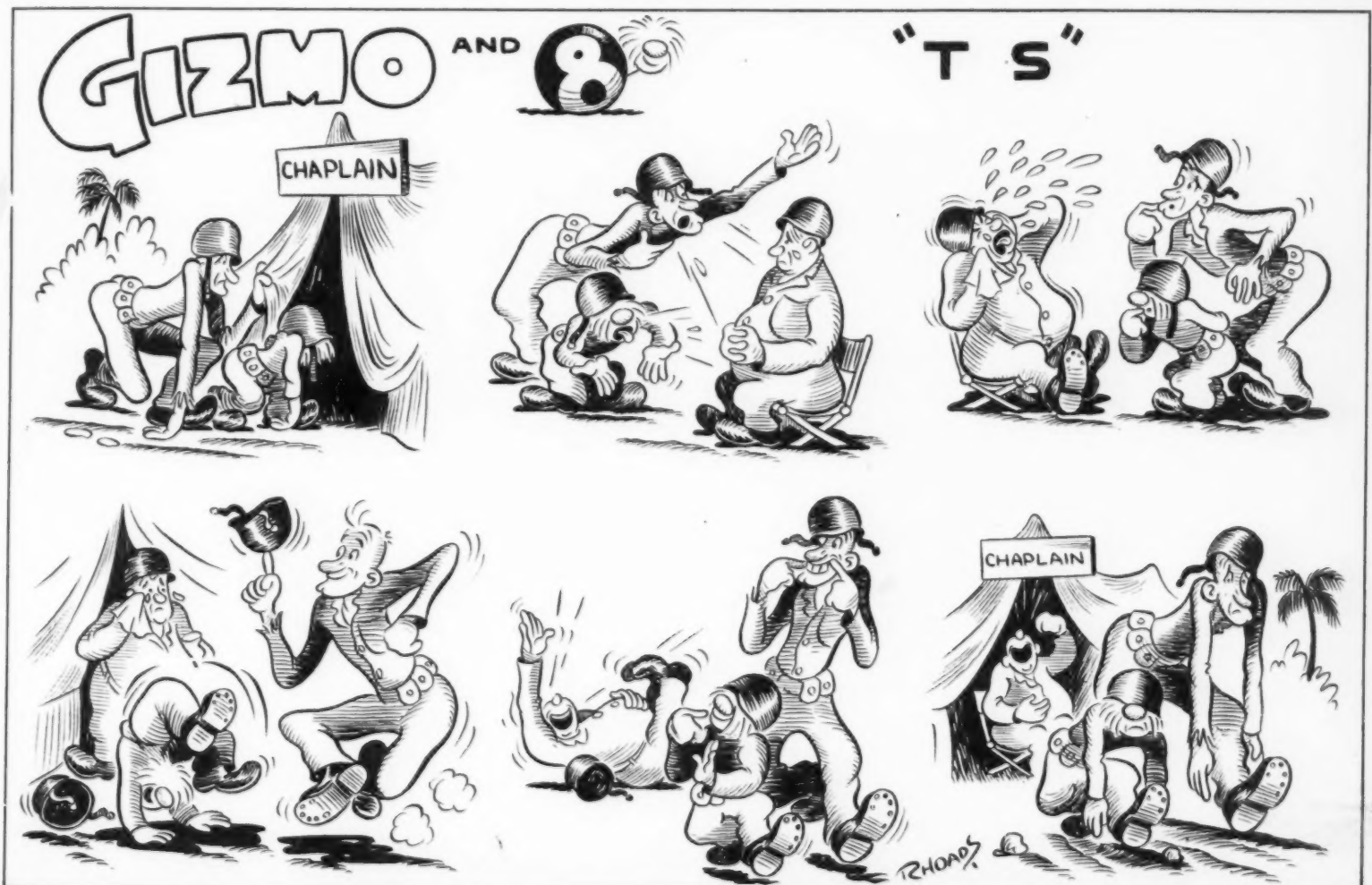
THE SERGEANT MAJOR  
They threw the book at him

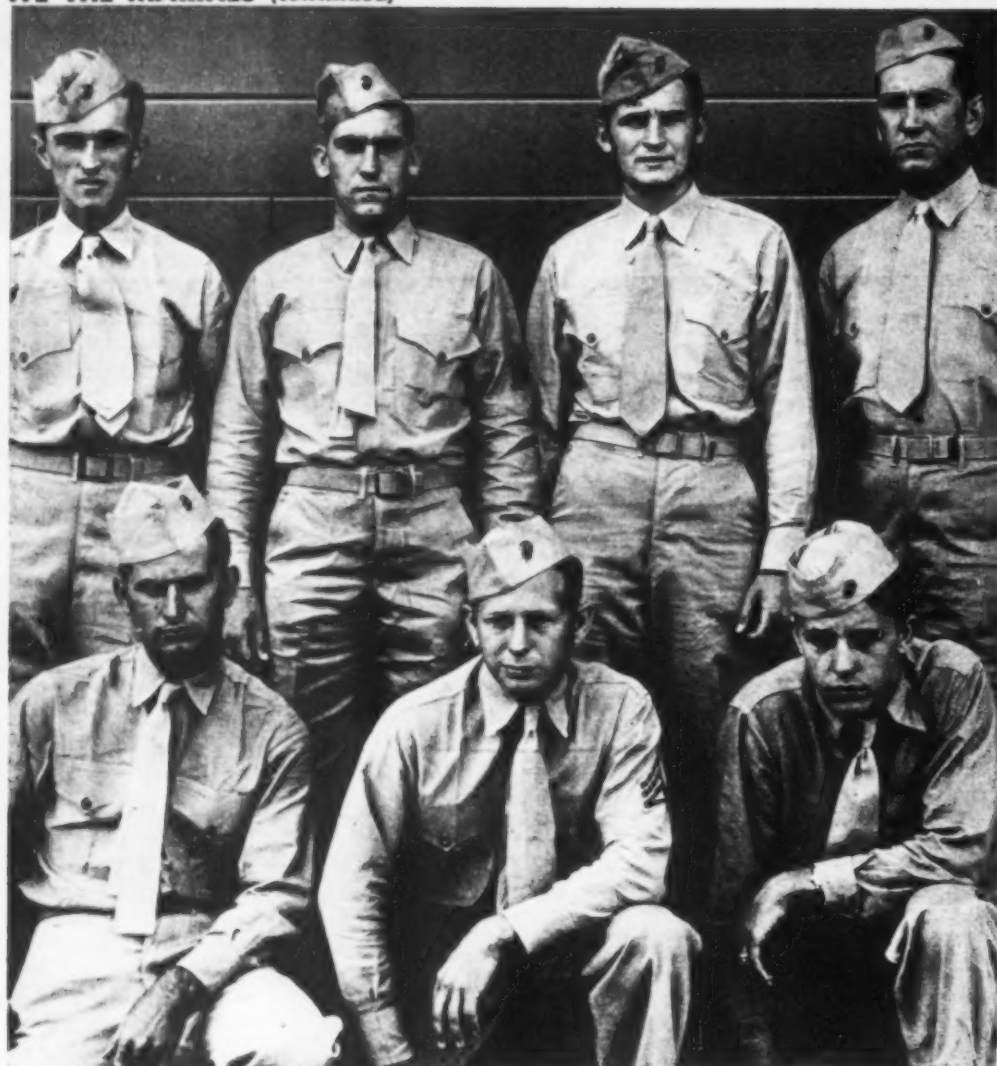
Introducing Sergeant Major Screwball. He shoved off last August from the Dunedin base in Florida, reporting to Camp Pendleton. He served one cruise in the Corps, made many civilian friends while on shore leave and as a result two of his pups preceded him to the coast.

His record is terrific, except for one item. Two years ago he was given a summary court martial. They threw the book at him then, busting him from corporal to private and slapping him into the brig for 10 days.

The reason? It seems he broke the ninth General Order—committed a nuisance on or near the flagpole.

**TURN PAGE**





EL TORO "CELEBRITIES"  
They've got a lot to live up to

Out at El Toro, Marine Corps Air Station at Santa Ana, Cal., somebody rounded up a bunch of Marines who bear famous names. This picture was the result.

Left to right, standing, are Cpl. Jimmy Valentine Murphy of BROOKLYN, N. Y.; TSgt. Andrew Jackson Bowman of ANAWALT, W. VA.;

PFC Jack Dempsey Cabe of FRANKLIN, N. C.; SSgt. George Washington McLaughlin of PHILADELPHIA, PA. Kneeling are Sgt. Fred Allen of CLAIRTON, PA.; SSgt. Glen Martin of MARSHALL, ILL., and Cpl. Calvin Coolidge Bennar of HARRISBURG, PA.

Six of them are serving in the same squadron.

## Ex-Marines Wanted

A prominent boys' preparatory school near New York City is looking for two ex-Marines to fill positions on the staff. They want a young retired senior Marine sergeant and a young retired Marine officer (preferably a Naval Academy graduate) not over the rank of Captain. Both must be physically capable of being members of the school's military staff.

THE LEATHERNECK will be glad to forward replies from any Marines who feel that they can qualify for these positions. Address them in care of WE—THE MARINES.

## Something for the Girls

On a tropical island somewhere in the Pacific there's a Marine busy making silk panties—in ladies' sizes.

We get the straight dope on this fantastic story from USMC combat correspondent William Boniface. He says that the Japs are providing the material for the silk soandso, too—captured parachutes of fine oriental silk.

The amazing Marine who is doing all this is PFC Joseph C. Imbarrato of BRONX, N. Y., and furthermore, he's one of the most popular men in camp. Most of these silky you-know-whats, which he makes in his spare time, are given to friends who ship them to their wives.

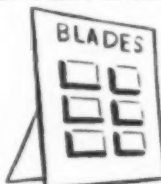
The way it started was when Imbarrato—who's a canvas sewer in the textile department—got a glimpse of a couple of pretty blue Japanese parachutes which were sent in for salvage. He thought how much the girls back home would like that silk. So, he did something about it. He's also got elastic to put in them.

Any way you look at it, this is an unusual war.

## Memo to a Mess Sergeant

Down at Camp Lejeune, word comes of a Marine who eats razor blades. This may sound like a rather strange appetite but PFC Henry Curley of SAN FERNANDO, CAL., who has this passion for the steel blades explains it all very simply:

"It all started while I was serving in the Hawaiian Islands," he said. "One of the boys was biting off pieces of a blade to show how tough he was. So I tried it. And nothing happened to me. Now



I do it every once in a while just to prove that it can be done. One day here at Camp Lejeune I ate 12 blades in four days."

He eats them plain, by the way. No ketchup.

## Author! Author!

There's going to be a book published, after the war—when all security restrictions have been lifted—which Marines will want to read. It's called "Farewell To Wings", a complete story of the actions of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Marine parachute battalions and it has already been written by TSgt. Donald R. Furnival of SAN DIEGO. Writing aboard an Army tanker on the way back from Guadalcanal, Furnival completed 90,000 words of the manuscript from notes he made while in action with the paratroopers.

## Jap Snap

There is no such thing as the highly-publicized Japanese Imperial Marine. At least, that is the claim of PFC Robert C. Osland and he says he's backed up in this statement by four different Japanese-Americans who have had contact with the enemy.

Actually, says Osland, the Japanese word "Rikusentai" which was translated to mean Imperial Marines—falsely—really means Special Naval Landing Party. There is no such organization as a Marine Corps in the whole Jap military lashup—says Osland.

To support his claim further, he says they wear the standard Jap Navy's GI issue of uniform. He admits they're well trained in amphibious assault but instead of being taken in by the glamorous name of Imperial Marines, he's all for calling them by their proper name and according to usual GI custom, abbreviating that to their initials.

In other words, they're the Special Naval Amphibious Party.

And that, of course, makes them the SNAPs.

## Rolling Stone

James S. McKeyvy of ARDMORE, PA., has served in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps during the present war.

He was discharged from the Marines, for physi-



cal reasons. He applied to the Navy for a commission but was drafted into the Army. Then, when his naval commission materialized, the Army released him.

The guy certainly gets around.

## Surrender of a Superman

A 50-year-old German private surrendered to a group of GIs in France and then offered to enlist in the American Army.

"I told these bums that when America came into the war they'd get the hell kicked out of them," he shouted, waving a finger at his fellow prisoners.

His offer of enlistment was declined.

## 17 Men and a Girl



CORP. MARJORIE JACKSON  
She picked rugged duty

Corporal Marjorie Jackson is a combat swimming instructor in the training pool at the Marine Corps Air Station, Mojave, Cal. And it would be very foolish for anybody to assume that maybe she wasn't fully qualified for such rugged duty. If this picture of her climbing a cargo net doesn't convince you, bear the following facts in mind:

She completed a 45-hour combat course, the only girl in a class of 17 men.

She marched with the men to and from classes in life-saving, abandon-ship tactics, raft study, teaching technique and swimming.

That's all. And that's plenty.



# DEEP SIX

Watch for Marine Private Blackie Annisi, star of the novice crop of Golden Glovers last year, in the 1944-5 tournament. Annisi is stationed at Quantico and he'll be after the senior welter title. . . . And speaking of long duty tours, how about GySgt. Don S. Emerson of ALPENA, MICH., who's just back from four and one-half years overseas. He checked in at Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian and left calling cards at Samoa, New Zealand and Hawaii. He got wounded once: Tarawa. . . . It-Won't-Be-Long-Now-Dept.: 1000 Women Ma-



rines (approx.) will be assigned duty in Hawaii. . . . Emory Larson, Jr., whose father has led the Navy football team in four straight over the Army, moved from Yale to Parris Island, which is quite a change of background.

Robert Sherrod, TIME Magazine correspondent and Jo. I pluggler of the Marine Corps now speaking "Guadalcanal was but a stepping stone. We str ck our real offensive initial blow at Tarawa. That battle was won by the sheer courage of the officers and enlisted men of the 2nd Marine Division." . . . That PI radio show, now a popular CBS feature of 119 stations, will continue indefinitely. It's called "Marines In The Making" and has made quite a network splash. . . . Quentin (Monk) Meyer, the flashy left halfback of Yale's 1943 football team made the greatest broken field run of his career on Peleliu. He's 2nd Lieutenant Meyer, USMC, now. . . . War bond sales to Marines in 1944 topped the 1943 record. . . . Cesar Romero, the ex-Hollywood glamor guy, has done nine months aboard a Coast Guard-manned invasion transport. He's a boatswain's mate, 2nd class.

Among the well known boxers who have trained as Marines at Pendleton are Sgt. Lou Fortuna, Cpl. Leo Rodak, former featherweight champ; PFC Billy Celebron, middle weight contender; PFC Billy Beahuld, ex-lightweight claimant; and Cpl. Bobby O'Dowd who knocked off some of the cream of the featherweight division. . . . More fame for Gizmo and Eightball: now there's a new magazine started in the Pacific and it's called simply "Gizmo". . . . Definition-Dept.: "Itches" explains Col. Stoopnagle. "is something that when a recruit is standing at attention his nose always." . . . Highest number of individual wounds on any single Marine yet reported was 60 on Cpl. R. T. Davis. He's fully recovered.

GySgt. Robert Boyd and PlSgt. Paul Boyd, brothers from INDIANAPOLIS, IND., returned to the States after more than two years overseas—in the same company. . . . Ninety-six ships, exclusive of those sunk or retired from service, sail the seas bearing the names of men of the Marine Corps who have distinguished themselves. . . . Chow Dept.: Pacific Marines have dug up a new delicacy, crocodile steak. Get 'em by rowing up a jungle river, shoot one, haul it into the boat and drift back, then cook the choice tail portions over an open fire on the beach. . . . The civilian population of Saipan speak, variously, Japanese, Spanish and English. . . . Laff-Dept.: Father—"Mary, who was that Marine I saw you kissing last night?" Mary—"What time was it?" . . .

SSgt James E. Hague, USMC combat correspondent, tells us that the Marines who invaded Guam all had fresh haircuts, clean shaves and



laundered dungarees. It had been the pre-debarkation order on one of the Navy transports. . . . And eight days after the battle began for Saipan, the Marine post office had set up its own V-Mail branch, with an excellent view of the action at the top of the mountain. . . . The 3rd Div. Military

Police Co. suffered casualties as high as some line companies in the Guam invasion. . . . Lt. Francis W. Kelly (ChC) USN, of UPPER DARBY, PA., who was with the Leathernecks in the front lines of Guadalcanal, Tulagi and Tarawa, is now the Catholic chaplain at Camp Pendleton. . . . Not-That-It-Matters-Dept.: More than 50,000 telephone calls a day are carried over the communication system at Camp Lejeune.

Sgt. Hy Hurwitz, USMC combat correspondent, gives the scooperoo on the first left-handed infidel in history—on a Marine base in the Pacific. . . . Strictly-Statistics-Dept.: 10,000 American service men have married Australian girls and more than

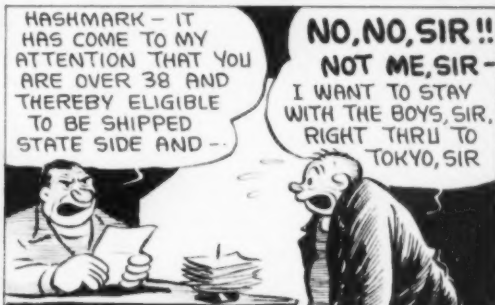
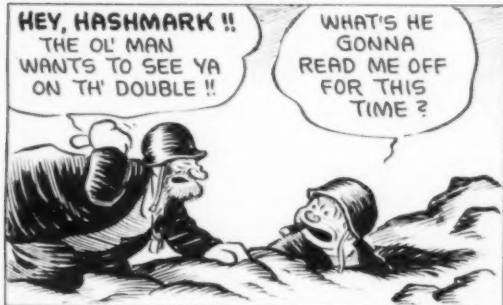


1000 war brides and 200 babies have left for US. . . . Best-seller in the Pacific, says Sgt. Robert W. Harvey, USMC combat correspondent, is the World Almanac. It settles so many arguments. . . . 1st Sgt. Clyde Chandler of SAVANNAH, GA., would like to spend the rest of his contemplated 30-year cruise in the Corps in pre-war Shanghai where he claims 10 cents would "buy almost anything a man could want." That takes in an awful lot of territory. . . . Almost 10 per cent of the troops stationed at Midway are going to school (by correspondence).

Pvt. Jack W. Hill of SILVER CITY, N. M., was given serial number 1,000,000 at his induction station in EL PASO, TEX. . . . WAC Pvt. Irma Burke of HOUSTON, TEX., is the mother of a WAC, the mother of a SPAR, the wife of a soldier, the sister of a soldier and the mother-in-law of a soldier. . . . Gilbert R. Hershey, son of the Army's Major Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, draft director, preferred the Marines. . . . As did Pvt. Eddie Rickenbacker, Jr. . . . At Camp MacKall, N. C., the male bear cub mascot of a parachute Bn. was thrown in the brig for climbing a tree and doing a peeping-tom act in the restricted area near the women's swimming hole.

TURN PAGE

## HASHMARK



## Baseball goes big-time in Pacific as the Black Gang wins the title



Champs: the Black Gang who won the first world series of the Pacific by coming from behind with a large homer in the fourth



The White Hopes—their terrific ninth inning rally fell a run short with the tying marker on third. They don't seem to look licked

Sgt. John C. Bagley, Jr., writes: "Our Marine Fighter Squadron put on a Pacific ballgame complete with a crowd, band and PA system." It sounded pretty amazing but the sergeant enclosed pictures to prove it.

The teams, the Black Gang and the White Hopes, had played a little world series from base to base—all overseas. Now, with the tour of duty ending, they staged the pay-off game. A PA system was set up for play-by-play broadcasting, and a Sea Bee band beat it out for the crowd between innings. The Black Gang won, 7-6. The game had everything—except peanuts and hot dogs, of course.

The big blow that really settled the game for keeps was a home run with the bases loaded by Big Ed Pellegiri which put the Black Gang out in front, 7-4. After that they were never headed.



Pacific stadium: strictly a crucial moment in a very crucial series. Crowd rooting in the background includes all services and ranks

### Pacific Serenade



MISS OWENS & DRUM MAJOR  
She's popular in the Pacific

This appears to be very pleasant duty that Marine Drum Major George D. Durham, Jr., of WASHINGTON, D. C., has lined up for himself. The hot licks that he's giving out with on his tuba are at the request of Miss Watty Owens who, it was generally agreed by Marines in the Pacific whom she recently visited as part of a USO troupe, is quite a looker.

This picture is presented, of course, strictly for tuba lovers.

### Contact

The radio operator in an armored amphibious tank was trying to raise a tank farther down the beach.

"Can you hear me? Can you hear me?" repeated the operator.

There was crackling static in the reply.

"Can you hear me? Can you hear me?" he called again.

Then, according to USMC combat correspondent Benjamin Goldberg, a reply came: "I can hear you good. Give me message."

But the Marine recognized the Jap touch in the English. He replied:

"I can hear you good, too. Goodbye."

### Tall Tale About Toads

On Guam, invading Marines found toads by the millions. Everywhere they went, toads were swarming around in assorted sizes. It got a little monotonous.

An old native was asked how come the toad situation. He said, "We used to be infested with snakes here. So we brought in the toads to eat the snake eggs. We got rid of the snakes all right. But the only way I know to get rid of the toads is to bring the snakes back."

Even when you win, you lose.

### IQ Answers

- |        |         |         |         |
|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (c) | 6. (b)  | 11. (d) | 16. (c) |
| 2. (a) | 7. (a)  | 12. (a) | 17. (a) |
| 3. (d) | 8. (c)  | 13. (c) | 18. (b) |
| 4. (c) | 9. (b)  | 14. (d) | 19. (c) |
| 5. (c) | 10. (b) | 15. (b) | 20. (b) |



SSGT. NICK DUCHSCHER  
He broke a record

The Marine you see receiving the diploma is SSGT. Nick Duchscher, recently returned from overseas. He made news by earning the highest average

ever attained in a Cooks and Bakers School course. He scored 95. All of the graduates in this picture are Marines returned from overseas.

END



Jeepers!  
What a cold  
you caught  
last spring!



So you asked for K. P.  
("Kools, Please!") and found 'em  
soo-o-thing!

If KOOLS were  
so ap-pealing  
then . . .

*When your throat was raw*



See here, private,  
why not smoke 'em  
all the time?

Switch from "Hots"  
to KOOLS *—for good!*



BUY WAR  
STAMPS  
AND  
BONDS



# What do you want to do with your Navy?

There she rides, the greatest Navy the world has ever seen, twice as powerful as any other fleet afloat . . .

. . . the largest massed aggregation of strength in all the long history of sea power, direct descendant of the supreme navies of the past: of the sword-nosed Greek ships that terrified the watchers on the towers of Troy . . . of the iron-rummed triremes of Tyre and Carthage and Rome . . . of the shield-girt boats of the Vikings . . . of the Venetian galleys full of chain-mailed Crusaders . . . of the British Navy with which Nelson crushed Napoleon's naval ambitions at Trafalgar.

OUR NAVY'S battles in this war have already become classics: the Battle of Midway may well be studied as long as men fight on and under and over the sea. And no one will really know until this war is over how much the Navy contributed to the successful breaching of "Fortress Europe"—or how brilliantly it is outfighting the Japanese octopus in the Pacific.

But when peace comes, when the guns are still . . . what will become of our Navy then? Will we maintain it in its present overwhelming power? Or will we decide to spend our money in other ways?

A modern Navy is perhaps the costliest possession known to man.

And yet its cost is only a fraction of the cost of war. So the question we must decide is

whether a supreme Navy is really our cheapest and best form of nationwide life and property insurance.

We nearly all agree that, whatever the cost, if we are to play a hand in the world hereafter, we must lead from strength and not from weakness.

The problem is: how much strength?

Maybe it will be easier to decide on the Navy's place in our budget if we first think through the kind of Navy we need and how we mean to use it.

► Do we need a "big battleship" Navy or is the carrier taking its place? Is the battleship really too expensive a way to carry gun-power?

► Is airpower developing so fast that the role of the Navy will become secondary? Should the Navy continue to have its separate air force?

► Will there be a revolutionary change in the next few years in motive power or gun-power? What do rockets, jet propulsion, perhaps even atomic power, have in store for future sea power?

► What territory are we trying to protect with the Navy? Or are we undertaking to help keep the peace world around?

► What bases must we own or have access to for these purposes? Will we share them with the British . . . the Russians . . . all the United Nations?

► What will our possible opponents in any future war be doing with their Navies? Is it enough to keep ahead of the next largest or must we outbuild all of them put together?

► Shall we make it possible—and is it desir-

able—for a million and a half men to stay in the Navy? (That would be cutting present personnel in half.) Should older men retire faster and make more room at the top?

► Should we maintain the Marine Corps in proportion? The Coast Guard? And the Merchant fleet (which has already reached the record-breaking total of 3400 ships)?

In this country no President or Administration—however able—can carry out a strong, consistent naval policy without popular backing and popular understanding.

Are you contributing to that understanding—by developing an opinion of your own—by discussing these problems with other people? For instance:

Did you read Navy Secretary Forrestal's interesting article in the Saturday Evening Post for June 24, "Will We Choose Naval Suicide Again?"

Did you note the picture sequence in LIFE for May 8 headed "Biggest Navy Has Revolutionized the World's Naval Strategy"?

Did you ponder a bit over Admiral Ernest J. King's review of the Navy's part in the war so far, as summarized in TIME for May 1?

Do you own that old classic on sea fighting, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," by Admiral A. T. Mahan (Little, Brown & Co., \$4.50)?

An evening spent on this subject won't make you a naval expert. But it will help you understand what the naval experts are talking about, help make you a more intelligent citizen . . . something this nation needs now as never before.

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for

the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves informed. So, in advertisements like this, TIME is seeking to encourage wide thinking and reading not only of the newspapers and TIME, but also of books and periodicals that argue the cases and advance the causes that are in the news.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U.S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.

This is the sixth advertisement in a series TIME is publishing to get more Americans thinking about the problems we must face after the war is won. This attempt to focus the full voltage of America's mindpower on the problem of what to do with our Navy after victory is appearing in more than 50 newspapers and magazines all across the country.



The weekly NEWSMAGAZINE  
9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20



# Gyrene Gyngles

## A GI POEM

Sitting on my G. I. bed,  
G. I. thoughts in my head,  
Of G. I. pants and G. I. shoes  
And for parades, my G. I. blues.  
They G. I. issue all we need,  
G. I. censors the letters we read.

G. I. Barracks, G. I. sacks,  
G. I. hikes with G. I. packs,  
G. I. razors and G. I. combs  
G. I. sergeants with G. I. tones.  
A G. I. Miss, a G. I. Mrs.  
G. I. hopes for G. I. kisses.  
A G. I. blonde or brunette,  
So much G. I. can't forget.  
A G. I. belt, a G. I. tie,  
G. I. I've nothing left to buy.

G. I. messhalls, G. I. plates, G. I.  
movies at G. I. rates  
G. I. this and G. I. that  
G. I. haircuts and G. I. hats  
G. I. ups and G. I. downs  
G. I. liberty in G. I. towns.  
It's all G. I. and G. I. alone  
But G. I. wish that I were home.

PFC JOHN SHAY, JR.

Pacific

## PRAYER FOR PEACE

Somewhere in the blue Pacific on a  
coral atoll stand  
The guardians of the lifelines of  
our great and mighty land.  
They keep a lonely vigil on this  
distant, moonwashed shore,  
And dream of home and sweet-  
heart and the happiness before.

These dreams are whispered nightly  
as secrets to the stars,  
And then they will be shattered in  
an offering to Mars.  
What have we gained for what we  
gave if when the war is won,  
We close our eyes and lose the peace  
as we have always done?

We must trade our dreams and  
hopes today to win this war of  
hate,  
To sure our sons a better life and  
pare them from our fate.  
We'll win this fight regardless, if we  
wade through swamps of hell.  
But remember the important part  
Let's win the peace as well.

CORP. H. R. GERTSEL

Pacific

## TROPIC NIGHT

The moon that fills the Lover's  
Lane,  
With silv'ry soft enchanted glow,  
Can naught but fill our hearts with  
pain  
Down where the East Trades blow.

For here the soft romantic light,  
But carries day into the night,  
And bombers follow the moon-  
beams bright,  
Down where the East Trades blow.

The harvest moon that brings the  
end  
Of summer's labor, and helps to  
show  
(In brave array) the farmer's store  
Brings to us one thing — the end  
Down where the East Trades blow.

MTSGT. ALEC L. CRAIG.

Pacific

## MY LITTLE GIRL

Here I'm sitting and a wondering  
When I'll see my little girl,  
For my wife just wrote and told me  
She's as rare as any pearl.  
With her smile that spreads like  
sunshine  
On her head a tiny curl.  
Oh, I cannot help but wonder  
When I'll see my little girl.

I would sit down by the fireside  
And I'd count her little toes.  
Hold each precious little finger  
Touch her tiny turned-up nose.  
Yet right now, I know it's useless  
Just to sit with thought awhirl.  
Still, I cannot help but wonder  
When I'll see my little girl.

When some day across the water  
I will sail beneath the skies.  
And in my heart, as well as in my  
dreams,  
The image of her lies.  
Two chubby legs and dimpled  
knees  
Two gleaming dark brown eyes  
I cannot help but wonder  
When I'll see my little girl.

SGT. RAYMOND E. HUGHES.  
Pacific

## NOT IN VAIN

If God should choose that I should  
die  
In this fight in freedom's name  
I pray for me no one should cry —  
Loved ones should feel no pain.  
But when the peace has come  
again  
And life goes blithely sailing by  
My friends keep up the battle cry  
That I died not in vain.

PFC E. G. FORD.

Pacific

## REQUIEM

Now you are gone  
You with whom I have so often  
Laughed at some small thing  
Known only to ourselves  
You whom time could never soften  
Nor dull the keen bright wit

Some times there were we shared  
the ring  
Of friendly glasses touched in jest-  
ing toast  
And there were girls to whom we  
both made love  
You softly whispering some bit  
Of foolishness into her ear the while  
I held her hand and neither knew  
Who pleased her most

And deeper than all this we knew  
The lowering sullenness of war  
Have known the naked feeling when  
A bomb burst or a shell flew  
Overhead — we both have knelt  
Waist deep in water while the  
mad rain  
Drummed against our backs and  
that more  
Deadly rain searched through the  
jungle  
Yet there was laughter even then

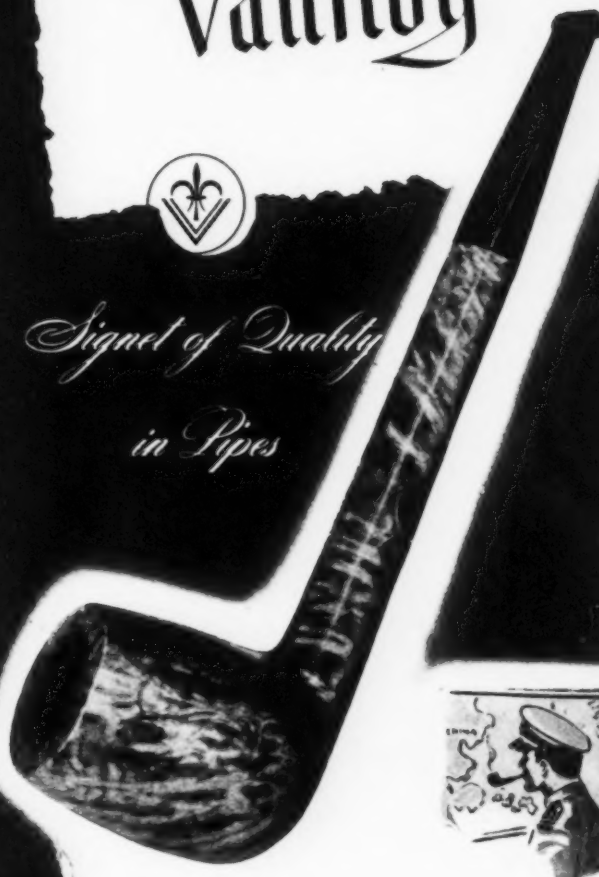
Now you are gone  
Forever young and filled with job  
While I remain to trudge  
The same dull rut and some day  
find  
That carefree boy  
Who was within me has grown old  
I wonder if it be so sad you died

1ST LT. JOHN W. BERGLUND.  
Mergate City, N. J.

# VanRoy



*Signet of Quality  
in Pipes*



You are sure to derive a full  
measure of smoking contentment  
every time you light up a VanRoy.  
Add to that the justly proud sat-  
isfaction of owning a pipe with a  
noble heritage of quality, prime  
preference of the exacting smoker.  
VanRoy Company, Inc., Empire  
State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

### VanRoy Pipe Family

VanRoy ARISTA . . .	3.50
VanRoy BARD . . . .	5.00
VanRoy COURIER . .	7.50
VanRoy DUMONT . .	10.00

# POST WAR AVIATION OPPORTUNITIES



## Bulletin



VOLUME 1

NUMBER 2

### Insurance Business Offers Specialized Jobs for Air Force Personnel

Some of you mechanics, ground crewmen and gunners may be interested to know that the insurance business offers sound postwar possibilities where your aviation experience and knowledge will be of value.

#### SPECIALIZED FIELD

Aviation insurance is a specialized field. Just as marine insurance requires the services of trained men who know ships and shipping, so underwriting aviation requires a personal knowledge of planes and flying. Aviation underwriters want men who speak the language and know the limits of aircraft.

Some of the things that are taken into consideration in insuring a plane are its factory list price; present condition with depreciation; what it is to be used for—whether for private flying, student instruction, or commercially as a carrier of cargo or passengers—the type of plane, number of engines and horsepower; gliding angle; history, including any crashes and repairs, which is readily obtained from Civil Aeronautics Board reports; and like information.

#### WILL TRAIN MEN

Those of you who were in the insurance business before you entered the air forces are certain to be of use in this respect, but companies also expect to train new men with aviation background to fill postwar needs.

Aviation mechanics will be of great value in the adjustment departments. When an insured plane crashes, the insurance company must determine whether or not the ship is capable of being repaired and if so whether bids for the job are reasonable. From their wartime experience, most mechanics would be able to tell approximately the number of man-hours needed to effect repairs, cost of materials involved and survey bids on the job accordingly.

#### OTHER USES

Such expert technical knowledge will find still another opening in the engineering and inspection departments. Several of the aviation underwriters maintain these departments to enable them to keep a check on insured equipment. It is essential that the companies know for themselves the true mechanical condition of the planes they insure, not only at the time the policies are written but to ascertain when the plane or planes have depreciated mechanically to the point where they are overinsured. With the present favorable outlook for a greatly increased number of new or improved airports throughout the United States, private flying is certain to establish itself on a widespread basis after the war, and established insurance companies will need representatives in every modern community as aviation field men.

### 6,000 Airports in the U. S. by 1949—CAA Program to Reach Large and Small Communities

With all the talk about increased uses of aircraft in the postwar world, it may be interesting to know where they're going to land.

#### TYPES OF FIELDS

One of the most authoritative programs for widespread development of landing facilities in the United States is the one drawn up by the Civil Aeronautics Administration and soon to be submitted to Congress. This program calls for 6,000 airports in the next five years and is designed to promote two types of landing fields: airports for private flying and air terminals for commercial transportation. Emergency fields and intermediate strips are also contemplated.

Proposed airports will provide a half million jobs for construction alone and another half million jobs in operations, maintenance, manufacturing and supporting industries.

To become widely and commonly accepted, aviation must reach the small as well as the larger towns. The airport is the basis of all aviation development, bearing the same relation to the plane as the highway does to the automobile. Planes must be able to go almost anywhere and be assured of adequate, standard landing accommodations before aviation can come out of the risky, sporting stage and settle down to a practical, workaday part of the private citizen's normal life.

#### NEED OF MODERN LAYOUTS

Many small towns already have the usual "cow-pasture" type of airport with a hangar and a wind-sock for equipment, but regular air operation demands modern layouts. For example, it has been shown that it costs more to operate a twin-engined plane from a 4000-foot runway than from a 6000-foot runway.

Daily, round-the-clock flying on a commercial basis requires adequate fields laid out with technical accuracy and a due regard for prevailing winds, ground fogs, standing water, and blowing dust or sand.

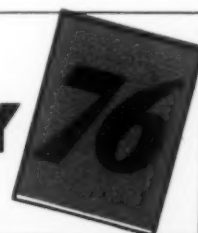
CAA reports show that the U.S. has 3,086 airports at present and that we will need double that number in the immediate postwar years. It is interesting to note that of the nearly 3,000 proposed new fields, 2,900 are to be of the smaller type, which augurs well for safer, more widespread private flying.

Such a program by an organization of this size and responsibility is the most encouraging sign yet that postwar aviation will not be hindered for lack of ground facilities.

*The second in a series of bulletins designed to acquaint ground and flight personnel of the Army, Navy and Marine Air Corps with new developments in the field of commercial aviation. Union Oil Company does not believe the war is won, but we do think many members of the air forces are wondering what they will do when peace comes. We believe they will be interested to know of any opportunities which exist for them. Inquiries are welcomed, and we will be glad to furnish information to interested personnel. Address—Aviation Department, Union Oil Company, Room 700, 617 West Seventh St., Los Angeles 14, California.*

AVIATION DEPARTMENT

**UNION OIL COMPANY**  
OF CALIFORNIA





MARINE CORPS

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

You'll be proud to give

to your loved ones this Christmas, and they'll be glad to wear this fine authentic Marine Corps emblematic jewelry for you. Here is the popular matched gift set, shown half actual size, featuring

LAVALIERE, BRACELET and EARRINGS



with Marine Corps gold filled crest mounted on white pearl medallion—solid sterling silver chain—set complete, only \$19.50, or priced separately as follows:

Lavalier.....\$6.00  
Bracelet.....\$6.00  
Earrings.....\$7.50

### MAN'S RING

Sterling silver—large, massive looking. \$11.00

### LADY'S RING

Delicately fashioned—really a sweetheart ring

In solid 10K gold....\$11.00  
In solid sterling silver. \$ 7.00

### MARINE INSIGNIA PIN

This lovely gold Marine Insignia Pin—for dresses or suit lapels—dainty and attractive

In solid gold.....\$5.50  
In gold filled.....\$2.75

Prices shown include 20% Federal Tax. See this attractive jewelry at your Post Exchange. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HERFF-JONES-CHICAGO, INC.

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EARRINGS



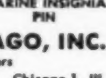
MAN'S RING



LADY'S RING



MARINE INSIGNIA PIN



SOME of the craziest, fiercest, most lovable Marines on the island are in the scout-sniper contingent under the command of First Lieutenant Frank J. Tachovsky, 29, of New Brighton, Pa.

"Tachovsky's Terrors" have wreaked havoc in, around, and mostly behind the enemy lines. They've killed numerous Japs and blown up ammunition dumps.

But all of their exploits are not recorded in the annals of the high command. And it is their "unofficial" escapades which are becoming Marine Corps legends.

Take the "bike patrol," for instance.

One night, while Garapan was well behind the Jap lines, Privates First Class William (Wild Bill) Emerick, 21, of Springfield, Ill., and Richard B. Knoll, 22, of St. Louis, Mo., crept into the city.

PFC Knoll spotted two Japs guarding some bicycles. Unable to shoot for fear of rousing the garrison, the Marines knifed the sentries and calmly rode out of the city on their new vehicles.

"We decided to do it," said PFC Emerick, "after we thought of that long trek back to our outfit."

Youngest looking of the "Terrors" is diminutive Private First Class Hal L. Moore, 20, of Stillwater, Okla. He is proud of his month-old beard, yet hardly needs a shave. He is, however, what the Marines call "plenty salty."

One night, he almost got his patrol into trouble when his heavy field shoes clacked against a rock.

"You'd better get yourself some sneakers some place," said his squad leader, Corporal Martin R. Dyer, Jr., 20, of St. Louis, Mo.

Yes, sneakers. That had been PFC Moore's problem for days. The quartermaster didn't have any small enough.

THE next night, the Oklahoma lad was missing from his foxhole—for a few hours. He returned, noiselessly, in a pair of Japanese sneakers.

Private First Class Ira L. Causey, 19, of Baton Rouge, La., is called a "boot", because this is his first combat experience. The others were at Guadalcanal and Tarawa. But the "boot" saved some of their lives during an expedition the other day.

Several of the men peeped into a Jap pillbox, saw a "dead" man, and walked over to a light machine gun, which they started to dismantle. As PFC Causey passed the pillbox, the Jap was reaching for his rifle.

"I put a couple of bullets into him and walked on," Causey said. "Before I took two steps, I heard some noise and then three more Japs came out, armed with hand grenades."

The Baton Rouge Marine sent the Jap trio to join their ancestors, while his mates continued to strip the machine gun.

K-Rations may be okay for the rest of the Marines, but "Tachovsky's Terrors" like fresh meat now and then. After a hard day's work, one may see them scouting around the hills. Rarely do they come back empty-handed. Soon afterward, the smell of barbecued pork or roast chicken drifts toward the nostrils of the other men.

The scout-sniper outfit has not been without casualties. Probably the most colorful of them all—Corporal Donald L. Evans, 21, Kansas University football and track star, of Kansas City, Mo.—was killed.

And, taking chances with his men is Lieutenant Tachovsky—"Skye," they call him—one of the best loved officers on Saipan. He fought on Guadalcanal and was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry on Tarawa. His wife, Mrs. Florence Tachovsky, lives in Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

BY-SGT. VIC KALMAN  
USMC Combat Correspondent



One leave-taking

that won't be sad



...when you say,

"GOOD-BYE, G.I."

and step into

## FLORSHEIM SHOES

Let no one discredit the loyal G.I. shoes... but when their job is over, their day will be done! You'll want to slip into a pair of new FLORSHEIM SHOES, the kind we're just dreaming up now — because we're too busy doing our share to help the war effort.

Most Styles \$10.50 and \$11

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY  
CHICAGO

Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



The name of

HERFF-JONES-CHICAGO INC.

has been changed to

MORGAN'S INC.

Mr. G. H. Morgan, former president of Herff-Jones-Chicago, Inc., who is now serving with the armed forces in Europe, through his business associates in Chicago has acquired full control of the manufacturing jewelry firm formerly known as Herff-Jones-Chicago, Inc. The new name is MORGAN'S INC., and the address remains the same. The organization, its address, its service, its personnel and the objectives of the business will remain the same as in years past. MORGAN'S INC. will continue to represent Herff-Jones products in the Chicago area and all old or prospective customers of the former Herff-Jones-Chicago Company are asked to send in their communications to

MORGAN'S INC.

Manufacturing Jewelers

32 W. Randolph St., Phone State 2378, Chicago 1, Ill.

# Nightfall



Up and down the tent row stillness starts to settle as the hour for taps approaches. Some tents already are quiet, in others men talk. From the hills comes the rumble of artillery on maneuvers

**T**HIS MARINE unit has seen action. It is resting in a non-combat area, somewhere in the South Pacific, preparing again for battle. During the day, its camp is alive with activity. At night, a hush settles over its tents. In the darkness, it becomes a gathering of American boys, lonely and far from home. It is nine o'clock, just after the moving picture, and too early for "Taps." The moon gleams through the trees like a Hollywood South Sea set.



A PFC from New York City is writing letters. A pile of V-mail forms is in front of him. "If I don't write a lot, I won't get a lot", he declares. Across the table a staff sergeant is reading a gripping murder mystery



Marines, trudging from the muddy clearing that serves as a theater, look upward at an almost full moon

An artist sketches the life in the camp of a Marine combat unit resting in the South Pacific



In an enclosure surrounding a shower, three men are brushing their teeth, catching water from the dripping pipe. They are arguing over the location of the next big "smash." One expects it to be India



A clatter comes from the galley tent. The cooks are getting things cleaned up for the breakfast shift. A fire is burning in an empty oil drum. The electric lights make it look like tents in a country carnival



Near the company office, the bugler steps into the dark and looks at his luminous watch. A man in a tent turns off a radio. Frances Langford, songstress, has just been warbling, "No Love, No Nothin'."



Down the company street, a poker game is going on in the flickering rays of a lantern. The bettors' voices are low. In the rear, two other men are talking about life at home



Some of the tents are dark. From one comes the droning voice of a Marine describing a girl he had met in Los Angeles 17 months ago. He is lying on his sack in the dark beneath his mosquito netting

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## The Sergeant Had Itchy Feet

by Sgt. Robert H. Myers

**T**HE time was the autumn of the year 1912, and 3000 miles across the Atlantic war clouds were gathering over a Europe simmering with suspicion and hate. Closer home, conditions were unsettled and troublesome in the emotional little sister republic of Mexico. Violent history was in rapid fire making; the entire world seemed loaded with dynamite and its inevitable explosion offered a challenge to the adventurous spirit of the youth of the land.

It was in this era that a young man with sandy hair, cold grey eyes, extremely broad shoulders and a wandering disposition, stepped before an officer at the Recruit Depot, Mare Island, San Francisco, and was sworn in as a private in the United States Marine Corps. The date, 3 September, 1912, marked the beginning of a career that was to carry the young man to the four corners of the world, through three decades, and in and out of two world wars.

The young recruit didn't pretend to be aware of the coming earth-shaking events. He explains his enlistment today with the simple statement: "I had itchy feet and wanted to go places and see things."

Suffice to say, in the more than 32 years that have rolled past, the itchy feet inclinations have been satisfied for Joseph A. Plumadore, who may be the senior sergeant major of the Marine Corps, who respectfully declines to disclose how many years beyond 50 he is.

There are no false heroics in Sergeant Major Plumadore's makeup, and certainly none in his account of his time in the service. Gifted with an uncanny memory for dates and details, he shies from adding personal anecdotes, and leaves to others the job of filling in between the lines.

It is in this unaffected simplicity, however, as though letting his service record book speak for itself, that the character and value of the sergeant major are revealed.

Plumadore's very appearance is disarming. He stands five feet nine and one-half inches, but gives the impression he is a good six feet. Built like an athlete, with his shoulders tapering down to a slender waist, he looks 20 pounds heavier than his 165. And despite the too often exaggerated phrase that a man looks younger than he is, the sergeant major could pass for a trim middle-weight in his mid-thirties.

He probably hasn't changed much, as a matter of fact, from the day he signed up as a sturdy youngster in his early 20's, a restless guy from Sioux City, Iowa, who wanted to see the world. He could still put the gloves on with any man who so desired (or take 'em off, if that was desired), and his daily routine includes a certain amount of body conditioning. He likes to box, play handball, tennis and swim, but he doesn't perform any more high dives off a ship's crane or yardarm as he used to in the old days when he was a seagoing Marine.

**A**ND despite the fact that Plumadore is an old Asiatic from way back, with three separate tours of duty in China and an intimate acquaintance with numerous battle wagons of the United States fleet, his record contains no account of hell-raising days or brawling nights in Shanghai, Hong Kong, France, Manila or even Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I like a beer now and then, but I could never go for hard liquor," he commented.

Private Plumadore went through Mare Island boot camp in three months instead of the customary four of those days and was assigned to the battleship South Dakota. Soon after, when real trouble threatened in Mexico, he volunteered for possible action there, and went down on the Dakota after a brief stay aboard the USS Colorado. Nothing happened to speak of, however, and in the spring of 1914 he was sent back to the Bremerton, Washington, Marine Barracks.

About this time, Colonel Joseph H. Pendleton, later to become one of the most famous generals of the Corps, organized the famed Fourth Regiment, and Plumadore went back to Mexico, serving for three months—but seeing no excitement—on the west coast of Mexico.

"We came back and landed at San Diego on an island that was nothing but a weed patch with fleas," he said. The "weed patch with fleas" is now the bustling naval base of North Island.

After two cruises to Honolulu, again on the South Dakota, towing submarines into Hawaiian waters, he went back to Bremerton, where an important event took place.

"On August 11, 1915," he said, "I made corporal." Rates, you see, were hard to get in those days. The promotion came while he was serving aboard the USS Philadelphia, which was a prison ship. His next stripe came faster—one year later.

Things were still tight in Mexico, where Pancho Villa continued to play a successful game of hide-and-seek with American troops, and Europe, of course, was slugging it out in the trenches of France, while this nation was gradually but surely heading into the conflict. It was not surprising that Plumadore shipped over at Seattle and was placed aboard the USS Nevada under Admiral Sims after a brief stay at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

"We went on maneuvers off Guantanamo but pulled out in February of 1917 and the fleet went into a state of war. Later that year, I made gunnery sergeant and was transferred to the USS Pennsylvania, flagship of the fleet." The skipper, incidentally, was Admiral Mayo, noted for his brush with Mexi-

TURN PAGE

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FOR THE DAYS  
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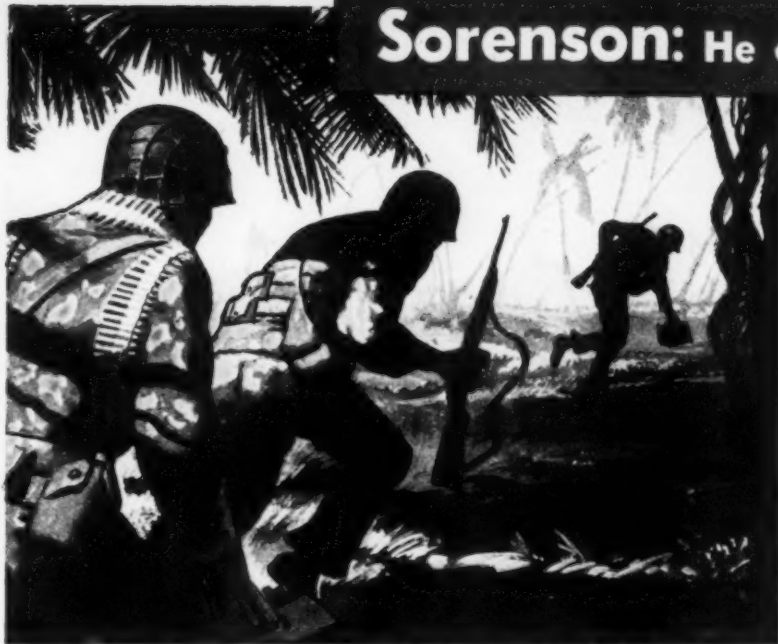
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## Sorenson: He deserved a miracle



Going was tough on Namur. The unit to which PFC Richard K. Sorenson was attached had left the States 18 days before. Now he was carrying ammunition to the front lines under heavy fire. Suddenly the Japs opened up all around him



Sorenson jumped into a hole with five other Marines. The Nips were letting go with everything they had and soon an enemy grenade dropped in the hole. There was no time to get out. Death seemed certain for all

the little group. Sorenson threw himself on the explosive and took its force. Fragments tore into his thighs and hips, but miraculously Sorenson lived. The Medal of Honor was awarded to him for his heroic action

END 4

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## ITCHY FEET (continued)

can authorities the year before in obtaining the release of several sailors imprisoned at Tampico.

Marines by this time were about to write their names in the history of World War I, and Plumadore was anxious to get in the fight. He was transferred to Quantico with the Fifth Brigade machine gun battalion, and it took off for France.

"But," he recalled, his tone never changing, "we got there too late." His outfit remained at Brest until August, 1919, serving under General Smedley Butler, and then came back to Hampton Roads, where Plumadore, then first sergeant, remained until he transferred with the Marine regulars back to Quantico after winning a letter of recommendation for his work in mustering out reserves.

Peacetime Marine duties followed, and Plumadore's activities took him to many places. He was still seeing the world. He got his first taste of his present rank when he was acting sergeant major at New Orleans. He did a tour at Point Isabel, Texas, NCO in charge of 38 men at a naval radio station, and then he shipped over.

"No," he admitted, "I didn't think I'd make the Marine Corps my life's work when I first enlisted. In fact, I didn't even know what the Marine Corps was until a recruiting sergeant in Oakland, Cal., told me." He laughed at the recollection.

Back to Mare Island he went in 1921, and thence to Cavite in the Philippines with an outfit of Army troops which earned him another letter of recommendation from the commanding officer.

**B**EFORE long he was off again, this time aboard the old cruiser New Orleans for the port of Vladivostok in Russian Bay.

"That was one of the nicest places I've ever been. I liked the people, and the money exchange was good, so we had a fine time there."

Plumadore well recalls his next voyage. Back on the New Orleans, he went with it to Kobe, Japan, where General Leonard Wood was picked up and taken via Formosa to the Philippines to become governor general. And on the way the ship had to ride out a typhoon. The sergeant major admitted he doesn't recall this event with great pleasure.

In the months following he saw service with the famed China patrol, went back to Vladivostok, then to the States, and in September of 1922 he journeyed to Nagasaki for a brief stay.

In the next year, aboard the flagship of the China patrol, which ranged from Canton and Hong Kong up and down the China Sea, he made the rounds twice a year. Off Swatow his ship got mixed up with some bullets exchanged between rivals in the Chinese civil war, but despite the danger no one got hit.

The weeks were busy ones, and in 1923 Plumadore's outfit was sent to guard a gold cache held at Shamee, a French concession, which the Dr. Sen's republic was threatening to take over. Eventually the threat subsided and the guard force of four destroyers and three gunboats was relieved. Plumadore went back to Cavite and then to San Diego, where he was discharged and immediately shipped over again—in 1924. In 1925 he was transferred to the USS Tennessee, and remained on her until 1928, sailing in the interim to Australia and New Zealand.

"On January 9, 1929," Plumadore continued, still citing from memory, "I was made sergeant major." That was at Bremerton, his old stamping grounds. Later that year he served as sergeant major of the Department of the Pacific at San Francisco, and in the fall was transferred to the embassy detachment at Peiping, where he remained until a trip back to San Diego in 1931. He returned to China, shipped over, and later came back for State-side duty, helping organize an outfit at Sunnyvale's Moffett Field.

**L**ATE in 1934, Plumadore went back to Shanghai as regimental sergeant major of the Fourth Marines, and in the next three years he saw and learned a great deal more about the Japs. What he saw he didn't like, and what he learned was valuable. The sergeant major had married in 1928, and had his family with him at Shanghai. They were evacuated and he was transferred back to the States in 1937, being stationed at Bremerton until 1941. In June of that year he was made sergeant major of the Second Division, then at Camp Elliott, but in November he transferred to the Base at San Diego for treatment for varicose veins.

After helping set up an identification and classification department and a first sergeants' school at the base, and serving as base sergeant major, Plumadore began to get "itchy feet" again.

"I wanted to find out two things," he said. "I wanted to find out how this war was fought, and I wanted to know if a man my age could stand up in combat."

General Clayton B. Vogel, it is said, gave forth this observation when he learned his veteran sergeant major wanted to see action: "Well, if the damn fool at his age wants to get out there, all right."

So it happened that Plumadore went out with the Fifth Amphibious Corps under General Holland Smith and served in the rear echelon in the Gilberts and Tarawa campaigns, and in the forward echelon in the Marshall Islands fight. After these events he was transferred to a top administrative job in the Pacific theatre, and eventually returned to Stateside duty in June, 1944, taking charge of the military police, Marine, in San Diego. **END**



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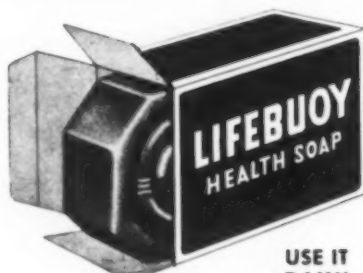
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# 40 BOOTS



Straight through the saddle they pushed, leaving a trail

**I**N THE deafening silence which followed the terrific barrage the troops got the order they were waiting for. "Move out." The word was passed down the line. They swung into position behind the waiting tanks and began the advance.

Past ruined Tinian Town they filed, their eyes on the alert for snipers. At a crouch they moved cautiously through dangerous cane fields. Up ahead the tanks' machine guns fired continuously.

For 40 of the men, this was their baptism of fire. They were "boots" fresh from Stateside training sent in as replacements for the Fourth Marine Division.

When they joined the assault unit commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Dillon, they had a lot of tradition to live up to. "Dillon's Gang," as they called themselves, had seized Roi airfield in the Marshalls in less than seven hours. In the Marianas campaign they were out in front of the fighting for all but four days. For more than 40 days they battled the length and breadth of both Saipan and Tinian. On Saipan they were the last to leave Marpi Point, far tip of the island. A week after the island officially had been "secured" they were called on to wipe out a sniper nest that was threatening the water supply.

Now they were on Tinian and the task of clearing the road through the 400-foot ridge which commands the approach to Lalo Point had been given to them. The area was believed to hold some 3000 Japanese who had been pushed back mile after mile by the Marines' relentless advance. Now, crowded into the last two square miles of cane fields and coral rocks, they were desperate adversaries.

It was a tough introduction to combat for the 40 "boot" replacements.

A few hundreds yards to the left a Jap anti-tank gun belched into action. Machines and men stopped. Cannon and guns converged on the Jap position. Five minutes later the line of men was moving forward again with deadly efficiency, past the smoking ruins of the enemy emplacement.

**F**OR a mile it was smooth rolling. The Marines mopped up a deserted barnyard, sustained a casualty from some grenade shrapnel, and then ran straight into a machine-gun crossfire trap, in a little bowl of land overlooked by sniper-infested scrub.

Only thing to do was keep down and keep under cover. In the shelter of the tank "Inquisitive," a squad of boots set up their machine gun and traded the Japs round for round. No one could have told it was their first time in combat.

After an hour the rest of the attack caught up and the fields disgorged their hidden men. The boots stumbled stiffly to reform the lines, this time in more compact groups behind the tanks. On their left was the threatening 200-foot wall of a Jap-held cliff, covered with vines and flowering trees. The Marines' next target was a battery of three Japanese 8-inch naval guns, apparently deserted and knocked out by the terrific rocket barrage.

This they reached with only a few snipers offering resistance. Then began the real dirty work. Half the boots were sent right up past the guns, up the blackened hillside, where the Japs were supposed to have one of their final defense lines. The others continued with the tanks headed straight for "the saddle," which was the road pass providing the only visible way heavy vehicles could get to the top of the ridge.

They rolled easily through the entrance and started into a cane field, walking right into a Jap trap. From the sloping sides of the saddle, behind the front lines of Marines, came bewildering, deadly, machine-gun cross-fire. Mortar shells fell at a steep angle from the ridge beyond, spraying shrapnel over the entire area. Individual snipers knocked out a half dozen Marines before the entire group could find sufficient cover.

Suddenly from the cane field ahead charged several dozen Japs, screaming "Banzai" and throwing hand grenades. It was the closest view of a live enemy that the boots had seen yet, and it steadied them like a slug of whisky. With the veterans they settled down to firing single shots at individual targets, the most deadly and effective rifle fire. The charging Japs toppled.

**T**HE Marines were still talking over the "banzai charge," the boots bragging a little loudly because they were really surprised to find that stopping a Jap charge was so easy, when all conversation was cut off by a terrific explosion from the lead tank, "Jenny Lee." A land mine had knocked off the heavy turret, flung the 500-pound steel tread 30 yards away,

**by Sgt. Bob Cooke**



# Stand a Saddle



g a trail of dead snipers and machine gunners in their wake

wrecked the motor and trapped the crew. At the same time, machine gun fire started anew.

Up on the ridge the advancing units found no Jap opposition, but were pinned down in jagged shell-holes by ricochets and stray bullets from the battle raging below. During a lull they moved 100 yards through dense cane and came out on the edge of a clear road. Before them was a concrete out-building, which could hold a platoon of Jap machine gunners.

Jap tank tracks, fresh after last night's rain, were in the mud. Jap wires ran along its edge. The Marines cut the Jap communications and took up positions in the tall grass at the edge of the road.

It was a tricky position for the boots to be in. Their lieutenant, Second Lieutenant William W. Watkins of Delaware, O., had been wounded. In charge were acting Sergeant Harvey J. Dagg of Dearborn, Mich., and PFC Edward J. Sullivan of Niles, O., only veterans in the entire spearhead. They were several hundred yards deep into enemy territory, with "no visible means of support."

The overcast afternoon wore into dusk. The boots began to fidget; a few of them munched away at sugar cane or K rations. The old hands conferred and decided to dig in for the night in an open field, with a good view of any Jap "snooper-doopers" against the skyline.

**R**UNNERS were sent to notify the company commander. At the edge of the cliff they met almost the entire remainder of "Dillon's Gang" moving painfully but steadily upward. The "Old Man" himself was among those present.

Digging in after dark, boots and veterans alike put in a sleepless, spectacular night. The mined tank was shelled by its mates, as Japs overran the wreckage. It burned fitfully, erupting like a geyser every so often as a new box of ammunition exploded. Jap bodies were tossed around by the explosions. Other Japs slipped from tree to tree, infiltrating in the waning moonlight. It was hard for the boots' to keep from firing at every shadow, but they waited to make their shots count. Groans from the grass around them told of their effective marksmanship. Even with grenades and mortars exploding around them, and infiltrating Nips charging beneath the star shells and red tracer bullets soaring overhead, the Marines fired as coolly as though they were on the rifle range.

A few men were wounded by shrapnel. They got instant first aid from Navy corpsmen, and lay uncomplaining in their foxholes until they could reach the aid station by daylight. Some of them wrapped up their wounds and went on firing.

Captain Jack Padley, after 40 days of constant exposure to enemy fire, was finally wounded by a sniper bullet. Artillery screamed over the saddle, knocking out Jap mortarmen and silencing all heavy caliber opposition.

The Japs struck back savagely. A Marine 37 mm anti-tank gun was trapped at the base of the cliff. Its crew fought it out, with the aid of a passing tank, until the middle of the next morning, when a mop-up squad turned the Jap ambush into an abattoir.

It was the last show of organized resistance by the cornered Japanese. The boots bore its full brunt, and were ready to charge again in the dawn.

**S**TRAIGHT through the saddle they pushed, leaving a trail of dead snipers and machine gunners in their wake. Piles of rocks covering Jap bodies were used as pillboxes. BAR's blasted camouflaged dugouts. The boots could pick them out at 50 yards now. Patrols sent up the tangled hillside contacted advancing units on the ridge top. By noon, only mopping-up remained to be done.

"Dillon's Gang" settled down to systematic Jap-hunting. In 36 hours the boots had become experts at this most dangerous game in the world. They swept the area three times, each time locating and annihilating isolated squads of Japs. The process was simple, exactly what they had been taught in training. Each man advanced from a different angle, dodging from rock to shell-hole to cane pile, never giving the Japs a full target. When the Marines semi-circle was small enough, all hands opened fire with automatic weapons; then grenades were thrown. For more stubborn cases, there were portable flame-throwers.

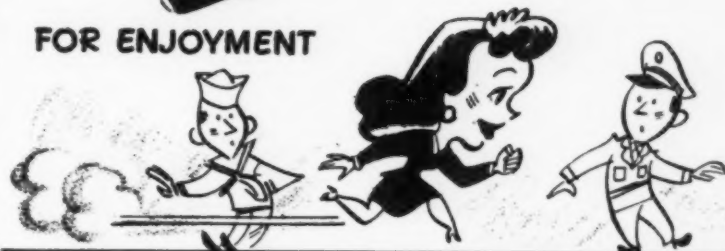
Thirty-six hours later, the American flag was raised over Tinian. "Dillon's Gang," now 100 per cent battle veterans, had helped pave the way to final victory. They advanced three miles and killed more than 800 Japs.

END

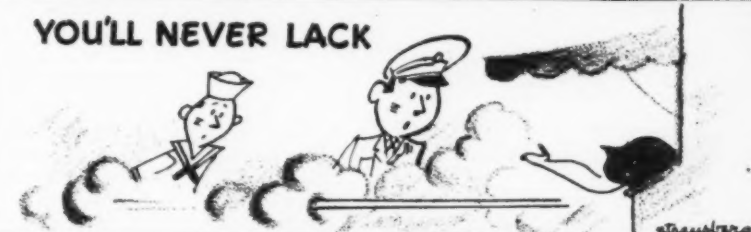
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# NEPTUNE'S NONSENSE

Ceremonies for making shellbacks provide fun for everyone except the pollywogs



The King and his Court — the Royal Baby seated in front; the Royal Queen on left; King Neptune, and the Royal Doctor on the right

**T**HE flag of the Jolly Roger was "two blocked," indicating devilment afoot. The small band of shellbacks, armed with paddles and imagination, took over the ship. Pollywogs, identified by their reversed pants and skirts, performed the antics demanded of them by His Majesty's court. And all this because the ship had crossed the equator.

The start of this curious naval custom of initiating men crossing the equator must be lost in history, but the effects of it on landlubbers could never be lost. At any rate, everyone aboard a ship is considered a landlubber and pollywog until paddled and properly done up when the equator is crossed. Then he becomes a shellback.

The ceremony aboard this troop transport began when King Neptune, a chief commissary steward from North Carolina, led his family and coterie through rows of kneeling and salaaming sailors, soldiers and Marines. The Royal Barber snipped locks of hair. The Royal Baby poured some vile tasting "milk" down throats. And the Royal Police swung their paddles on pollywogs who relaxed and brought their hands down upon the Royal Double Salute.

The ship was a bedlam as the double-saluting, kneeling pollywogs shouted and sang: "We are lowly pollywogs and wish to become trusty shellbacks." And, of course, there were many variations of that verse, but they were muttered.

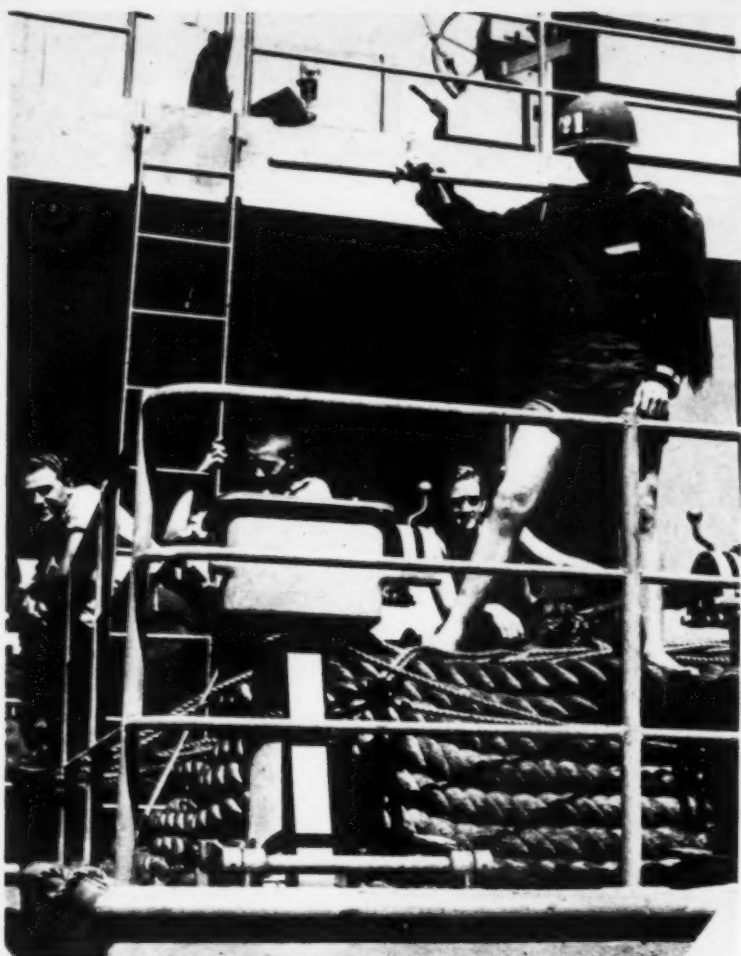
Initiation over, the newly created shellbacks sat around for days and compared experiences and haircuts, just as they discussed for days before what could be expected in the ceremony. The monotony of the long sea voyage was broken for these men ready to go into action against the Japanese.

Anything for a laugh.

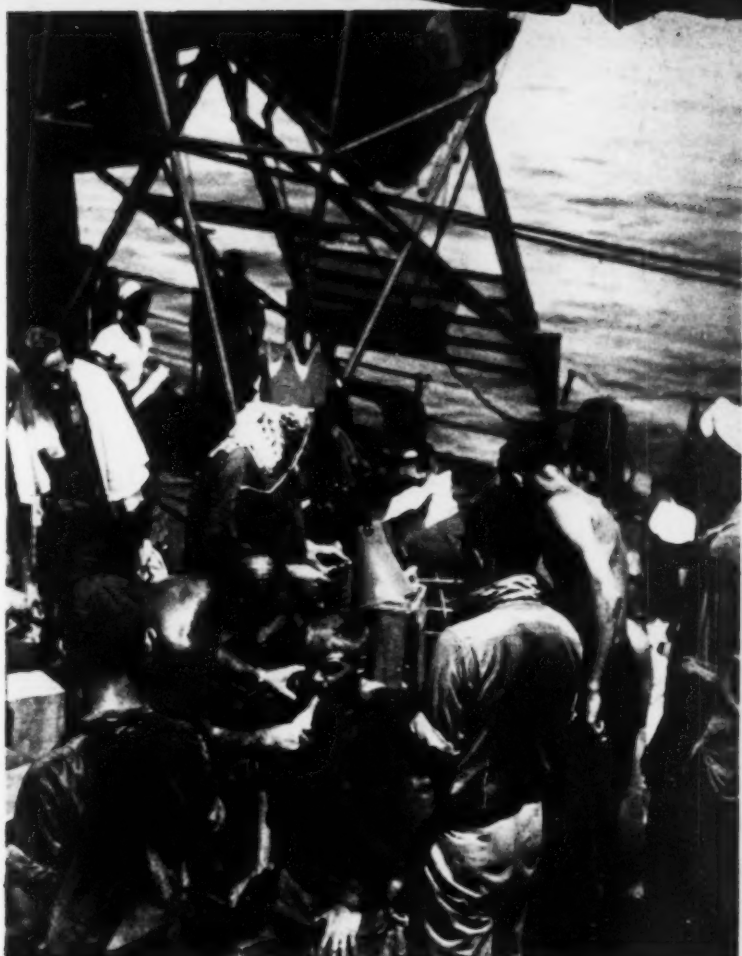


It doesn't mean a thing when a man crosses the Equator for the first time. The Colonel is heaved into the tank of water to clinch his initiation as a shellback, to the huge delight of all the others taking part in the show.

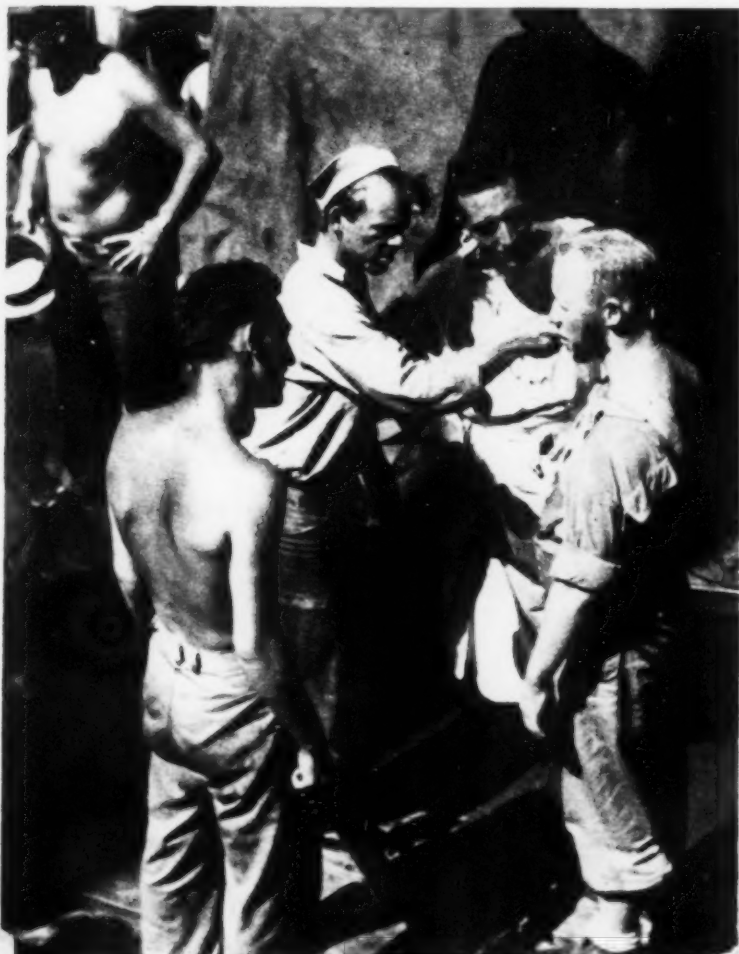




"Looking out for icebergs" is another part of the festivities. Armed with a mop to ward off the "bergs", this sailor plays the old role



The Royal Baby on this occasion was merchant seaman M. M. Notoff of San Francisco, who shares his bottle of "milk" with a pollywog sailor



...er shampoo was a part of the party with Ensign C. E. Barbier  
ington, Conn., getting one made up of heavy grease and oil



Caught with padding in his trousers proves costly for Lt. Commandr. R. D.  
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\*Yes, only Palmolive Brushless guarantees you 4-way shaving comfort! That's because this easy-to-spread, greaseless cream wilts whiskers fast—makes tough beards easy to cut even with cold or hard water. And at the same time, Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin—cushions your face against your razor. You shave without scratching,

scraping, or Razor Burn! Your face stays cool, comfortable—you need no after-shave lotion. Try it and see! You get shaving comfort—4 ways—or, mail carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we'll refund your money!



## Boot Briefs

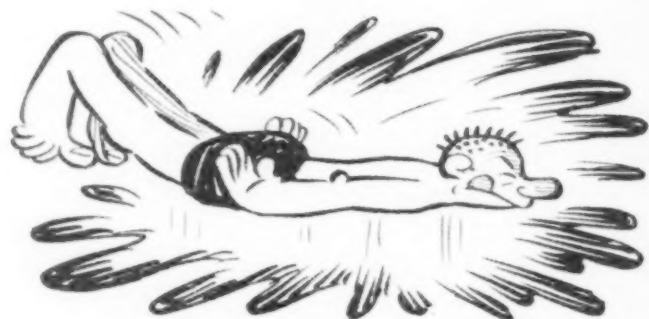


ON THE evening before record day a DI admonished his platoon not to eat pogy bait. He warned that it would hurt their shooting.

A half-hour after his lecture he strode without warning into a tent and caught three boots busily engaged in putting away cookies, cake and ice cream.

He gave them a tongue-lashing that reached such fury that it sounded like a demolition detail had gone to work. "You stupid imbeciles!" he cried. "Can't you understand good advice!"

The next day, though, the DI was the most embarrassed man in camp. The three pogy baiters all shot expert.



The platoon had just returned from the pool where swimming tests had been held to separate for the record the swimmers from the non-swimmers.

The DI took the dozen or so of non-swimmers and had them lined up at attention in front of a large puddle of shallow but very dirty water.

Then, after looking at them in silent scorn for about three minutes, he commanded: "Fall in!"



THE STORY spread like wildfire through the platoon. On the last record day one of the fellows working in the butts knew that a buddy was firing on his target. When the last shot was fired he was agog with excitement. His buddy had made expert.

A shot rang out. His buddy had had one shot left. It caught the boot squarely in the forehead. He spun around and then fell to the ground, dead.

The platoon was particularly impressed by this tale because it was going to set up the targets on the following day. In the butts the story was told all over again. Someone even pointed out the exact spot the tragedy had occurred.

It wasn't until the last day of boot camp that the boys found out that the story was fictitious and had been deliberately planted to keep them cautious.



# Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, missing and dead, released to the press between September 15, 1944, and October 15, 1944.

## SAFE

### PENNSYLVANIA

DUNN, James B., Corp.

### SOUTH CAROLINA

MERRITT, Charles D., PFC

### TEXAS

DAVIS, George D., Pvt.  
HENDERSON, Buddy, Pvt.  
WRIGHT, Sidney T., Pvt.

## DEAD TO MISSING

### KENTUCKY

PECK, William W., PFC

## DEAD

### ALABAMA

CLEMENTS, A. E., Jr., PFC  
McDOWELL, James R., GySgt.  
MINTON, Bernie C., PFC  
NICHOLS, Carl D., PFC  
OXLEY, Gibson R., Corp.  
PANELL, John M., PFC  
RIGAS, Joseph J., Jr., PFC  
ROBERTSON, Harry S., PFC  
SCOTT, Sam, PFC  
SMITH, Charles G., Corp.  
SMITH, Hodge D., PFC  
STANLEY, John, Pvt.  
STOCKS, John D., PFC  
THOMAS, James O., PFC  
WHITE, Hobart W., Jr., PFC

### ARIZONA

ANDERSEN, Wesley W., Sgt.  
BLAIR, Allison H., Fm1c  
MORRIS, Joshua, PFC  
SAMUELS, Jack S., Pvt.  
WADE, Wayne V., Corp.

### ARKANSAS

CARWILE, Eugene P., PFC  
CLARK, Floyd H., PFC  
GRIMES, Millard L., Jr., PFC  
KELSO, Edgar L., PFC  
LEWIS, Dallas O., Corp.  
MORGAN, Benjamin, PFC  
NANCE, Zelmar B., Corp.  
NOLTE, Walter H., PFC  
PARRISH, Bill J., PFC  
PENDERGRASS, M. A., PFC  
POTTEET, Carl A., PFC  
STAFFORD, Dale H., Corp.  
TERRY, E. E., Jr., 1st Lt.  
TUCKER, Steve, Jr., PFC

### CALIFORNIA

ANDERSON, Donald G., PFC  
ANTUNEZ, Manuel P., PFC  
ARMIJO, Edward G., PFC  
BEESLEY, Francis C., PFC  
BLEVINS, Cody, Corp.  
BRADFORD, F. E., PISgt.  
BUSO, Elodoro J., Pvt.  
COLE, John J., Pvt.  
COLEMAN, Kenneth L., Sgt.  
COVERSTON, Vernon, Corp.  
CRADDOCK, Elmer C., PFC  
CROWE, William L., Jr., PFC  
CROWTHER, Kenneth R., PFC  
DAVIS, John M., PFC  
DUKE, Harding D., PFC  
ERVIN, Arthur B., Sgt.  
GAMBELL, Leroy L., PFC  
GILLESPIE, Robert T., Capt.  
GODFREY, Raymond L., PFC  
GODFREY, William F., PFC  
GOLDING, Joseph T., Capt.  
GUERRY, Delma D., PFC  
HALL, William F., Capt.  
HOLBROOK, Harold C., PFC  
HOWARD, James, PFC  
JACKSON, James N., PFC  
JOHNSON, Harry E., Pvt.  
JONES, Edgar L., PFC  
KEYSTON, Alfred J., PFC  
LEVI, Stephen J., PFC  
LITTLE, Raymer L., PISgt.  
LITTLE, William A., Corp.  
LOWEN, Russell E., Sgt.  
LOWRY, Harold E., PFC  
MALDONADO, Ben, Jr., PFC  
MARTIN, R. H., Jr., SgtMaj.  
MARVIN, Milton C., 2nd Lt.  
McGINNIS, William R., PFC  
MC KEE, Glenn I., Pvt.  
MENICHETTI, N., GySgt.  
MIKOFF, Nicholas J., Sgt.  
MILETICH, Dan S., PISgt.  
MILLER, John C., Corp.  
MITCHELL, James T., Sgt.  
MONTES, Joe R., PFC  
NORMAN, Johnnie N., PFC  
NORQUAY, David R., Corp.  
O'DONNELL, J. E., 2nd Lt.  
OSTI, Tony, PFC  
O'LEARY, Vincent L., PFC  
OVERLOCK, W. R., GySgt.  
PAPERA, Mervyn D., PFC  
PARKHURST, Thomas F., PFC  
PARSONS, Glenn B., Jr., PFC  
POLOWEK, Steven J., PFC  
PONZIANI, Albert, PFC  
POTTER, Marvin M., PFC  
POWELL, Lee B., Sgt.  
RADER, C. E., Jr., Sgt.  
RAY, Fred R., Sgt.

RISHWAIN, Thomas A., PFC  
ROURKE, Wilman V., PFC  
SALZMAN, Edward E., Sgt.  
SCOTT, Charles A., Corp.  
SHATTWELL, James W., PFC  
SIMPSON, Oliver M., Corp.  
SMELTZER, Harry L., Sgt.  
SNIDER, Rennie C., Jr., PFC  
SNOW, George F., PFC  
SOARES, Victor F., Sgt.  
STONE, E. J., Jr., GySgt.  
SULLIVAN, J. W., 1st Lt.  
TRIMBLE, John J., PFC  
TUCKER, George E., GySgt.  
TWOMBLY, Royal J., PFC  
WEIDEMAN, Edward, PFC  
WOOLLEY, George H., PFC

### COLORADO

BRIZMAN, Morris J., PFC  
CARROLL, K. M., Jr., PFC  
CHILDS, Milton, Sgt.  
DOUTHIT, M. M., Jr., PFC  
EDELLEN, Martin S., PFC  
FOOS, Arthur A., Corp.  
GARCIA, Phillip M., Jr., PFC  
GAEDE, Fred L., PFC  
MIZELLE, Richard D., Corp.  
MORRISON, John H., Corp.  
NETTIN, Gerald C., PFC  
SUMMERS, Robert C., PFC  
THREEWIT, Jay R., Sgt.

### CONNECTICUT

BEAUMONT, Robert L., PFC  
DOWNING, Charles D., PFC  
ERLICK, Joseph Z., PFC  
FABIAN, Andrew J., PFC  
FELD, Peter J., PFC  
GOLEBIESKI, Henry, PFC  
LEMAV, Robert J., PFC  
McNAMARA, Joseph R., PFC  
MOLINARO, James P., Corp.  
MORRIS, Milton S., Corp.  
PERRY, Charles D., PISgt.  
SHODOLSKA, William, Corp.  
SWITCHENKO, Arthur V., Sgt.  
WALOSHINSKY, Walter, PFC  
WARDWELL, Virgil E., Jr., PFC

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FORD, John F., 1st Lt.  
JONES, William C., 1st Lt.  
LAFRANCE, Louis N., PFC  
TAYLOR, Joseph A., Corp.  
WRIGHT, Horace E., PFC

### FLORIDA

AMEY, Jesse W., Corp.  
BOTKIN, Keith D., PFC  
FINN, Joseph P., Corp.  
GIBBS, Irving G., 1st Lt.  
HAMILTON, Paul, Corp.  
HOPKINS, Morris R., Sgt.  
HUNZEKER, Arthur T., PFC  
JORDAN, Hayword L., PFC  
MELVIN, Jacob S., Corp.  
NEISLER, David O., Pvt.  
NESMITH, William A., PFC  
OVERFELT, Earl W., Corp.  
PARTIN, James A., PFC  
PECKENPAUGH, E. W., Sgt.  
PICKETT, Robert B., PISgt.  
PRINGLE, Lawrence B., Corp.  
RIDDELL, James F., Corp.  
RIDGE, James F., Jr., PFC  
ROBERTS, Arthur, PFC  
ROBINSON, Glen, PFC  
ROGERS, James G., PFC  
ROWE, James H., 1st Lt.  
SMITH, Joseph A., Jr., PFC  
TISDALE, Frank P., 2nd Lt.  
WEBB, Jack B., PFC

### GEORGIA

BELLOTT, Byron T., PFC  
BRANCH, Eldridge D., PFC  
CHASTAIN, Gordon B., PFC  
CUNNINGHAM, Alvin P., PFC  
DUFFEY, James E., PFC  
GREGSON, Morris M., PFC  
GRIGGERS, Calvin E., PFC  
HENDRICKS, Floyd H., PFC  
HENDRIX, Walter O., PFC  
JONES, Charles, Jr., PFC  
LAWLESS, Clifford P., PFC  
MCDOWELL, Burnell, PFC  
RODEITCHER, Gerald A., PFC  
SOUTH, James H., PFC  
TOWNSEND, Elery J., Corp.  
USRY, Bowdre, Pvt.  
WHITE, Herbert C., PFC  
WRIGHT, Daniel D., PFC

### IDAH0

BRANDT, Maurice G., PFC  
HARDY, Arthur R., Pvt.  
JOHNSON, Melvin E., Corp.  
LONGHURST, Victor H., PFC  
PICHE, Lee, PFC  
PRIEST, Thomas H., PFC  
REDMON, Roy F., Corp.  
SHEEN, Owen C., PFC  
SMALL, Richard M., Sgt.  
STAMM, Robert J., PFC  
THIBODEAUX, Richard M., PFC  
WATTS, Robert W., PFC

### ILLINOIS

ADEN, Gene J., Corp.  
BACHA, Donald H., PFC  
BERRY, James B., Jr., Corp.  
BOUCHARD, Bernard C., PFC  
BROADHURST, Harold E., PFC  
BROWN, Laverne M., PFC  
BURKE, Thomas G., PFC  
CALDWELL, Cecil, PFC  
CAMPBELL, Gene, PFC  
CAMPBELL, William D., PFC  
CARLSON, Holger A., PFC  
CAUTERUCCI, Joseph J., Pvt.  
CHALMERS, Ronald D., Corp.  
CHVATAL, George J., PFC  
COBLENTZ, Bibbie R., PFC  
COMMERS, L. P., Jr., PISgt.

TURN PAGE



Admiral Keller

SIX DAYS, SIRE, ACROSS THE  
DESERT—WHEN YOU REACH THE  
THIRD PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER  
MIRAGE, TURN LEFT //

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

INTO ONE GREAT BEER



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When you want  
to click  
**QUICK...**

**Break out  
that big  
BRIGHT  
SMILE**

Turn on the charm of a winning smile kept bright with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste. Phillips' is the tooth paste that cleans teeth so effectively. It also *protects* them, for it contains the equivalent of 75% *genuine* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia which, on contact, neutralizes harmful mouth acids, a frequent cause of tooth decay and gum irritation.

Your PX has Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste and the equally effective Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Powder. Its delightful minty flavor makes it a pleasure to use and it leaves your breath like a whiff of Spring. Get yours today and put that smile to work.

**Phillips'**  
MILK OF MAGNESIA  
**Tooth Paste**

#### Qualities (cont.)

##### ILLINOIS (cont.)

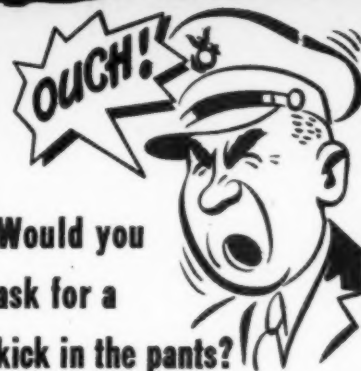
COOPER, Raymond E., Corp.  
DETROY, Marx D., Corp.  
DOMROSE, Maurice P., PFC  
DONOVAN, James R., 1st Lt.  
DOWELL, Floyd R., PFC  
DUNN, Earl F., Jr., Pvt.  
EGGERT, Robert W., F., PFC  
ELIZELDE, Louis R., FltCk.  
ELLIOTT, Robert E., PFC  
FIFANSKI, Joseph, PFC  
FOGERTY, Jerome J., PFC  
FORD, Lowell H., PFC  
FREY, Walter J., PFC  
GATO, Robert L., PFC  
GEAHOS, Steve, PFC  
HALL, Dale V., PFC  
HALL, Mark, 2nd Lt.  
HEDRICK, Elisha E., PFC  
HIGGINS, Byron L., PFC  
JUST, August V., Corp.  
KALEDO, John G., PFC  
KELLY, Edward F., Corp.  
KLINE, Gerald E., PFC  
LASLEY, Clifford, Pvt.  
LEUVER, John M., PFC  
LIBERA, Andrew E., PFC  
LOWE, William A., PFC  
LIPPNER, Clifford L., PFC  
MASON, Clifford D., Pvt.  
MCCUTCHEON, William A., PFC  
MCCLOTHLIN, Lee G., PFC  
MERRICK, William R., Sgt.  
MIKULAS, George K., Corp.  
MILLER, Gerald B., Corp.  
MITCHELL, George N., PFC  
MOSLEY, Lloyd W., Corp.  
MUNCY, Thomas B., PFC  
MUNIE, John E., PFC  
NELLI, Frank, Corp.  
NICHOLS, Eugene O., PFC  
NIELSEN, Niels F., Corp.  
NOVAKOVICH, Stephen, PFC  
NOWAKOWSKI, Robert E., PFC  
PARISH, William L., PFC  
PIETTE, Frederick S., PFC  
O'NEILL, Joseph P., PFC  
OZBURN, Joseph W., Pvt.  
PAGONE, Michaelangelo, PFC  
POWER, John F., PFC  
RATTIN, Ray R., Pvt.  
REICHERT, Donald L., PFC  
ROGERS, Everett G., PFC  
ROSENBOOM, Glenn W., 1st Lt.  
SCHWARTZ, Anthony P., PFC  
SCOTT, C. E., Jr., PFC  
SEBINSKI, Peter P., Corp.  
SEIEMAS, Ralph J., PFC  
SHEAKS, Ralph W., MTSgt.  
SMITH, Charles F., PFC  
SNELL, Richard D., PFC  
STAUFFER, John W., SSgt.  
STEVENS, James E., Sgt.  
STOOPS, Ivan L., PFC  
STROBEL, Arthur F., PFC  
SUNDBERG, Harry W., PFC  
SWANSON, Robert E., PFC  
TATE, Jerold M., 1stSgt.  
THORSON, Donald L., PFC  
VANDE VOORDE, J. J., PFC  
VASKO, Andrew S., PFC  
VESELY, George J., PFC  
VIECELI, Eugene P., Pvt.  
WACHLIN, Alvin F., PFC  
WAGNER, Leo H., PFC  
WEBER, Joe D., PFC  
WILLIAMS, Arthur G., PFC  
WILLIAMS, Elmer J., PFC  
WILSON, Robert L., PFC  
WINSORFER, John E., PFC  
WITEK, Frank P., PFC  
YANKEE, Russell J., PFC

##### INDIANA

ARNDT, Donald C., PFC  
BARINGER, Philip H., PFC  
BELL, James R., PFC  
BUHEKER, John, PFC  
CARLO, Arthur C., Corp.  
BLEDSOE, A. A., Jr., Corp.  
CARMICHAEL, Thomas M., PFC  
COLPETZER, Robert E., PFC  
CRIDER, Robert A., Pvt.  
CULVER, Thomas H., Pvt.  
EMMENEGGER, Victor H., Pvt.  
GRIMM, Ervin E., Corp.  
HAZEL, Robert L., PFC  
HERITIER, Armand J., PFC  
HOUCHIN, Simon V., PFC  
LAUDERMAN, Robert G., PFC  
LAWRENCE, Franklin M., PFC  
MAINES, Graden J., PFC  
MAY, Sydney, Jr., PFC  
McLAUGHLIN, Charles R., PFC  
MOREHEAD, Paul R., Corp.  
NAGY, John F., PFC  
NALL, Maurice F., PFC  
OBRADOVICH, Robert, Sgt.  
PADEN, David J., PFC  
PAGE, Robert H., PFC  
PRICE, Charles E., PFC  
REBECK, Edward H., PFC  
REECE, Maurice R., PFC  
SCHLOOT, James D., PFC  
SHAW, Ernest J., Jr., PFC  
SLIFE, Vernon D., PFC  
STIVER, James W., PFC  
VAN METER, Arthur, Sgt.  
VEHNEKAMP, Ralph A., PFC  
WINKLER, C. C., Jr., Corp.

##### IOWA

ANDERSON, Arthur J., Corp.  
DOWD, Robert R., PFC  
GEERS, James J., Pvt.  
GOOKIN, Eugene L., PFC  
HAWKINS, C. E., 1st Lt.  
KIRKPATRICK, John H., PFC  
LIND, Harold L., 2nd Lt.  
MATTER, Walter L., PFC  
McINTOSH, Robert E., PFC  
MILLER, Lawrence J., PFC  
MOCK, Donald D., PFC  
MOSBACH, Cletus J., Corp.  
PETERSON, Richard M., Corp.  
PORTER, Clifford A., Pvt.  
PRYOR, Rolland E., PFC



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ask for a  
kick in the pants?

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General Radio	Good English
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Stenographic-Secretarial	Special Automobile
Post Exchange	Engines
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**Servicemen  
demand  
Spiffy  
COLLAR  
STAYS**

**HOLDS COLLAR  
POINTS DOWN**

**INVISIBLE  
UNDER COLLAR**

**The Stay  
with the  
Self-  
Adjusting  
Spring**

**EASY ON  
EASY OFF**

#### Prevents Collar Curl

★ Neatness counts in military as well as in civilian life. That's why millions of men in service are also wearing **SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS**.

**BEFORE** **AFTER**

**COSTS BUT A FEW CENTS  
AT ARMY AND PX STORES**



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Whether it's in warmer climates where tennis still flourishes, in the final football classics of the season, or on the thousands of basketball floors, Wilson sports equipment is conspicuous today. That's because millions know that you can't beat a "Wilson" for modern design, playability, and long wear. Wherever you are, just say "Wilson" and you'll get the best.

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### IOWA (cont.)

QUEEN, Charles E., Pvt.  
QUICK, Robert G., Corp.  
RUSSELL, James J., PFC  
SAVAGE, Ronald N., Corp.  
SCHULZ, W. F., Jr., Corp.  
WEBB, Claude M., Corp.  
WILLENBORG, Carl J., Corp.

### KANSAS

BARNETT, Ronald E., PFC  
ENGHOLM, John W. R., PFC  
GILLEN, Leander J., PFC  
GOSSETT, Edward D., Pvt.  
HAWK, Kenneth W., PFC  
HOLTZMAN, Richard N., PFC  
KERN, Eldon D., Corp.  
LIMPER, Walter E., Sgt.  
McCREARY, Walter V., GySgt.  
MILEY, Harold D., Corp.  
MILLER, Keith A., Sgt.  
PARSONS, Lee R., Sgt.  
PEARSON, Robert L., PFC  
TOWNSEND, Eugene C., PFC  
VERBENEC, Frank J., PFC

### KENTUCKY

ARANT, J. W., Pvt.  
BAIN, Eldred, Jr., Corp.  
BISHOP, Orville B., PFC  
BLACKBURN, Mayo, Corp.  
BRYAN, Lawrence E., Pvt.  
CAIN, Angus E., PFC  
DALE, William H., PFC  
FAULKNER, G. W., Jr., Corp.  
FULTZ, Carl O., Corp.  
GRAY, Lee R., PFC  
GUNTER, Luther, PFC  
HIGGS, Willard O., PFC  
HOWARD, Sam, PFC  
JENNINGS, W. M., Jr., Sgt.  
JONES, Fred M., Jr., PFC  
KABLE, Harry E., Jr., PFC  
KELSAV, Fred R., PFC  
LOGAN, James A., Pvt.  
MARSH, Harlan H., Corp.  
MEADOWS, Estill L., PFC  
MULLINS, Paul L., PFC  
RATCLIFFE, Richard P., PFC  
TAYLOR, James H., PFC  
TRENT, Alvin E., PFC  
WELLS, Winfred D., PFC

### LOUISIANA

BARCLAY, John A., Corp.  
BOURGEOIS, J. E., 1st Lt.  
HEBERT, Luther J., PlSgt.  
HERNANDEZ, Thomas, Jr., PFC  
LAUNEY, Joseph M., Pvt.  
LAWES, Carleton W., Sgt.  
MARZLOFF, H. P., Jr., PFC  
MIER, Robert J., PFC  
ROUSE, Hugh E., PFC  
SALSBURY, William R., Sgt.  
SYMONS, Vernon F., Sgt.  
TUJAGUE, Leon H., Jr., Sgt.  
WILHITE, Everett R., PFC  
ZIEGLER, Rudolf L., Corp.

### MAINE

BOISCLAIR, J. C. I., FM1c  
DAIGLE, Alfred J., Corp.  
DAY, Arthur L., Pvt.  
JONES, Minot H., PFC  
JOY, Leroy C., PFC  
LAMBERT, Armand B., Pvt.  
LANE, Frederick M., PFC  
LITWINOWICH, Victor J., Pvt.  
O'BRIEN, Roland J., PFC  
PETERS, Stanley P., Corp.  
ST. PIERRE, Claude J., PFC  
STEVENS, Paul R., 2nd Lt.  
WHEELER, C. S., Jr., Corp.

### MARYLAND

BANKS, Norval T., Corp.  
BOYNTON, William S., PFC  
BYRNES, Joseph F., PFC  
CARBAUGH, Ray R., PFC  
COOK, Emmett B., PlSgt.  
DOUGHERTY, T. P., Jr., PFC  
HEALY, Thomas K., PFC  
HUNDERTMARK, Warren H., PFC  
LEGG, William C., PFC  
LINDNER, Charles E., PFC  
LINKINS, W. P., Jr., Sgt.  
MacKENZIE, John F., 1st Lt.  
McCORQUINDALE, W. R., PFC  
McKITTRICK, Lawrence M., PFC  
PIERCE, Ralph L., Jr., Pvt.  
RICHARDSON, Edward W., PFC  
ST. CLAIR, John W., PFC  
SCHWARTZ, H. B., Jr., Corp.  
SORRELL, Hardy J., PFC  
TANNER, Earle D., Pvt.  
THOMPSON, Henry A., PFC  
VALENTINE, Wilford C., Corp.  
WALTER, John F., PFC  
ZELLER, John G., Jr., PFC

### MASSACHUSETTS

ALMOND, Robert E., PFC  
ANTHONY, Harold E., PFC  
BEVERIDGE, James F., PFC  
BURR, Harold L., Jr., PFC  
CAISSEY, Joseph A., PFC  
CALDWELL, William C., PFC  
CARLTON, Richard N., PFC  
CLEMENT, Laurent C., Pvt.  
CONLON, Robert D., PFC  
COOK, Wallace R., PFC  
DEVINE, F. H., Jr., PFC  
DROSCZ, Theodore, PFC  
FREDETTE, Joseph P., Corp.  
FULLER, W. J., Jr., PFC  
GASPER, Steve G., ACK.  
GLADDING, Robert A., Corp.  
GLYNN, William D., Capt.  
GRADY, James J., PFC  
HALLACY, W. P., Jr., ACK.  
HANNIGAN, Walter J., Corp.  
HARTIGAN, David P., Sgt.  
JOLLY, Louis F. G., PFC  
KATZ, Bernard, PFC

TURN PAGE

"Listen, Sarge, if you're gonna get all lathered up, try SWAN—it's 4 swell soaps in one."



Swan can be a guy's  
4 best friends. Here's why:

1. Great for Bath or Shower—Swan lathers up fast even in hard water. Leaves you clean and refreshed.
2. Perfect for hands and face—Swan cleans you up no matter how messy the detail.
3. Swell for laundry—Swan's rich, thick suds wash the dirt right out of your duds.
4. A whiz for shaving—Swan's lather is so mild and creamy, it's great for shaves.



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FLOATING SOAP

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& GRACIE ALLEN  
CBS, Tuesday Nights

MADE BY LEVER BROS. COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The answer to  
Military Housing  
in the Pacific...*

**THE ANSWER  
TO  
POSTWAR CIVILIAN  
HOUSING NEEDS**



**T**HE same Dallas Huts which have proved themselves in the service of the armed forces may one day provide sorely needed rehabilitation housing for war dislocated civilians, as well. The qualities of comfort and economy of operation which make Dallas Huts so suitable for military use, will also enable them to assume this new and important duty. And because Dallas Huts are completely salvageable, easy to erect, demount

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For postwar America, the civilian counterpart of the Dallas Hut opens broad new fields of efficient, economical housing. In service as comfortable homes for low income groups, as vacation cottages and living quarters for travelers and transient workers, Texas Pre-Fab Houses clearly provide the solution to quick, effective housing after the war.



Today, the Texas PRE-FAB is growing by leaps and bounds, and offers attractive POST-WAR possibilities. Already many applications for current and post-war dealerships are being received—from both civilians and military men. If you visualize the tremendous potentialities for Texas Pre-Fabricated Housing, and would like a profitable part in the future of this rapidly expanding industry, sign and mail the coupon below.

**TEXAS PRE-FAB**

(TEXAS PRE-FABRICATED  
HOUSE AND TENT COMPANY)

*Dallas, Texas*

Shoreham Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MAKERS OF DALLAS HUTS AND TEXAS PRE-FAB HOMES

**TEXAS PRE-FABRICATED HOUSING  
COMPANY** (Distribution Division)  
Avery and Beckley Streets  
Dallas 8, Texas

Gentlemen:

I'm definitely interested in the future of this industry, and would like more information regarding a possible dealership arrangement for post-war.

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Current Address \_\_\_\_\_

Home Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(if different from above)

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Further Remarks \_\_\_\_\_

## Casualties (cont.)

### MASSACHUSETTS (cont.)

KEENAN, T. W., Jr., Corp.  
LAFLEUR, Roger J., PFC  
LAVEZZO, John W., Corp.  
LAWRIE, John A., PFC  
LAWSON, William T., PFC  
LINCOLN, James M., Corp.  
MC CARTHY, Charles J., Pvt.  
MCNARY, William S., PFC  
MCRAE, Joseph A., Corp.  
MIERZEJEWSKI, Harry, Sgt.  
NEUBOLD, Thomas S., Corp.  
NEUBURY, Robert E., Corp.  
O'BRIEN, Martin J., 2nd Lt.  
POULIN, Andrew V., Corp.  
RUTKOWSKI, Mitchell A., Sgt.  
RYMSZEWICZ, Walter, PFC  
SALVATORE, Harold J., PFC  
SAWYER, Frank W., Corp.  
SHEA, Daniel, PFC  
SIEMIENSKI, John, Corp.  
SMITH, Norman D., PFC  
SOHIGIAN, R. G., 2nd Lt.  
SPIERS, William A., Jr., PFC  
SULLIVAN, L. G., Jr., PFC  
TOBIN, Francis J., Corp.  
VALLEE, Frank, Jr., PFC

### MICHIGAN

BECKMANN, Robert G., PFC  
BLACKWELL, Urel T., PFC  
COOLEY, Harold R., PFC  
CZACHOWSKI, Chester S., PFC  
DORCEY, Albert D., PFC  
EMERY, Wallace B., PFC  
ERICSON, H. E., Jr., Pvt.  
FINNEY, James E., PFC  
FLECHSIG, Lester C., PFC  
FRIEDRICHSEN, E. J., PFC  
GARDNER, Jack R., PFC  
GOODERHAM, Eugene R., PFC  
GUSTAFSON, Guy, PFC  
HANCHERA, Lyle F., PFC  
HASS, Roy C., PFC  
HAYES, Richard A., PFC  
HIGGINS, Cladius A., PFC  
KRIZANIC, Albert, PFC  
LANGOLF, Harold F., PFC  
LEMANSKI, Joseph F., Corp.  
LOONEY, Gordon E., PFC  
LUEDTKE, Edward T., PFC  
MC CONNELL, Russel S., PFC  
MCWHIRTER, Robert D., PFC  
MITCHELL, Charles R., Corp.  
MITCH, Jasen, PFC  
MOHACSI, Otto G., Sgt.  
MORSE, Frederick C., PFC  
MURRAY, Wilford J., PFC  
MYER, Dudley A., PFC  
NETZLAFF, Curtis H., Pvt.  
NEWBERRY, Adrian F., PFC  
NEWTON, Carl A., PFC  
PEARL, Corwin, PFC  
PETOSKEY, Burdett W., PFC  
POIRIER, Earl H., Corp.  
POWERS, Richard, PFC  
PRUDEN, Raymond C., PFC  
RASMUSSEN, John L., PFC  
RESER, Harry A., PFC  
RILEY, Robert D., Pvt.  
ROBERTS, Frederick T., WO  
ROBERTSON, Leonard J., PFC  
ROCKWOOD, Charles R., Sgt.  
SCHEFFER, Francis S., Sgt.  
SCHROEDER, Edward, Jr., PFC  
SCHULTZ, Kenneth A., PFC  
SELBY, Robert B., PFC  
SINCLAIR, Donald R., PFC  
SMITH, Leo P., PFC  
THOMPSON, George E., PFC  
TIPTON, Robert E., PFC  
TOBEY, Ronald D., PFC  
TURKAL, George F., Sgt.  
TYLER, Kenneth F., Corp.  
VAN DORSTEN, Roy A., PFC  
VOELKER, Robert A., PFC  
VITTORI, Harry A., PFC  
WALASZEK, Frank J., Sgt.  
WALKER, Earl B., PFC  
WASHBORNE, James E., PFC

### MINNESOTA

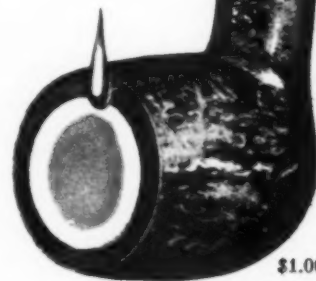
ABRAHAMSON, Gerald T., PFC  
BERG, Leslie H., Corp.  
BERRY, Herbert C., Corp.  
BORECKI, Peter, Corp.  
CAMERON, John A., 2nd Lt.  
COUGHLIN, Francis J., PFC  
IELDS, Freddie L., PFC  
HOWE, John W., PFC  
KATH, Lloyd E., Corp.  
KEMEN, Walter L., PFC  
LAPORTE, Nelson J., 1st Sgt.  
LEE, Curtis J., PFC  
LOPICKA, Peter, PFC  
LOVE, Leslie R., GySgt.  
LUNDQUIST, Howard W., Sgt.  
MARHAUG, James A., PFC  
McCULLOUGH, D. O., PISgt.  
NELSON, Vernon K., PFC  
O'NEILL, John T., PFC  
RADI, Donald E., PFC  
RALLS, William R., Sgt.  
REVAK, Merton C., PFC  
RINGHEIM, Marvin L., PFC  
SHOCK, John S., 2nd Lt.  
SOLPER, John C., Corp.  
STILES, Stuart D., PFC  
TRIGG, Kenneth D., PFC  
WARD, Richard G., PFC  
WEINKE, Dale H., PFC  
WILSON, Richard R., PFC

### MISSISSIPPI

ADAMS, William C., Corp.  
BOLIS, Henry R., GySgt.  
COCHRAN, James V., PFC  
DODD, William P., GySgt.  
GARRISON, H. E., Jr., PFC  
GREENE, Ellis N., PISgt.  
GUEST, Howard E., PFC  
GUIN, Charles L., PFC  
MCCLAIN, Johnnie H., Corp.  
MOORE, Ralph E., Jr., Corp.  
MULLINS, Harry E., Jr., PFC  
MURRY, Harold T., PFC

# YELLO-BOLE

REAL HONEY



\$1.00

STANDARD  
"Billiard" Shape

## the honey-cured smoke

There's real honey in the yellow bowl of a Yello-Bole Pipe! When you smoke it, you'll be pleasantly surprised at how unusually mild and fragrant it tastes. "No breaking-in?" you'll ask. None whatever! The honey keeps curing the pipe-bowl, as you smoke, so your Yello-Bole is always mild, agreeable and fragrant. We are doing our utmost to see that you men on every fighting front and ship, men who are in the service, and want Yello-Boles, are getting them first.



YELLO-BOLE STANDARD \$1

YELLO-BOLE IMPERIAL \$1.50

YELLO-BOLE PREMIER \$2.50

A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE  
AND WHEN YOU COME HOME



## Casualties (cont.)

### MISSOURI

BENNETT, Vance E., PFC  
CHANCEY, Leslie E., PFC  
DUNHAM, Donald A., Jr., PFC  
DUVALL, Deane, Corp.  
ESKRA, Ladislav L., Corp.  
GOODSON, Jack N., Sgt.  
GRIMES, Samuel K., Jr., PFC  
GROSCH, Richard T., Corp.  
HARPER, Victory C., Pvt.  
JANSEN, Robert W., PFC  
KELLY, Artie D., Corp.  
McGRAW, Gerald W., PFC  
McKAY, Ray E., PFC  
McKELVEY, Renwick R., PFC  
MINNER, Robert V., PFC  
MONAGHAN, Walter L., PFC  
NUSS, William E. W., PFC  
OBERHAUS, Herman J., PFC  
OGOLIN, Irwin, Sgt.  
OLSEN, Kenneth C., PFC  
O'REILLY, Ray C., PFC  
PARIS, Herbert J., Jr., PFC  
PAYNE, Oren B., Sgt.  
PISANI, Eugene T., PFC  
QUISENBERRY, R. H., PFC  
ROBERTSON, Roy L., PFC  
SAILORS, George W., PFC  
STEVENSON, J. W., Corp.  
SUSKEY, William A., PFC  
WALKLEY, Edwin, PFC  
WARZYCKI, Joseph S., PFC  
WOODSON, Donald O., PFC  
YOUNG, William E., Corp.

### MONTANA

AUGE, Joseph A., Corp.  
FINNEGAN, William P., PFC  
PETERSEN, Dean R., PFC

### NEBRASKA

LARGENT, Harold V., PFC  
LEWIS, Alvin G., PFC  
RODGER, Paul H., Corp.  
TEWS, Edward E., PISgt.  
TUDOR, Nelson C., PFC

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

BRALEY, Donald W., Corp.  
BRIDGE, Hudson E., Maj.  
DENMAN, W. L., Corp.  
DYER, Nelson J., PFC  
SOUICY, Albert J., PFC  
SQUIRES, A. C., Jr., PFC  
ZALESKI, Joseph J., PFC

### NEW JERSEY

BACCARO, David J., Pvt.  
BASS, Charles J., PFC  
BLAISE, George, Sgt.  
BOWES, Joseph E., PFC  
CARDINALE, N. J., PFC  
DELCIOPO, Anthony, PFC  
GALLAGHER, C. R., PFC  
GRABOWSKI, Leonard A., PFC  
GRANT, Edward T., PFC  
HAEFNER, Richard W., PFC  
HEARNE, Paul V., PFC  
HENZI, Peter H., Gysgt.  
KAISER, Joseph W., PFC  
KALINOWSKI, M. S., PFC  
LAGGREN, James W., 2nd Lt.  
LEGG, Joseph H., Corp.  
LEVINE, William H., PFC  
LEWANDOWSKI, W. M., Sgt.  
LOMBARDI, Dominick N., PFC  
MACEWAN, John A., Jr., PFC  
MANZI, Vincent J., PFC  
McNAMARA, Joseph E., PFC  
MERISCH, Warren F., PFC  
MILLER, Peter N., Corp.  
MIZE, Winston M., PFC  
MUIR, Thomas J., Corp.  
MULLIGAN, P. W., Jr., PFC  
NILSSON, John G. L., Corp.  
NYEGAARD, Harry W., PFC  
PATTEN, Albert N., PFC  
PISANO, Nicholas R., Corp.  
POLE, Albert E., PFC  
PONZA, Carmen, PFC  
RINKER, Carl W., PFC  
ROMANO, Gregory F., PFC  
RUGGIERO, Ferdinand G., PFC  
SHOWERS, Orville H., PFC  
SLOCKBOWER, Thomas J., Pvt.  
SOMERVILLE, Russell W., Corp.  
STARR, Elman, PFC  
THOMPSON, William R., PFC  
TYNE, John J., Corp.  
WASIEL, William J., Sgt.  
WILLIAMS, Howard C., PFC  
WOODS, Robert C., Jr., PFC  
WYKER, Merlin H., Corp.

### NEW MEXICO

GALLEGOS, Bufino E. A., PFC  
LUCERO, Jose R., PFC  
MONTANO, Leo J., PFC  
ROMERO, James M., PFC  
TENORIO, Sam, Pvt.

### NEW YORK

ADAMS, John A., PFC  
ANDREWS, C. A., Corp.  
ASSELIN, Norman A., PFC  
BAKER, Gerald E., 1st Lt.  
BIRD, Charles F., Corp.  
BOWEN, William A., PFC  
BRODNICKI, Richard J., PFC  
BULNES, S. E., Jr., Corp.  
CELLUCCI, Carmine, PFC  
CERZA, Louis J., PFC  
CICCONE, John A., PFC  
COLINO, Louis A., PFC  
COLLINS, R. L., Jr., Sgt.  
COWAN, John W., PFC  
CUNNINGHAM, John P., PFC  
DAY, Vernon E., Corp.  
DeCASTRO, Stanley F., PFC  
DILLOW, Ross, PFC

### NEW YORK (cont.)

DOMANN, Carl P., Corp.  
DOUGAN, Charles R., Corp.  
DOWNNEY, Edward J., Jr., PFC  
DURAWA, Thaddeus J., Corp.  
EADIE, Eugene H., PFC  
EISENMAN, Abraham Z., PFC  
ENRIGHT, Lawrence T., PFC  
EVERHARDT, Walter E., Corp.  
FLYNN, Dennis F., Corp.  
FOLEY, J. A., Jr., 1st Lt.  
FREEMAN, Russell L., Pvt.  
GARDNER, Frederick F., PFC  
GARDNER, Nial I., PFC  
GATTO, Joseph D., PISgt.  
GORDON, George J., PISgt.  
GRUBER, Raymond V., PFC  
HANSON, Harold W., Pvt.  
HARDING, Warren J., PISgt.  
HARDING, William M., Corp.  
HARTE, Kevin F., PFC  
HAYES, Thomas F., PFC  
HELMON, Robert L., PFC  
HOENINGS, Bernard J., PFC  
HORSTMANN, H. D., Jr., PFC  
IWANSKI, Joseph J., Corp.  
JAMOLKOWSKI, F. T., PFC  
KANE, George J., Gysgt.  
KEMP, Merton R., Jr., PFC  
KONKOLOSKI, T. P., Jr., PFC  
LANSLEY, Robert E., Corp.  
LAROE, Mark K., Jr., Sgt.  
LAWRENCE, C. E., Jr., PFC  
LIVINGSTON, W. F., III, 2nd Lt.  
LOCONTO, Phillip J., PFC  
MacGUIRE, John D., 2nd Lt.  
MAKOHON, Victor F., PFC  
MARESCO, Ernest, PFC  
MARINE, James J., PFC  
MASSARO, Anthony M., PFC  
MASTELLI, Adolph, PFC  
MATTHEWS, C., Corp.  
McCARTHY, Edward, PFC  
McCORMICK, James B., PFC  
McEVILLY, M. J., Jr., Corp.  
McGUINNESS, C. J., PFC  
McTIERNAN, Girard J., Corp.  
MILLER, Charles G., PFC  
MISCHO, Robert J., Sgt.  
MORANO, Lawrence J., PFC  
MOREHOUSE, Kenneth G., PFC  
MYERS, Thomas W., PFC  
NASYPANY, Michael, Corp.  
NESTOR, James F., PFC  
OUDERKIRK, H. W., Jr., PFC  
PANARO, James M., Corp.  
PAPPALARDO, Samuel, Corp.  
PECKAY, Frank R., PFC  
PETRI, Liberty, PFC  
PHILLIPS, George J., Corp.  
RAUB, Charles H., Jr., Sgt.  
RITZ, Peter, Jr., PFC  
RIVARA, Aldo J., Corp.  
RUIZ, Joseph A., Jr., Pvt.  
RYLOTT, Bruce A., Corp.  
ST. JOHN, Edward V., PFC  
SAVILLE, Irwin G., Sgt.  
SEALS, Leroy, PFC  
SEMBER, Michael, PFC  
SIEGEL, Murray R., PFC  
SPELLICY, Thomas A., Corp.  
STARTARI, Bruno J., PFC  
STAVERS, Stephen, Capt.  
STUART, John H., PFC  
STUBE, Sherman D., Corp.  
THOMPSON, Paul L., PFC  
VALEK, William J., PFC  
VALENTINO, Joseph R., PFC  
VANT, William F., PFC  
VETTORI, Alexander, PFC  
VONCANNON, W. P., PISgt.  
WALTER, George R., Jr., PFC  
WANAMAKER, Rodman, PFC  
WARD, Albert G., SSgt.  
WEVERS, Thomas H., PFC  
WILDER, Emil G., Corp.  
WOLBERT, E. H., Jr., Sgt.  
WOMACK, Hewett H., PFC  
YEAPLE, James C., PFC

### NORTH CAROLINA

BAREFOOT, Edward D., PFC  
BARNETTE, Campbell M., PFC  
DAVIS, Fred, Jr., PFC  
FAIRINGTON, Russell R., PFC  
GREEN, Ralph J., Sgt.  
GREGG, E. B., III, 1st Lt.  
HANEY, Jack, Pvt.  
IJAMES, Norris G., PFC  
KING, John B., PFC  
LAVENDER, Arthur L., PFC  
LEARY, J. S., Jr., 1st Lt.  
LEONARD, Billy C., PFC  
LEWIS, David V., Corp.  
MARTIN, L. J., PFC  
MOORE, James C., Jr., Sgt.  
PEARSON, Elbert A., PFC  
PERRY, Charles R., Sgt.  
REDDECK, Carl C., Jr., PFC  
RULE, James W., Pvt.  
STEELE, William R., Jr., PFC  
TART, William F., PFC

### NORTH DAKOTA

MORRIS, Joseph P., PFC  
MURPHY, Darrell G., PFC  
RAVNAAS, George, PFC  
CAREY, Bernard J., PFC

### OHIO

ALLEN, John R., 2nd Lt.  
ANDREWS, Charles W., PFC  
AUGUSTYNOVICH, A. W., Sgt.  
BOOTH, James C., PFC  
BRADY, John J., Corp.  
BRESLIN, Robert L., PFC  
BURNS, James T., PFC  
CAPES, Paul J., Corp.  
CARTER, Clarence, Jr., Pvt.  
CHALMERS, Kenneth E., PFC  
CLINESMITH, Lloyd W., PFC  
COJOCAR, George, PFC  
CULP, Mahlon G., Corp.  
FELLER, Frank J., PFC

# cool shaves

Right on the job  
Fighting Facial Fires!



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving  
while it's wilting your wiry whiskers!

**ATTENSHUN!**—you men with flaming faces! Why shave with creams that neither refresh nor comfort? Be smart and play safe—switch to Ingram's Shaving Cream. For Ingram's is a cream you can count on for speedy action and cool, cool shaves!

Just blanket your chin under that creamy Ingram's lather and shaving woe gets the works! Every second that Ingram's lather is at work helping to wilt your

whiskers, it keeps soothing, freshening, comforting your face. And all the while, Ingram's helps condition same for smooth shaving.

Time marches on—and that cool, fresh, smooth feeling lingers on. And, Ingram's shaves really do something for that good-looking pan of yours. So next time you're over at

the Post Exchange or near a drug store—call for Ingram's. In tube or jar—either way it rates a salute.



IN JAR OR TUBE

**INGRAM'S**  
SHAVING CREAM



Product of Bristol-Myers

TURN PAGE



## In a Reverie at Reveille— but Awake about his Smile!

For a smile that wows the women, care for your gums as well as your teeth—with Ipana and massage!

THE Rookie can't keep his thoughts on camp life. Nighttime, he dreams of weekend passes and beautiful brunettes. Daytime he sets a new style in uniforms—marches backward instead of forward—zigs instead of zags.

But is he a military moron? Could be. Yet he's as wise as any brass hat about caring for his smile. He knows that gums, as well as teeth, need daily care.

Raw Recruit or Old-Timer, that's something worth knowing. For today, the soft, well-cooked foods a fellow eats—and likes—rob gums of necessary exercise, often leave them weak and sensitive. So help your gums to firmer health with what many dentists call "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Ipana and massage help lead the parade to firmer gums—more sparkling teeth—and a smile that ranks tops, everywhere. At any drug store or PX.

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

# IPANA



## AND MASSAGE

FRIHAUF, Michael A., Sgt.  
GLENN, Andrew D., 1st Lt.  
GRIBBEN, William E., PFC  
GROTE, Harry E., Sgt.  
HOLT, Wilbur M., PFC  
JENNER, Robert E., Corp.  
KAUFMANN, Robert H., PFC  
KELLY, Richard B., 1st Lt.  
KILDOW, Walter S., PFC  
KONETSKO, Stanley, Corp.  
KRAUSER, Paul P., Jr., PFC  
KREJCI, Edward R., PFC  
LESZCZYNSKI, M. R., PFC  
LIPINSKI, Leon S., PFC  
LYANAK, Stephen J., PFC  
LYBARGER, George W., PFC  
LYONS, Theodore V., PFC  
MANNING, Thomas J., PFC  
MASHCOFF, Ralph E., PFC  
MASON, Leonard F., PFC  
MCGORRAY, James W., PFC  
MENDRZYCKI, N. C., Sgt.  
METZ, Joe V., Fldt.  
MOORE, Eugene L., PFC  
MULLANEY, Robert J., PFC  
NIESE, Robert S., PFC  
PATTERSON, Donald R., PFC  
POPOCZY, Eugene G., PFC  
SAGER, Earl R., Sgt.  
SCHOEPLIN, Robert H., PFC  
SCHROEDER, William J., PFC  
SCHROER, George J., PFC  
SELAGE, S. A., Jr., PFC  
SEMENYOK, Alfred C., PFC  
SHEETS, Jack B., PFC  
SIMONCIC, John, Jr., PFC  
SNOW, Robert H., Corp.  
SPARKS, William G., PFC  
STANEK, Chester J., PFC  
STAUGLER, Walter J., PFC  
STECIOW, Joseph, PFC  
STODDARD, H. W., Jr., PFC  
STUMPF, Elmer A., Jr., PFC  
SULICK, Metro, Corp.  
THACKER, Miles K., Corp.  
VANASKEY, Andrew, PFC  
VEON, Eugene H., PFC  
VERDERBER, Robert T., PFC  
WALTER, Howard R., PFC  
WANICK, John F., Sgt.  
WELDON, Perry, Jr., Pvt.  
WILMOTT, William R., Sgt.  
ZAHNER, William R., Pvt.  
ZUROB, Toufy, Pvt.

### OKLAHOMA

BLAIR, Earl P., Corp.  
BRAY, Buel W., Corp.  
EDWARDS, Estell E., Sgt.  
GILLASPY, L. L., Jr., PFC  
HARRIS, Marion R., Corp.  
RAGLE, William A., PFC  
ROUK, Louis C., PFC  
SAWYER, Joel W., FMCorp.

### OREGON

ANDERSON, Gustav A., PFC  
CARTER, Earl J., PFC  
CHEYNE, Rollo B., Corp.  
EZELL, George A., PFC  
HARMON, Sherman M., Corp.  
LEONARD, Julian E., 1st Lt.  
MARPLE, C. R., Jr., Corp.  
MEYER, Harold H., Corp.  
NEMEYER, Jack M., Sgt.  
NYE, John H., PFC  
PARR, Clarence W., PFC  
WHIPPS, Nelson, PFC  
WHITE, Joseph L., PFC  
WOLFE, Glenn L., PFC  
WOODWARD, Robert N., Sgt.  
YOUNG, Martin W., PFC

### PENNSYLVANIA

ANGELUCCI, David, PFC  
ARCHACKI, Joseph S., PFC  
ARMSTRONG, Clarence D., PFC  
BARBOSA, Edward, PFC  
BARCOVIC, Joe A., PFC  
BIERMAN, Glen R., Pvt.  
BITTENBENDER, E. R., Corp.  
BRUCE, Minor H., PFC  
BUFALINI, Anthony E., PFC  
BULBAK, John, PFC  
BUTKIEWICZ, Henry J., PFC  
CARUSO, Innocenzo, PFC  
CEDRONE, Vincent A., PFC  
COLLINS, Alvin E., PFC  
COPE, Llewellyn R., Corp.  
COURTNEY, Paul D., 2nd Lt.  
CRAIG, Charles C., PFC  
DIBIASI, Vito N., PFC  
DORMAN, Douglas V., PFC  
DUNN, James B., Corp.  
DURANDETTO, C. G., PFC  
FETSCO, Harry, Sgt.  
FLEMING, W. R., 2nd Lt.  
GALLACHER, Edward J., PFC  
GILMORE, Raymond J., PFC  
GLASS, Alfred F., Corp.  
GODOMSKI, John, PFC  
GRABOWSKI, Anthony D., PFC  
GREENE, Robert J., PFC  
GROSS, Roy E., PFC  
HARVEY, Donald E., PFC  
HEMING, Robert L., PFC  
HESSE, Harry L., Corp.  
HYLAND, John W., PFC  
IBINSON, Thomas J., PFC  
JOBE, Paul A., Jr., PFC  
JONES, Donald, PFC  
KASPER, William J., PFC  
KAZARICK, Edward, Corp.  
KELLY, Earl F., PFC  
KORDALSKI, Joseph, PFC  
KREPPS, John F., PFC  
LATKOVICH, Joann R., PFC  
LAZORE, John E., Pvt.  
LEESE, Robert D., PFC  
LEFLAR, Samuel J., Jr., PFC  
LEWIN, Dale T., Corp.  
LINDENBERG, Earl A., PFC  
LLOYD, Edward T., PFC  
LUCKENBILL, R. E., Jr., PFC  
LURWICK, Donald, PFC  
MAHESKI, Stanley A., Sgt.  
MALOK, Julius A., Sgt.

### PENNSYLVANIA (cont.)

MARGOLIS, Israel, MGySgt.  
MEACCI, Eugene P., Corp.  
MEIENRIC, Joseph J., PFC  
MICCO, Anthony J., PFC  
MIDOCK, Joseph, PFC  
MILLER, Mark, Corp.  
MUCIO, Ronald V., PFC  
MULHERN, William F., PFC  
MUVINSKI, Joseph H., Sgt.  
MYERS, Russell C., PFC  
NELSON, William J., PFC  
OLIVER, James J., PFC  
OLIVERIO, Joseph J., PFC  
OWENS, William B., PFC  
PALENCAR, Henry B., Pvt.  
PARKS, Sterling H., PFC  
PAULISINECZ, Michael, PFC  
PAYNE, Ellsworth E., PFC  
PENNYL, Alvin A., PFC  
PHILLIPS, Paul A., PFC  
PINKUS, Augustus E., PFC  
REANEY, Thomas J., Pvt.  
REDDINGER, Quentin L., PFC  
REGAN, Cornelius F., PFC  
REIBER, Paul E., PFC  
RENNETT, Lawrence A., PFC  
ROONEY, Thomas J., PFC  
ROTH, Marshall H., Corp.  
SABOCHICK, Michael J., PFC  
SANTONI, Adam, PFC  
SARGENT, Arthur W., PFC  
SCHWARZENAU, Carl, Corp.  
SEADER, Charles E., PFC  
SIMMERS, Charles I., PFC  
SISAK, Anthony W., PFC  
SKINNER, Harold H., PFC  
SMITH, Edward J., Jr., PFC  
SMITH, John L., Jr., PFC  
STABLEY, Harry L., PFC  
SZABLEWSKI, Stanley, PFC  
TAYLOR, J. E., Jr., 1st Lt.  
TIPTON, Elshu, Sgt.  
WALLINGTON, L. E., Sgt.  
WIKKE, John C., 1st Lt.  
WOOSLEY, George R., PFC  
YAGLA, Henry, Corp.  
YANNOTTI, Felix P., PFC

### RHODE ISLAND

DUGGAN, Daniel J., PFC  
REAGAN, E. E., Jr., SSgt.

### SOUTH CAROLINA

ANTHONY, Henry G., Pvt.  
BROOME, T. E., Jr., Corp.  
COBB, Benjamin M., PFC  
FORD, Vincent A., 1st Lt.  
FREEMAN, Willie B., Jr., PFC  
HANCOCK, Joseph A., PFC  
KIMBRELLI, John R., PFC  
KOON, James E., GySgt.  
MARTIN, Joseph H., PFC  
MONTGOMERY, John W., Corp.  
MOORE, Samuel C., Corp.  
NICHOLSON, Andrew P., PFC  
POWERS, Ray S., PFC  
STOKES, Jessie E., PFC

### SOUTH DAKOTA

HILL, Floyd L., Pvt.  
INSLEY, Vere C., PFC  
KLOPP, Deloss I., PFC  
MUTCHLER, Raymond H., PFC  
RAYNES, J. W., Jr., 1st Lt.  
SALZMANN, Julius A., PFC

### TENNESSEE

AMAR, Michael Elias, Corp.  
BROWNING, Joe W., Corp.  
CLAMON, Charles W., Pvt.  
COTHMAN, James R., PFC  
DONALDSON, Fred W., PFC  
DOYLE, William, Pvt.  
FANCHER, Grew A., PFC  
FAULLIN, Ishmael, PFC  
FINNEY, James A., Corp.  
FITTS, Kenneth M., Corp.  
FLEENOR, Herbert W., PFC  
HANES, Paul R., Sgt.  
HARDCASTLE, John T., PFC  
KNITTLE, Frederick C., PFC  
LITTON, Aubrey A., PFC  
MERRITT, Elmer A., PFC  
MILLER, John H., Jr., PFC  
MINYARD, Charles N., PFC  
MOORE, William C., PFC  
PARSONS, Robert L., Sgt.  
PATRICK, Carl E., PFC  
SALLEE, Gilbert W., Pvt.  
SCOTT, John M., PFC  
STOVALL, James L., PFC  
SWETLAND, Frank S., Sgt.  
VAUGHN, Chester R., PFC  
WATSON, Glenn A., PFC  
WHITE, Robert E., Corp.

### TEXAS

ADAMS, Waldo B., Sgt.  
ANDERSON, Buel E., Ack.  
ANDERSON, Elman A., Sgt.  
ARABIE, Joseph W., PFC  
BAILEY, James A., PFC  
BARRINGER, John L., PFC  
BARTLETT, Donald A., PFC  
BELKNAP, George M., Corp.  
BROCK, Harold P., PFC  
BROOKS, Hector H., PFC  
BUCKNER, Ray H., Corp.  
BUSS, John W., 1st Lt.  
CARDENAS, Francisco V., PFC  
CASTLE, William R., PFC  
COLESON, William F., PFC  
CORNWELL, Billy W., PFC  
CULWELL, Ralph B., PFC  
DILL, Wayne L., PFC  
DOSS, John M., PFC  
EDWARDS, William F., PFC  
ENGLISH, Carol R., Sgt.  
EVANS, Carl R., PFC  
FERGUSON, Wayne J., PFC  
GIBSON, Thomas E., PFC



## Casualties (cont.)

### TEXAS (cont.)

HAGGARD, James J., PFC  
HARDIN, Herbert A., Sgt.  
HENDERSON, James A., PFC  
HJORTSBERG, Albert J., PFC  
KING, B. H., PFC  
KIRSTEN, Richard A., PFC  
LAIRD, Billy V., Pvt.  
LEAL, Quirino, PFC  
LEE, Cecil L., Sgt.  
LOONEY, Major R., Corp.  
LOPER, Gerald W., Sgt.  
MACHYCEK, Anton V., Corp.  
MACON, Lee R. C., Pvt.  
MARKS, Marvin L., PFC  
MAY, Johnny L., Corp.  
McCRACKEN, Bobby G., PISgt.  
McCRORY, Ralph N., PFC  
McGLATHERY, Ray M., PFC  
McKAY, James M., PFC  
MOORE, J. S., PFC  
NEWMAN, Walter O., PFC  
PARKER, John H., PFC  
PARR, Horace W., Corp.  
PEELER, Thomas W., Jr., Sgt.  
PHILLIPS, Basil W., PFC  
POOLEY, Paul, Sgt.  
PRATT, Frank E., Pvt.  
RAMSEY, James H., PFC  
REEVES, John S., PFC  
RINGGOLD, Charles F., PFC  
RIPPLE, Kenneth W., PFC  
ROGERS, Donald C., PFC  
ROWLAND, William D., PFC  
SCALF, Walter C., PFC  
STELGES, Terence, Sgt.  
THORNDYKE, Tom J., PFC  
SHEPARD, Leon A., PFC  
SELLERS, Henry C., Sgt.  
TRAWECK, Emmett A., Corp.  
TUCKER, Joseph W., Sgt.  
VALLEGO, Juan G., Corp.  
VERVALIN, Richard E., Sgt.  
WALKER, Cecil E., PFC  
WHITE, Chauncy T., PFC  
WOODS, Benjamin F., Sgt.  
WRIGHT, Orville E., PFC

### UTAH

CHRISTENSEN, Daniel L., PFC  
GORBALL, George W., Sgt.  
GOWANS, Thomas E., Sgt.  
GROVES, Richard A., PFC  
HOLDEN, John W., Pvt.  
LARSEN, True W., PFC  
RASMUSSEN, L. V., Corp.  
WALLIS, Robert C., PFC  
WEBB, Gerald D., Pvt.  
WHITE, Nicholas A., PFC  
WILSON, Ray, PFC

### VERMONT

FWOHLER, Harvey K., PFC  
SHABAN, Alfred F., PFC

### VIRGINIA

ALIFF, Melvin P., Sgt.  
ANDERSON, Roy W., PFC  
BROWN, Jack S., Corp.  
CURRY, George P., Corp.  
DOVEL, Thomas H., PFC  
HENDERSON, C. T., Jr., Corp.  
JUSTICE, William R., Corp.  
MARTIN, Floyd W., PFC  
MURRAY, Arthur G., PFC  
NELMS, Thomas E., Pvt.  
SEALOCK, John L., PFC  
WEBB, Fred S., PFC  
WHITE, B. F., Jr., PFC

### WASHINGTON

BERT, G. D., Jr., 2nd Lt.  
BLANKENSHIP, N. H., PFC  
BRIDGHAM, K. E., Corp.  
CATTION, James D., Corp.  
GAUMOND, Albert E., Sgt.  
GRIGSBY, Thomas F., PFC  
HALL, John E., PFC  
HANSEN, Chester S., PFC  
HOLMES, Beryl A., PFC  
KIRKWOOD, John D., Sgt.  
LARSEN, Cecil E., PFC  
MARSHALL, Larry, Sgt.  
MINEARD, Kenneth, PFC  
MORGAN, Jack W., PFC  
NIELSEN, Walter E., PFC  
OGLE, Eugene V., Corp.  
O'MEARA, Thomas R., PFC  
OWEN, John H., PISgt.  
PELTO, William A., PFC  
RAGAN, Forrest E., PFC  
REEDHEAD, C. J., Corp.  
REYMORE, George W., PFC  
SETH, Joseph E., Sgt.  
STEPHENSON, C. B., PISgt.  
STEVENS, James F., PFC  
TIMBOE, Allen L., Sgt.  
WALTON, Donovan E., PFC  
WESTLAKE, William C., PFC  
WILLETT, Robert L., PFC

### WEST VIRGINIA

ADAMS, Glenn G., PFC  
BARBER, John J., PFC  
BOBST, Elmer T., PFC  
CARSON, Hayward L., PFC  
GARRETT, Woodrow T., Corp.  
HASSIG, Donald A., Pvt.  
JANES, Guy W., PFC  
LIVELY, Erskine L., PFC  
LONG, Cleon W., PFC  
MARTIN, Melvin F., PFC  
MIDKIFF, Roy, Corp.  
MILLER, Curtis M., Sgt.  
MONORCHIO, Tony F., Corp.  
MUNDELL, Edward C., Pvt.  
NUZUM, James M., PFC  
REGAN, Martin A., PFC  
RICE, George H., PFC  
ROBINETTE, William W., Corp.  
SETTLES, Roy B., PFC  
SOTIRAKIS, Pete, PFC  
SURBAUGH, Jesse R., Pvt.  
WILDMAN, Blair N., PFC

## WISCONSIN

BARTOW, Frank A., PFC  
BIRK, Robert H., PFC  
BLOCK, John H., PFC  
BONNIN, Warren C., Corp.  
BOWEN, Llewellyn N., Pvt.  
CZARNOTA, Leon J., PFC  
DALHAIMER, John F., PFC  
DUNSIRN, Louis F., Corp.  
ERICKSON, Raymond K., PFC  
FELIX, Darrell C., PFC  
FLEISNER, Edward P., Corp.  
GRONAU, Glenn K., Corp.  
HEINEN, Ira E., PFC  
HESSE, Leroy F., PFC  
KEOUGH, Stanley G., PFC  
MILLER, Howard E., Sgt.  
MILLER, Merrill L., PFC  
MURPHY, James R., PFC  
NEE, John R., Corp.  
ORIBILETTI, Bruno, PFC  
PETERSEN, Lyle Q., Capt.  
PETERSON, Raymond A., PFC  
ROSINSKI, Raymond I., PFC  
ROTH, Robert A., Corp.  
SABATINELLI, Frank, PFC  
STEWART, Gerald H., PFC  
WABEGAY, Alvin S., Corp.  
ZOELLNER, Howard E., PFC

### WYOMING

BALL, Ray T., PFC  
VINSON, Raymond E., PISgt

### ALASKA

JOHNSTONE, Robert B., PFC

### MISSING

### ALABAMA

HILL, William A., WO

### ARIZONA

BOOZER, Edward L., Corp.  
JOHNSON, George R., Corp.

### ARKANSAS

BAKER, H. V., Jr., 2nd Lt.  
BRADEN, J. L., Jr., 1st Lt.

### CALIFORNIA

ABRAHAM, Edwin A., PFC  
BOWEN, Merton A., PFC  
FOWLER, Charles R., PFC  
MANNING, Robert G., PFC  
RUSSELL, Jack L., PFC  
SCINTO, Rodney J., PFC  
WEBB, James H., SSgt.

### COLORADO

LePENSKE, Donald J., PFC  
LUGAR, Truman L., Pvt.

### DELAWARE

SANDERS, George L., PFC

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

BROWN, William E., Pvt.  
MURPHY, R. J., Jr., TSgt.

### FLORIDA

BARNES, Lewis E., Pvt.  
TUCKER, Ancel B., PFC

### GEORGIA

POLE, Russell E., Sgt.  
RICE, Amedy L., PFC

### IDAHO

BATES, M. V., Jr., Corp.

### ILLINOIS

GOETTLER, Albert O., PFC  
HAYES, H. W., Jr., PFC  
INGELS, C. L., 1st Lt.  
KLINGER, L. G., Corp.  
LATRONICO, Joseph, PFC  
LUPO, Casimir, J., PFC  
PHEMISTER, Edward E., PFC  
ROLETTE, Allen E., PFC  
SHIMKUS, Albert, PFC  
WISE, Robert E., MTSgt.

### INDIANA

NAUE, Earl C. W., PFC

### IOWA

McFARLAND, Elmer B., PFC  
WEAVER, Max L., PFC

### KANSAS

GRIFFITH, Delbert H., Pvt.  
ROBINSON, Max K., 1st Lt.  
TORREZ, Atodocia T., PFC

### KENTUCKY

MITCHELL, William E., PFC

### LOUISIANA

FINLAY, Evert L., Corp.  
FORD, Charles W., Pvt.  
SCHWEITZER, Frank A., PFC

### MAINE

HUGHES, John D., SSgt.  
MARTENS, Meredith J., PFC



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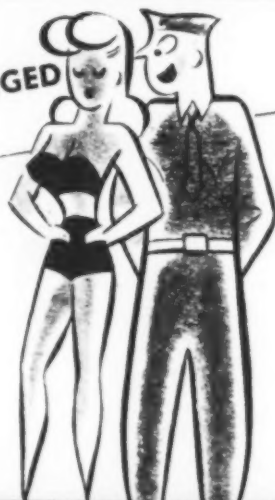
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### MICHIGAN

MARTENS, Meredith J., PFC  
McTAGGART, Claude F., Corp.

### MINNESOTA

PATET, A., Jr., 2nd Lt.

### MISSISSIPPI

McDONALD, James V., PFC  
SUMRALI, Harrell B., Corp.

### MISSOURI

McBAIN, Marvin, PFC

### MONTANA

MALSBURY, Kenneth E., PFC

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

FURBUSH, Hollis C., 2nd Lt.  
STARK, Stanley G., Sgt.

### NEW JERSEY

DOUGHERTY, David L., PFC  
KOSTIC, George, PFC  
MARCHESE, Arthur J., Corp.  
NULTY, Robert T., PFC  
REY, Joseph F., PFC

### NEW MEXICO

BETENBOUGH, D. J., Pvt.

### NEW YORK

ALBERT, Charles E., PFC  
BELLANCA, D. F., 1st Lt.  
KINNICK, B. G., 1st Lt.  
LANDOWSKI, Walter, PFC  
MISCHO, Bernard R., PFC  
MOSTER, Elmer J., PFC  
ROMAINE, William H., PFC  
ROONEY, William P., PFC  
THOMPSON, Robert G., PFC  
WIGGINS, Harold A., PFC

### NORTH DAKOTA

REICHERT, John R., 2nd Lt.

### OHIO

BERGSTROM, L. E., PFC  
DRAUS, Albin T., PFC  
GRAVES, R. R., 1st Lt.  
MATTHEWS, Gordon D., PFC  
MILLER, Charles E., PFC  
NOBLE, Ray, PFC  
SEBASTIAN, William S., PFC  
SIMERARO, Frank, PFC  
STOWE, Harold F., Sgt.

### PENNSYLVANIA

BLEWITT, George W., PFC  
HOESTETLER, John E., PFC  
KNIGHT, Laurie K., Corp.  
POSTAS, Louis J., Sgt.  
SHALLENBERGER, D. W., PFC  
SKACAN, Peter S., PFC

### TENNESSEE

HERRON, George T., PFC  
KELSO, James A., Corp.  
RAGSDALE, William R., Corp.

### TEXAS

COLWELL, Robert L., Pvt.  
CROSS, William F., Jr., Pvt.  
EVANS, Gus E., Pvt.  
GASKEY, J. W., PFC  
SINGLETON, William H., ACK.  
SMITH, Oliver W., PFC

### UTAH

TRUEBA, Frank, Pvt.

### WASHINGTON

LEWIS, Robert B., PFC

### WEST VIRGINIA

PLUMMER, Paul E., PFC

### WISCONSIN

HOYER, Bertram O., PFC  
OFTEDAHL, Willis O., PFC  
RITTENHOUSE, Robert, PFC

The casualties listed above  
bring the grand total reported  
to next of kin since Decem-  
ber 7, 1941, to 29,541, which  
breaks down by classification  
as follows:

Dead .....	8497
Wounded .....	18,180
Missing .....	921
Prisoner of War .....	1943
Total .....	29,541

END

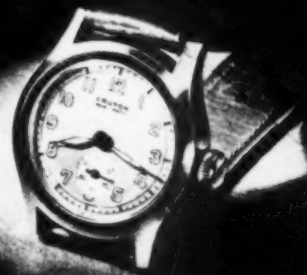
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# Hot Off the Press

★ ★ ★

From column in "Our Army":

"The title 'sergeant' goes back to the Latin 'servus'—to serve—or 'servant'. Years ago the term 'sergeant' was applied to tenants who were said to 'hold by sergentry' and who were men just above the status of serfs."

*They're still only three stripes above it.*



From dispatch in "Army Times":

"Commando Kelly went AWOL and drew a \$90 fine and three months' restriction to quarters for overstaying his furlough. The sentence he got is regarded as lenient. The usual punishment on an AWOL charge would be a \$15 deduction for six months plus confinement to quarters for 90 days."

*Or, maybe, 13 weeks' restriction plus \$10 deduction for nine months?*

★ ★ ★

From column, "You'd Better Know, Joe!" in "The Parris Island Boot":

"Few native women of the Pacific Islands look like Dorothy Lamour, but in any case don't make any passes at them."

*In that case, why bother?*



From an article, "The Girl Back Home", by Sgt. Joe McCarthy in YANK:

## THE HORRORS OF WAR DEPT.:

"Barbara almost had to ask a 37-year-old classmate of her oldest brother to take her to her junior prom last spring. Luckily, however, one of her own friends showed up in town on furlough from Camp Crowder and saved the day. She is wondering now what she is going to do about her senior-week festivities next June. Unless somebody else gets a furlough or comes home from overseas, the commencement dance she has dreamed about ever since she was a little girl is going to be a dreary disappointment."

★ ★ ★

From column, "Recruit Depot Record," in "The Parris Island Boot":

"Try a hike, in step with a friend or merely keeping abreast of him, for five miles, some sunny day, and maybe you'll have some idea of what a man needs, mentally, to make forced marches possible. Now, try it with 70 pounds of extra weight on your back, over your shoulder, around your waist."

*Thanks, but we sniper-candidates better just practice lying quietly in the shade.*

★ ★ ★

Headline quoted in "CBI Roundup", weekly of USAF in China, Burma and India:

## "THREE NAVAL VESSELS LAUNCHED IN EPIC EVENT"

*Epic or antiseptic?*



From a Central News Service dispatch:

## THE SACRIFICES OF WAR DEPT.:

"ITALY—T/Sgt. Henry Kablun, the only GI Eskimo in Italy, likes Army food okay, but he prefers the candles he used to eat back home in Alaska to K rations and spam. 'The only real good eating candle is one made from beef fat,' says Kablun. 'That's the greatest delicacy in the world except for seal blubber and the insides of a reindeer's stomach.'"

END

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# The Editor's Report

## A Christmas Message

**A** NAVY Chaplain often looks at things from a somewhat different point of view than might a fellow officer in the service. An architect looks at a church from the blueprint angle; a sculptor would see the same edifice from the artistic perspective; a musician's first thought would be acoustics. And so with a Chaplain—his viewpoint will not always coincide with the viewpoints of others.

In the series of successful operations in the Pacific theatre, the Commanding General thinks in terms of strategy and tactics; the Quartermaster is concerned with the problem of supply; the Medical Officer first turns his attention to sanitation. Each sees the same military operations from a different point of view. The Chaplain sees it from his vantage point—the religious. He sees each island stepping-stone as a new forward area for the worship of Almighty God, as a push whereby Divine Services can be conducted; as the breaking of infidel fetters imposed by a treacherous enemy upon God-loving people.

Under normal conditions, Christmastide is a period of joyous giving and of Christian praise to the Lord of Lords. This spirit of giving finds its foundation in the spirit of sacrifice. It is the spirit of wanting some one else to have more than they already possess. It is the spirit of sharing with others. It is the spirit of bringing joy to fellowmen without thought of personal reimbursement. This is the spirit of Christmas. This is the spirit which will pervade new religious fronts made possible by military operations. This is the spirit by which religion is indebted to men in the armed forces in every new front line. This is the

spirit of willing hands to sacrifice valuable hours of leisure in the construction of jungle chapels with hewn-log benches, frond roofing, terraced approaches, and "stained-glass" windows of painted oil silk.

I have often hoped that the service man of today is conscious of the fact that he is, in reality, the lay missionary without whom God's people cannot be ever conscious of God's presence. The service man of today is giving of his untiring energy during sparse and spare hours towards the very principle for which America was founded. His forebears sought this land as a haven for their religious convictions. He is carrying on as an example by bringing to others that which he inherited. Every converted barn, every modified hut, every constructed chapel gives testimony that he is keeping faith with his ancestors. He is prompted by a spirit of giving, by a spirit of unselfishness, by a spirit of sacrifice, by a spirit of Christmastime. Christmas then, will be truly Christmas in many European towns and cities, on countless Pacific islands and atolls because the man in service has seen to it that freedom of worship will be established by him as an American-loving man and Divine Worship will be conducted by the Chaplain for his God-fearing men.

As an NCO during Nicaraguan days, as a shipboard Chaplain during World War I, and as present Director of the Chaplains' Division, I express in the name of all Navy Chaplains, heartiest Christmas blessings. May the choicest blessings from on high overflow in unselfish hearts in our men in uniform. This is my Christmas message, my Christmas prayer.

CAPT. ROBERT D. WORKMAN, ChC, USN  
Director, Division of Chaplains, Navy Dept.



It's Merry Christmas on an island in the Pacific. A Chaplain conducts divine services for Marines

## BACK OF THE BOOK



### LOVELL

Sgt. Tom Lovell, who's responsible for this month's cover, finds it quite a change to be painting pictures of rugged Marines. As a free-lance

artist he spent the past seven years doing illustrations for such magazines as Cosmopolitan, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' Home Journal, and Good Housekeeping where the emphasis was on the "She" rather than the "He". A native of New York City, he attended Syracuse University where he was graduated from the College of Fine Arts in 1931. Previously he had worked as a deck hand on the Leviathan, on a road gang and on farms. Married and the father of a three-year-old son, Lovell calls Westport, Conn., home.



### DECKER

For 10 years before he joined the Marine Corps last April, PFC Duane Decker, who wrote "Future Fixers", appearing on page 35 of this issue,

earned his living as a free-lance fiction writer. His stories have appeared in Collier's, American Magazine, Redbook, Cosmopolitan, Liberty, This Week, Esquire and New Republic plus 30-odd lesser known publications. He also sold moving picture stories to three Hollywood studios and did a stretch of gag writing for the Vox Pop program. Decker began his writing career in his home town of Bridgeport, Conn., by doing reporting for the local newspaper. He is married and the father of one child.



### DAVIS

The day an edition of THE LEATHERNECK finally goes to press is a happy one in the life of Sgt. Tom W. Davis. His job of handling copy and typographic production for the magazine has plenty of last minute headaches. Before joining the Corps in 1943, Tom was on the editorial staff of the Hartford, Conn., Courant, and before that edited his own tabloid weekly in West Hartford. He also has worked on newspapers in Buffalo, Rochester, Schenectady, New York and Washington, and with the AP in Albany, N. Y. For a year he was city editor of the Albany Times-Union.

### Picture Credits

Sgt. L. Lowery, pp. 15-17, 38, 39.

US Navy, p. 34.

USMC, pp. 22, 23, 29, 40-43, 50-54, 68-69.



# Have a "Coke" = Merry Christmas



## *...adding refreshment to holiday cheer*

The spirit of good will rules the Christmas season. It's a time to get together with friends and family... a time when all we mean by home in its graciousness and friendliness is at its peak. In such an atmosphere Coca-Cola belongs, ice-cold and sparkling with life. There's a whole story of hospitality in the three words *Have a "Coke"*,—three words that

express a friendly spirit the whole year 'round. Yes, Coca-Cola and the pause that refreshes are everyday symbols of a way of living that takes friendliness for granted.

\* \* \*

*Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".*



**"Coke" = Coca-Cola**  
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviation. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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# Pin-up Girl

She's Jean Curran...  
she's vivid and vivacious  
... she's doing a swell  
war job in the Sperry  
Gyroscope Company  
plant... and she's an  
ardent Camel fan.

CAMELS  
ARE SO EASY ON  
MY THROAT... AND,  
OH! THAT FLAVOR!  
NO OTHER CIGARETTE  
TASTES AS GOOD  
AS A CAMEL  
TO ME!

# Camels



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

## COSTLIER TOBACCOS

★ **FIRST** ★  
**IN THE SERVICE**

With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps,  
and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette  
is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



